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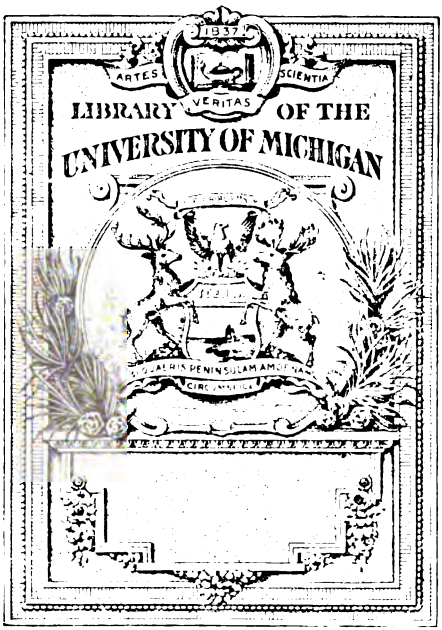
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The English Dramatists

GEORGE PEELE

VOLUME THE FIRST

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

THE WORKS

OF

GEORGE PEELE

123551

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON
JOHN C. NIMMO
14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.
MDCCCLXXXVIII

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S BIOGRAPHER,

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS, F.R.S.,

WHO HAS RENDERED INESTIMABLE SERVICES TO STUDENTS

OF ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE,

These Volumes

ARE INSCRIBED WITH GRATITUDE AND ADMIRATION.

PREFACE.

THE works of George Peele were first collected in 1828, 2 vols., by Alexander Dyce; a second edition appeared in 1829. A supplementary third volume, containing *Sir Clyomon* and other pieces, followed in 1839. Dyce re-issued Peele's works (after careful revision), together with the plays and poems of Robert Greene, in 1861, 1 vol. It is hardly necessary to say that I have availed myself to the fullest extent of Dyce's labours.

In preparing my edition I have been greatly assisted by Mr. P. A. Daniel. It gives me no slight satisfaction to be able to state that every proof and every revise has been read by him. Those who are interested in knotty points of textual criticism will appreciate Mr. Daniel's admirable notes on difficult passages of that corrupt play *Edward I.*

I have also to thank Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for valuable notes and suggestions.

14th May 1888.
1 YELVERTON VILLAS, RICHMOND ROAD,
TWICKENHAM.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Seven hundred and fifty copies of this Edition have been printed and the type distributed; viz:—Four hundred copies for the English Market, and three hundred and fifty for America. *No more will be published.*

INTRODUCTION.

—o—

In putting together my notice of George Peele I have an advantage over the poet's previous editor, that most vigilant of scholars, Alexander Dyce—*quem toties honoris causa nomino.* It was not through lack of inquiry that Dyce could learn nothing of Peele's parentage or school-days; nor is it from any researches of my own that I am able to supply Dyce's deficiencies. Collier confidently asserted that the poet was the son of Stephen Peele, a ballad-writing bookseller; but Dyce wisely refrained from adopting that conjecture. It is now known that his father, James Peele, was Clerk of Christ's Hospital, where the poet was educated.[1] An entry in the Court Book under date 26th October 1565 states that—

"James Peele Clerk is alowed bokes by order of the Gouv'nors for George his sonne who is in the Gram Skole, so farreforthe as he be diligent in his learning and honyst at the Gounors plesure."

[1] This interesting discovery was first announced in the *Athenæum*, 2nd July 1881, by Mr. John H. Ingram.

Peele was not a foundation scholar, but attended the Hospital's Grammar School as a private pupil or as a "Free Scholar."[1] Another entry, dated 10th March 1570, records:—

"James Peele was grannted for George his sonne soche bokes as from tyme to tyme he shall nede duringe his abode here in the grām skole according to the iudgemēt of the skole M^r."

The following entry is dated 29th March 1571:—

"Horses ii., by order of this Court, was hierid for the convainge of Edward Harris, one of the children of this house, to Oxford, what tyme George Peele, sonne of James Peele, Clerke of this Hospitall, went thether also."

In 1572 the name of "G. Peele" is found on the list of members of Broadgates Hall,[2] now Pembroke College.

From Dec. 1574 to 1579 he was a student of Christ Church. He took his bachelor's degree 12th June 1577; *determined* during the following Lent; *suppl.* M.A. 2nd

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[1] See A. W. Lockhart's *List of Exhibitioners sent to the Universities from Christ's Hospital since* 1566, ed. 2, 1885.

[2] See *Reg. of Univ. of Oxford*, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 32 (Oxford Historical Society). Dyce in his first edition of Peele wrote "as in the first extant matriculation-book of the University of Oxford, *about the year* 1564, Peele is mentioned as a member of Broadgates Hall . . . we may reasonably carry back the date of his birth to 1552 or 1553." In his revised edition (1861) he saw that the date assigned to the matriculation-book must be wrong. The Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln College, who is editing vol. ii. of the Register of the University of Oxford, clears up the difficulty. He states that "the Ch. Ch. list is dated 156$\frac{4}{5}$; and hence it has been assumed that the other lists are of that date and that the matriculation register begins in 1565. A comparison of these lists with the registers of degrees and with the College registers of admissions to Fellowships, completely disproves this, and shows that in the majority of

June, *lic.* 6th July 1579, *inc.* 1579.[1] James Peele obtained five pounds from Christ's Hospital 15th June 1577 towards defraying the expenses of his son's B.A. degree :—

"James Peele Cle^r^k of this howse being a sute^r^ for somwhat towarde the chargis of his sonne George who is now vppon go^e^inge forth Batchelo^r^ of Arte whe^r^uppon he is g^r^aunted the sum of fyve pounde, that is iij^li^ now at this present, and 40^s^ against Lent next what tyme the same his sonne is to fynishe the same degree."

There is a curious entry dated 19th September 1579:—

"James Peele hath given his p̄mis to this coorte to discharge his howse of his sonne George Peele and all other his howsold wch have bene chargable to him, befor mychellmas day next cominge vppon paine of the gou̅no̅s displeasure, as to their discressions shall seme convenient."

Peele had evidently been making a convenience of his father's house, and the Court thought it was high time that he should scratch for himself. No doubt he had been carrying on high jinks at the Hospital with his roystering companions, and the Court was scandalised. James Peele had another son, James, who was a pupil

cases the matriculation registers do not begin till 1572, and that they are very imperfect till 1582." Mr. Clark gives 1572 as the date of the Broadgates Hall register. Many Devonshire men went to Broadgates Hall—a fact which gives some countenance to Wood's statement that Peele was "a Devonian born." James Peele may have come from Devonshire.

[1] For the dates here given I am indebted to the Rev. T. Vere Bayne, of Christ Church, and the Rev. Andrew Clark. Wood stated vaguely that Peele was a "student of Christ Church 1573, or thereabouts." The name in the inceptor's list is given as "Ket," but another hand has written "Pele" at the side.

at Christ's Hospital in 1574. Probably James (as part of the "howsold wch have bene chargable") was obliged to seek other quarters when George was put to his plunges. The father died between 18th December 1585 and 15th January 1585–6, leaving a widow, Christian. On 18th December 1585, "being verie sicke," he made his humble petition to the Court that the Governors, in consideration of the services that he had rendered, "would be good vnto him in releaveing his necessitie": his prayer was heard, and the Governors granted him five pounds. James Peele had been an author, in his way. He published in 1553 a treatise, a black-letter folio, on that most puzzling of sciences—bookkeeping. The title is *The maner and fourme how to kepe a perfecte reconyng, after the order of the most worthie and notable accompte of Debitour and Creditour.* In 1569 he published another black-letter folio, *The Pathe way to perfectnes in th' accomptes of debitour, and Creditour: in manner of a dialogue.*

The following extract from a volume of MS. depositions in the University Court was communicated by Dr. Bliss to Dyce:—

"Testis inductus ex parte Johannis Yate super positionibus [possessionibus?] ex heris [et hæreditamentis?] juratus, in perpetuam rei memoriam, examinatus xxix° Martii 1583,—

"Georgius Peele, civitatis Londonensis, generosus, ubi moram traxit fere per duos annos, et antea in Universitate Oxoniæ per novem annos, etatis xxv annorum, testis, &c.

"Ad primum dicit esse verum, for so the executor Hugh Christian hath confessed to this deponent.

"Ad secundum dicit that he thinketh it to be trewe, for Horne hath tolde this deponent so.

"Ad tertium dicit esse verum, for that the land descended to this deponent in the right of his wife, and that the said Horne hath sayed to this deponent that he might make his choise whether he wold lay the band vppon the executor or the heyre of the land, being this deponent's wife, et aliter non habet deponere, ut dicit."

We learn from this deposition that Peele had spent nine years at the University, and that in 1581 he had removed to London. Wood states that Peele "was esteemed a most noted poet at the University"; and Dyce plausibly conjectures that the *Tale of Troy*, printed in 1589, and then described as "an old poem of mine own," was written during his academic course. A lost translation of the two *Iphigenias* of Euripides is known only by the following verses of Dr. Gager, which were first printed by Dyce from a MS. collection of Gager's miscellaneous poems (formerly in the possession of Rodd the bookseller and now preserved in the British Museum):—

"*In Iphigeniam Georgii Peeli Anglicanis versibus redditam.*

" Aut ego te nimio forsan complector amore,
Aut tua sunt aptis carmina scripta modis.
Nomen amicitiæ non me pudet usque fateri;
Nec si forte velim, dissimulare queo.
Oxoniæ fateor subitum mirabar acumen,
Et tua cum lepidis seria mista jocis.

Hæc me suasit amor, sed non ego credulus illi;
Nec tibi plus dabitur quam meruisse putem:
Et forsan jussit, sed non quia scribere jussit,
In laudes ibit nostra Thalia tuas;
Sed quia, si similes dignemur laude labores,
Quicquid id est, merito vindicet iste liber.
Ergo si quicquam, quod parvum est, carmine possim,
Si quid judicio detur, amice, meo,
Cumque tui nimio non sim deceptus amore,
Hæc tua sunt aptis carmina scripta modis.
Viveret Euripides, tibi se debere putaret,
Ipsa tibi grates Iphigenia daret.
Perge, precor, priscos tibi devincire poetas;
Si priscis, facile gratificere novis."

"*In eandem.*

"Carmina dum sero meditabar vespere mecum
Scribere de libro qualiacunque tuo,
Hic me nescio quis cubito deprendere cœpit,
Aut cubito saltem prendere visus erat.
Hoc scio, quisquis erat, mire fuit is pede curtus,
Ore niger, luscus lumine, crine ruber.
Et quid agis? dixit; nescis, temerarie, nescis
Quam facile in calamum fabula stulta venit:
Græca legunt docti, saltem Romana; sed istis
Quem moveant tandem carmina scripta modis?
Ille sub his fugit: conantem scribere contra
Talia sunt dextram verba sequuta meam.
Fabula sit certe; sed non quia fabula, stulta est;
Nec facile in calamum fabula docta venit:
Fabula Nasonem fecit Senecamque legendos;
Totus in his Sophocles, totus Homerus erat.
Scilicet et segetes tellus et lilia profert,
Robora dat celsum, dat quoque fraga, nemus:
Utile jucundo commistum fabula præbet,

Quæ placeat puero detineatque senem.
Quin etiam quoties digitos mordere coegit,
Et caput et pluteum cædere, ficta licet!
Crede mihi nullo quæ facta labore videntur,
Magni, si tentes, illa laboris erunt:
Nostra quidem fateor; sed inest quoque gratia nostris,
Et satis ingenuis perplacuere viris.
Græca quidem doctis, etiam Romana, legantur;
Sed tamen innumeros utraque lingua latet.
Iis [Is?] hæc scribuntur: quanquam bene reddita nostris,
Et doctis placeant illa vel illa modis.
Aureus est Goulding[1] et pura purior unda,
Et multi quos haud commemorare libet;
Quos nec summa dies nec rugis cana vetustas
Tollere nec livor carpere possit edax.
Hos tu perge sequi studiis, mi Peele; sequendo
Propediem nulli laude secundus eris:
Sin respondebunt tua primis ultima cœptis,
Non modo par primis, sed bene primus eris.
Ergo perge, precor: cum tollat cætera fatum,
Effugiunt[2] mœstos carmina sola rogos."

In June 1583 Albertus Alasco, a Polish Prince Palatine, visited Oxford, and was entertained with a comedy and tragedy at Christ Church. Peele's services were engaged on this occasion, as appears from the following extract (communicated to Dyce by Bliss) from an old account-book which gives the charges for the prince's entertainment:—

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[1] Arthur Golding, translator of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*.

[2] "From Ovid, *Am.* iii. ix. 28:
'Diffugiunt avidos carmina sola rogos.'"—*Dyce.*

"To Mr. Peele for provision for the playes at Christchurche, xviij^{s}.

"The Charges of a Comedie and a Tragedie and a shewe of fire worke, as appeareth by the particular bills of Mr. Vice-chancelor, Mr. Howson, Mr. Maxie, and Mr. Peele, 86^{li} 18 2^{d}."

The comedy represented was the *Rivales* of Peele's friend Dr. Gager; and the "very statelie tragedie" (as Holinshed calls it) was the same writer's *Dido*. Both plays were in Latin. Possibly the researches of the Oxford Historical Society may show that Peele assisted on other occasions in arranging theatrical entertainments at Oxford.

From the deposition quoted above (pp. xvi.–xvii.) it appears that in 1583 Peele was married, and that he possessed some "land which had descended to him in the right of his wife." We hear more than once about his wife in "The Merry Jests of George Peele," which was first published in 1607. I do not attach much biographical importance to these Jests.[1] Some of the stories may be as old as the pyramids; but I am not inclined to regard the whole collection as fabulous. There is an air of truth about the opening sentence of "The Jest how George Peele was shaven and of the Revenge he took":—

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[1] "The majority of the too celebrated Jests," says Mr. George Saintsbury in his excellent *History of Elizabethan Literature* (p. 65), "are directly traceable to Villon's *Repues Franches* and similar compilations, and have a suspiciously mythical and traditional air to the student of literary history."

"There was a gentleman that dwelt in the west country [Peele is said to have come of a Devonshire family] and had stayed here in London a term longer than he intended by reason of a book that George had to translate out of Greek into English; and when he wanted money George had it of the gentleman: but the more he supplied him of coin, the further off he was from his book, and could get no end of it, neither by fair means, entreaty, or double payment; for George was of the poetical disposition, never to write so long as his money lasted; some quarter of the book being done, and lying in his hands at random."

Incidentally we learn from this Jest that "George had a beard of an indifferent size and well grown," and that his voice was "more woman than man." I see no reason to question the accuracy of these little personal details. It may also be true that "George had a daughter of the age of ten years [no dates are given in the Jests], a girl of a pretty form but of an excellent wit," though it is to be hoped that she was not the precocious trickster that the Jests represent her to have been. Throughout the book[1]

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[1] One of the stories, "The Jest of George and the Barber," is dramatised in *The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street, written by W. S.*, 1607, a play usually attributed to Wentworth Smith (though it is much in the style of Middleton's town-comedies, and may be, as Mr. Fleay suggests, identical with Middleton's *Puritan Maid, Modest Wife, and Wanton Widow*, which was entered in the Stationers' Register 9th September 1653). There are other points of resemblance between the Jests and the comedy; the "George Pyeboard" of the comedy is George Peele,—*peel* signifying (as Dyce remarked) "a board with a long handle, with which bakers put things in and out of the oven."

The following Jest was printed by Collier from a MS. (temp. Charles I.)

Peele figures as a shifty cozening companion, ever on the alert to bilk hostesses and tapsters; a sharking toss-pot. This is certainly not the character that we should have imagined for him from an examination of his writings; but there is good reason for suspecting that

---

in his possession. To me it has a suspiciously modern look. Such a line as "He felt he must be under some delusion" is to my ears an undoubted piece of nineteenth century colloquial English. So again with "It may be Adam, or Ile loose [lose] my head." But I give it here for what it is worth. Singer was a well-known actor. The tale is originally found in a prose work *A Sackfull of News;* but the introduction of Peele and Singer must be placed to the rhymester's credit :—

"*A Jest of Peele and Singer.*

"G. Peele and Singer travelling together
Neare Cambridge towne, where they oft times had playde;
It was in summer, and full hot the weather;
Sitting beneath a spreading beeches shade,
They saw a drove of pigs all coming thither,
A clownish hoggerd driving. 'Now,' Peele saide,
'Ile showe you sporte; do you my councell keepe,
And Ile perswade the clowne his pigges are sheepe.

"'Go you on forward or he sees you here,
And meete him comming, and unto him say,
Holla, my friend! are thy sheepe very deare?
I would buy some; soe stoppe them on the waye.'
Singer agreed, and made a circuit cleare
Over the fieldes, and that without delaye,
That he might meet the hoggerd on his roade,
Some halfe mile on, whilst G. Peele there abode.

"Soone as the pigs came neare him and the man,
G. Peele stept forward and survey'd the drove,
As he would buy some, and bespake him than:
'These truly are fine sheepe, I sweare by Jove,

in Peele's case Martial's "lasciva est pagina, vita proba" needs to be reversed. His verse was honest, but his life was wanton.

After settling in London Peele applied himself to writing for the stage, and was also ready with his pen whenever an opportunity occurred of addressing a gratu-

---

I nere saw finer since my time began :
Wilt thou sell one ? for mutton much I love.'
And true it was stewde mutton he lov'd well
As anie man twixt this and Clerkenwell.

"The hoggerd, hearing thus his pigs calde sheepe,
Did laugh outright whilst G. continued on ;
'Tell me, my friend, what shall I give to keepe
One of thy sheepe ? Say, and the bargaines done.'—
'What !' cried the clowne, 'art thou not half asleepe,
To take my pigs for sheepe ? sheepe are they none,
But pigs ; and harke how they squeake, grunt, and snore :
Ich never heard a sheepe bleate soe before.'—

"'Man, thou art mad,' quoth Peele, 'and I will wager
These angels gainst a sheepe that sheepe they are.'—
'Done,' said the peasant to the humorous stager :
'Take which you will, for hang me if I care.'—
'Youle wish ere long,' said G., 'you had been sager,
Ime very sure : but prithee now declare
Who shall be judge betweene us : shall we saye
The first man that we meete upon the way ?'—

"'With all my hart,' the hoggerd answerèd.
Singer, be sure, was not far off by now :
They saw him coming on the road. Then said
The hoggerd, 'Here's a stranger, as I vowe :

latory poem to some distinguished nobleman. There is evidence to show that he united, after the manner of the time, the professions of playwright and actor. The following letter (preserved among Henslowe's papers at

---

It may be Adam, or Ile loose my head.'—
'His verdict in the matter Ile alowe,'
Geo. Peele replied: 'to me to[o] he's a stranger.
Thy sheepe, good friend, is mine and in my danger.'—

"'When pigges are sheepe it is, but not till then,'
The clowne replied. And so they drove along
To meete with Singer, who, some nine or ten
Yardes distant, stood and gazde upon the throng
Of hogges, all grunting as when in a pen.
'How sell you, you, your sheepe? for them among
I see some fine ones that I faine would buy:
How do you sell your sheepe? Ile buy one, I. –

"'There!' exclaimed G., 'does he not call them sheepe?
And sheepe they are, albeit pigs you call them.
I have won my wager: one is mine to keepe,
And you were lucky not to jeoperd all them.'
The hoggerd starde, and cride, 'If so you clepe
Pigs sheepe, you have no eies, but faire befall them!
If you have eies, then I my wittes have lost.'—
'And that you have,' said George, 'unto your cost.'

"The hoggerd scrat his head in strange confusion,
Rubbing his eyes and looking every waye:
He felt he must be under some delusion,
And pigs in truth were sheepe, as they did saye:
He never dreamèd of the vilde abusion
They put upon him in the open daye,
But paide his wager mid the players laughter,
And callde pigs sheepe, perchance, for ever after."

Dulwich College), which was printed by Malone and is above suspicion, incidentally alludes to Peele's talents as an actor. "The wager probably was," says Malone, that Alleyn would equal his predecessors Knell and Bentley in some part which they had performed, and in which his contemporary George Peele had likewise been admired."

"Your answer the other nighte so well pleased the gentlemen, as I was satisfied therewith, though to the hazarde of the wager: and yet my meaninge was not to prejudice Peele's credit, neither wolde it, though it pleased you so to excuse it. But beinge now growen farther in question, the partie affected to Bentley scornynge to wynne the wager by your deniall, hath now given yow libertie to make choice of any one playe that either Bentley or Knell plaide; and least this advantage agree not with your minde, he is contented both the plaie and the tyme shal be referred to the gentlemen here present. I see not how yow canne any waie hurte your credit by this action: for if yow excell them, yow will then be famous: if equall them, yow wynne both the wager and credit; yf short of them, we must and will saie, *Ned Allen still.*

"Your frend to his power,

"W. P.

"Deny mee not, sweete Nedd; the wager's downe,
And twice as muche commaunde of me or myne;
And if you wynne, I sweare the half is thyne,
And for an overplus an English crowne;
Appoint the tyme, and stint it as you pleas
Your labor's gaine, and that will prove it ease."

Collier suggested that Peele was the "humorous George addressed by the juggler in the Prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, and that he performed one of the characters in it, as well as delivering the Prologue;" but *Wily Beguiled* was probably written after Peele's death.

Peele's best work, *The Arraignment of Paris*, was the first to find its way into print. It was published anonymously in 1584, 4to. The authorship is discovered by a passage in Nashe's address "To the Gentlemen Students of Both Universities" prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589. After speaking in praise of "divine Master Spencer" Nashe proceeds:—"Neither is he the only swallow of our summer, . . . but he being forborne there are extant about London many most able men to revive Poetrie though it were executed ten thousand times." He then instances Matthew Roydon, Thomas Achelow, and George Peele. Of Peele he has a very flattering notice:—

"For the last, thogh not the least of them all, I dare commend him to all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance nowe living, the Atlas of Poetrie and *primus verborum artifex:* whose first encrease, the *Arraignement of Paris*, might plead to your opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention, wherein (*me iudice*) he goeth a steppe beyond all that write."

A real backing of your friends this! But the *Arraignment* is indeed a choice piece of work, quaint and fanciful as some old curiously-knotted garden pranked in all its summer-bravery. It should be read when one

is in the mood for appreciating it. If we are seeking in poetry a "criticism of life" it would be idle to turn to the *Arraignment;* but at times when we would fain forget life's perplexities, we shall find the pretty cadences of Peele's pastoral as grateful as the plashing of fountains in the dog-days.

A variety of metres is employed in the *Arraignment.* Rhymed lines of fourteen syllables (a pleasant measure, when properly handled, for pastoral subjects) and rhymed lines of ten syllables predominate; but there are passages, notably Paris' oration before the Council of the Gods, which show that Peele wrote a more musical blank verse than had yet been written by any English poet. As the pastoral was composed for the entertainment of Elizabeth and the Court, it was necessary to introduce some complimentary reference to the Queen. Peele has been taken to task for his barefaced flattery in the closing scene; but the censure is hardly deserved. It was the poetic fashion of the time to run into extravagances of this sort; and Peele has shown some ingenuity in the device by which he celebrates the beauty, virtue, and wisdom of "fair Zabeta."[1]

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[1] Malone (*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, ii. 248, &c.) suggested that Colin and the cruel shepherdess in the *Arraignment* were intended to represent Spenser and his Rosalind, and that Spenser, "offended at being exhibited in the scene as a hapless swain actually dying for love," alludes to Peele in *Colin Clout* under the name of Palin—

> "There eke is Palin, worthie of great praise,
> Albe he envie at my rustick quill."

But it is more probable that the Palin of *Colin Clout* is Thomas Chaloner.

Peele wrote a second pastoral play, with the pleasing title of *The Hunting of Cupid.* This piece, which was entered in the Stationers' Register (Arber's *Transcript*, ii. 591) on 26th July 1591, appears to have been published, but unluckily no copy is now known to exist. Quotations from it are given in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, and *England's Helicon*, 1600; and among the Drummond MSS. in the library of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh, there are some extracts [1] of disconnected passages and expressions. Drummond mentions *The Hunting of Cupid* as one of the "Bookes red anno 1609 be [by] me." It is possible he may have read it in a MS. copy; but it is highly probable—having regard to the fact that extracts from it are given in *England's Parnassus* and *England's Helicon*—that the pastoral was published. The amœbæan dialogue, "Melampus, when will Love be void of fears?" is in Peele's best manner. There is an anonymous pastoral play, published in 1600, *The Maid's Metamorphosis*, which has been attributed without evidence to Lyly. It bears many marks of Peele's influence, but there is no ground for supposing that he was actually concerned in the authorship.

In 1585 Peele was employed to write the Lord Mayor's Pageant, *The Device of the Pageant borne before Woolstone Dixi, Lord Mayor Dixi*, which is the earliest of the City Pageants; and in 1591 he prepared a Pageant, *Descensus Astrææ*, for the mayoralty of Sir William

[1] By kind permission of the Society I have been able to give a facsimile specimen of Drummond's MS. jottings (see vol. ii. p. 367).

Webbe. On each occasion he acquitted himself creditably.

A Farewell to Sir John Norris, Sir Francis Drake, and their companions, wishing them success in their expedition to Portugal in 1589, is a stirring address in well-sustained blank verse (infinitely better than the *Eclogue Gratulatory*, 1589, to the Earl of Essex on his return from Portugal). It has not the depth and weight of Chapman's fine *De Guiana, Carmen Epicum*, but it has more straightforward energy and a clearer ring. To the *Farewell* was appended *A Tale of Troy*, which, Peele assures us, was published in the hope of inducing the English warriors to emulate "their glorious and renowned predecessors the Trojans;" but Dyce rightly remarks that it was printed merely to increase the size of the pamphlet. A revised edition of *The Tale of Troy* was published in a diminutive form (two lines to a page) in 1604.[1] There was little justification for its appearance in the first instance, and less for the republication. Probably the revision was made in 1595–6, when Peele, in ill health and feeling the pinch of poverty, sent a "history of Troy in five hundred verses" to Lord Burleigh, with the following letter[2]:—

"Salue, Parens Patriæ, tibi plebs, tibi curia nomen
Hoc dedit, hoc dedimus nos tibi nomen, Eques.

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[1] I have seen only one copy of this curious little book. The owner kindly allowed me to reproduce the title-page in facsimile.—See vol. ii. p. 235.

[2] Lansdowne MS. xcix., No. 54.—Reproduced here in facsimile.

"In these tearmes, r. honorable, am I bolde to salute yor Lordeship, whose highe desertes in o^{r} Englandes greate designes haue earned large praises euen from Envies mouthe. Pardon, greate Patrone of Learninge & Vertue, this rude encounter, in that I presume, a scholler of so meane meritt, to present yor wisdome wth this small manuell, by this simple messenger, my eldest daughter and necessities seruāt. Longe sicknes hauinge so enfeebled me maketh bashfullnes allmost become impudency. Sed quod [quis] psitaco suū χαίρε expediuit? Magister artis ingenijque largitor venter.[1] The subiect wherewth I presume to greete y^{r} honor, is the history of Troy in 500 verses sett downe & memorable accidents thereof. Receiue it, noble Senator of Englandes Councell-house, as a schollers duties significacōn; & liue longe in honor & prosperitie as happie as Queene Elizabeths gracious countenance can make yo^{w}.

Ecce tibj nihilum magno pro munere mitto:
Esse potest aliquid, te capiēte, nihil.

Y^{r} honors most
bounden,
GEORGE PEELE."

[1] A misquotation from the Prologue to Persius' satires. Our old poets took the words to heart. Day, in the dedicatory epistle prefixed to his *Peregrinatio Scholastica*, writes:—"What Persius, in the Prologue to his Satires, spoke of the crow-poets of his time (perhaps in a cloudy irony), *Venter artis magister*, may truly be said (I am sure without figure) of us poetic pies of this age, who are so pressed down under the hands of necessity and battered with the arrows of scornful disgrace," &c.

Salue Parens Patriæ, tibj plebs, tibj Curia nomen

Englandes (Connell-house) as A schollers duties significacion
& Liue Longe in honor & prosperitie as happie as
Queene Elizabeths gracious countenance can make ys

Ecce tibj nihilum magno pro munere mitto /
Esse potest aliquid (te capiente) nihil.

Ys honors most
bounden George
Peele.

The letter is directed :—

"To the r. honorable
& woorthie Patrone
of Learninge, the L.
Burleigh, L. highe
Theasorer of England,
& one of hir M^tes
most honorable
Priuie Counsell."

It is endorsed :—

"17 Jan. 1595,
Goorg. Peele m^r of Arts
Presents ye tale of Troy
in 500 Verses by his
eldest daughter, necessities
servaunte."

Let us hope that Burleigh responded to the appeal.

Polyhymnia, 1590, commemorates the retirement of Sir Henry Lee from the office of Queen's champion. Sir Henry had vowed to appear in the tilt-yard on each anniversary of the Queen's accession. On 17th November 1590 he solemnly resigned his office (on the score of old age) to the Earl of Cumberland. *Polyhymnia* describes, in good blank verse, the ceremonies that took place. At the end is the song that was sung before Queen Elizabeth (see vol. ii. p. 302), "His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd." Thackeray has made the opening lines of that beautiful song known to a world of readers by quoting them in *The Newcomes*.

It is found set to music in John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Airs*, 1597.

On 10th May 1591 the Queen visited Burghley at Theobalds, and Peele composed some "Speeches" (of which Collier possessed a MS. copy) for her reception.[1] *Anglorum Feriæ*,[2] first printed about 1830 (from a MS. then in private hands and now preserved in the British Museum), describes the proceedings in the tilt-yard on 17th November 1595, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Queen's accession.

The historical play of *Edward I.*, published in 1593, is most unsatisfactory. It has descended in a mutilated form: some scenes have evidently been omitted altogether, others have been shuffled out of their proper places; and the text throughout is vile. It is only fit reading for students of the rudest build. The labour of the treadmill is child's play to the editing of it.[3] Yet this precious drama was actually republished in 1599! The outrage on the memory of Queen Elinor is intolerable. Of course it was very proper that the feelings of all Englishmen should have been roused against Spain, but there is no justification for Peele's slanderous attack on Edward's Spanish bride. It has been urged

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[1] I have a strong suspicion that the song "Time's eldest son, Old Age, the heir of Ease," &c., in Dowland's *Second Book of Songs*, 1600, was written for the same occasion.

[2] On 18th May 1603 "a ballad called *Englandes holliday*" was entered in the Stationers' Register (Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 234). I do not for a moment suppose that it is to be identified with *Anglorum Feriæ*.

[3] I must again express my thanks to Mr. P. A. Daniel for his kind help in seeing it through the press.

in his excuse that he merely followed an old ballad (see vol. i. pp. 77–83), which has been assigned to the days of Queen Mary. To me the ballad has a more modern look, and I suppose that it was written immediately after the destruction of the Armada, when the ballad-writers, headed by Tom Deloney, were engaged in briskly abusing the Spaniards. There are frequent notices in Henslowe's *Diary* of a popular play "longe shankes." The first mention is under date 29th August 1595. As the play is there marked "*ne*" (*i.e.* new, acted for the first time), Collier supposed that it was "a play by some other dramatist upon the same portion of English history." But *Edward I.* might in 1595 be called *new* as being an old play revived. In the Inventory of the Apparel of the Lord Admiral's Men, March 1598 (Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 276), is the entry "Item, j Longeshankes seute"—which doubtless refers to Longshank's "suit of glas" in *Edward I.*

In September 1592, the year before the publication of *Edward I.*, Peele's friend Robert Greene died in squalor, and very soon after his death *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance* was edited by Henry Chettle. At the conclusion of this pamphlet is the well-known Address "To those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance that spend their wits in making playes," &c. It is unnecessary here to examine in detail that Address, about which so much ink has been spilt. After admonishing Marlowe, the "famous gracer of tragedians," to turn from his impiety, Greene gives a word of counsel to "young Juvenall, that byting satyrist" (probably

Nashe, though others stand for Lodge), and then turns to Peele:—

"And thou no lesse deseruing then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour, driuen, as myselfe, to extreame shifts, a little haue I to say to thee; and, were it not an idolatrous oath, I would sweare by sweet S. George, thou art vnworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned; for vnto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleaue; those puppits, I meane, that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whome they all haue bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall, were yee in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an vpstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you; and, beeing an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-scene in a countrey."

Greene's abuse of Shakespeare does not concern Peele. Nor do I regard it as part of my duty to discuss here what share, if any, Peele had in the authorship of *The True Tragedie* (where occurs the line, "O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide," which Greene parodies), or of *The First Part of the Contention;* for that discussion more properly belongs to the province of Shakespearian criticism.

On 26th June 1593 Henry Earl of Northumberland,

Edward Earl of Worcester, and others, were invested with the order of the Garter at Windsor. Peele was ready with his *Honour of the Garter*, a well-written poem. There were few poets of the Elizabethan age who could write blank verse, for non-dramatic purposes, with Peele's fluency. The poem was dedicated to the Earl of Northumberland, and Peele received from the Earl three pounds for the dedication (see vol. ii. p. 316). In the Prologus are some interesting notices of contemporary poets. It must be owned that Peele does not show a nice critical faculty (and the same remark applies to Spenser) in the judgment that he passes on his contemporaries. He warmly admired that paltry sonnetteer Thomas Watson, to whose *Hecatompathia*, n.d. [1582], he had prefixed a copy of commendatory verses. In the Prologus Watson (then deceased) is declared

> "worthy many epitaphs
> For his sweet poesy."

Abraham Fraunce must have been a friend both of Peele and Spenser; for no unbiassed critic could praise Fraunce. Nor is it easy to perceive what merit Peele could discover in Phaer's translation of Virgil, except for the reason that praise of Phaer meant dispraise of Stanyhurst, who is ridiculed in *The Old Wives' Tale* (and drolly bantered, in the epistle before Greene's *Menaphon*, by Nashe, who affected to have a vast admiration for Phaer). It is pleasant to notice Peele's enthusiastic praise of Marlowe, who died a few weeks before the poem was published.

In *The Phœnix Nest*, 1593, is a poem by Peele, of small account, called *The Praise of Chastitie*. It will

occur to most readers that in his warm description of the attractions of the "lusty girl" and "fair Venus in her pride" Peele was preaching morality in a somewhat unorthodox style; but our old poets had a trick of moralising in this eccentric vein.

The Battle of Alcazar was published anonymously in 1594. Six lines from the second act ("We must affect our country as our parents," &c.) are quoted in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, and are there assigned to "G. Peele." There can be little doubt that the play is entirely by Peele. Dyce gives a list of sundry expressions which are also found in undoubted productions of Peele. Here are a few of them:—

"And now prepares amain
With sails and oars to cross the swelling waves."—*B. of A.*
"Aboard amain
With stretching sails to plough the swelling waves."
—*A Farewell*, &c.

"Thereby to propagate religious truth."—*B. of A.*
"To propagate religious piety."—*A Farewell.*

"Top and top-gallant, all in brave array."—*B. of A.*
"Top and top-gallant in the bravest sort."
—*Tale of Troy* (ed. 1589).

"On that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts the Thames."
—*B. of A.*
"To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course."
—*A Farewell*, &c.
"And by the bar that thwarts this silver stream."
—*Descensus Astrææ.*

There are other parallelisms, but these are enough. *The Battle of Alcazar* is luckily not in so hopeless a state as

Edward I., but the text is bad enough. Little can be said in praise of the play. It is tiresome, windy, bombastical stuff, but it held the stage. Doubtless it is to be identified with the play which the illiterate Henslowe variously styles in his *Diary* "mulamulluco," "mulo mullocco," "mulomulco," &c. (*i.e.* "the brave barbarian lord, *Muly Mulocco*"). The first mention in the *Diary* (ed. Collier, p. 21) is under date 29th February 1591–2.

Peele wrote another play in what may have been the same extravagant style as *The Battle of Alcazar*, but it has not come down. The title of it, given in the *Merry Jests* ("How George read a play-book to a Gentleman"), was *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek.* It is to be identified with the play "mahomett" mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* (in 1594). Henslowe also mentions "The Love of a Gresyan Lady"—which I take to be the after-title of "Mahomett." Pistol's "Have we not Hiren here?" doubtless came from the lost play.

The Old Wives' Tale, published in 1595, is—with the exception of *The Arraignment*—the most attractive of Peele's plays. It opens pleasantly. Three serving-men, having lost their way by night in a wood, are met by Clunch, a smith, who conducts them to his home, where they are hospitably received by his old wife Madge. A crab is laid in the fire to roast for lamb's wool, and Madge at the entreaty of one of the guests begins a merry winter's tale to drive away the time. She has not got her story pat, and makes several false starts. When, after cudgelling her brains, she at length hits on the right track, the actors enter and save the old wife further

trouble by giving a dramatic representation of the tale—the guests and Madge throwing out from time to time an occasional comment. The outline of the story may be briefly stated. Two brothers, who have circled the wide world in search of their lost sister Delia, at last arrive at "Albion's chalky cliffs." They discover that their sister is under the power of a magician, and that she can only be rescued by the plucking of the magic wreath from his head and the magic sword from his hand, and by the shattering of a magic lamp that is concealed in the earth. The lamp must be shattered, and the light extinguished, by one who is "neither maid, wife nor widow." Delia is completely under the magician's influence and has forgotten all the circumstances of her past life. The brothers fall into the magician's hands and are compelled to drudge for him, Delia acting as overseer. But Eumenides, the Wandering Knight, who is in love with Delia, arrives on the same quest. The knight, by the aid of the Ghost of Jack, succeeds in overcoming the magician and rescuing the lady and her brothers. Jack's ghost was actuated by a feeling of gratitude; for when the parish-authorities had refused to give his body burial (on the ground that in his life-time Jack "was not worth a half-penny and had drunk out every penny"), the knight had humanely defrayed the expenses of the funeral. Among the other characters introduced are the young man Erestus, who every night was turned into a bear and in the daytime sat at a cross in the shape of "an old miserable man" (the magician having assumed the young man's form and given his own in exchange); Venelia,

Erestus's bethrothed spouse ("neither maid, wife nor widow"), who has been driven mad by the magician's spells; and Huanebango, a village-braggart, into whose mouth Peele puts one of Gabriel Harvey's hexameters, by way of ridiculing that pompous pedant.

It is highly probable that *The Old Wives' Tale* gave Milton some hints for *Comus;* but it is hard that Peele's charming little play should suffer on that account. The critics have spoken of it too contemptuously. Mr. Saintsbury dismisses it in a sentence:—"*The Old Wives' Tale* pretty certainly furnished Milton with the subject of Comus, and this is its chief merit." Mr. J. A. Symonds (*Predecessors of Shakspere*, p. 566) remarks that "if Milton borrowed the conception of his Masque from this rustic comedy, he undoubtedly performed the proverbial miracle of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear." But let us leave Milton out of account; for if we allow our thoughts to wander away to *Comus*, we shall soon take Milton from the shelves and lay Peele aside. How is it that nobody has commended the lyrical snatches in *The Old Wives' Tale?* The following verses, spoken by the Golden Head that rises from the Well of Life, are soft as the beat of a dove's wings:—

> "Gently dip, but not too deep,
> For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.
> Fair maid, white and red,
> Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
> And every hair a sheaf shall be,
> And every sheaf a golden tree."

Or take this airy little song:—

"All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me:
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove.

"Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest fruit!
And thus we pass the year so long
And never be we mute."

The following lines seem to be familiar to me from earliest childhood; they have all the charm of old-world nursery rhymes:—

"Spread, table, spread,
Meat, drink, and bread,
Ever may I have
What I ever crave,
When I am spread,
Meat for my black cock,
And meat for my red."

The Ghost of Jack ought to be an object of interest to folklorists. Karl Simrock[1] in his essay *Der gute Gerhard und die dankbaren Todten. Ein Beitrag zur deutschen Mythologie und Sagenkunde*, 1856, has collected a number of stories of the gratitude of a dead man to the generous person who pays for his funeral. The gratitude is shown in various ways: one of the stories

[1] Prof. W. P. Ker, of Cardiff, kindly supplied me with these notes on the folk-lore of *The Old Wives' Tale.*

follows the plot of *The Old Wives' Tale* (to which Simrock makes no reference),—the dead man helping his benefactor to rescue the Lady from the Enchanter. Northern versions of the story are given in Dasent's *Tales from the Norse.* Hans Andersen's "Travelling Companion" is related to Peele's Jack. Here is matter for the folklorists to work upon. Rodd, the bookseller, pointed out to Dyce that an incident similar to that in the play of two sisters going to the well and there meeting the Golden Head occurs in a chap-book (which I have not been able to see) entitled *Tales of the Three Kings of Colchester.*

David and Bethsabe[1] was first printed in 1599; but the date of its composition is unknown. It has been highly praised by critics of distinction, but I confess that I do not care two straws for it. Lamb in his *Specimens* quotes a short passage from the opening scene, and observes in a note—"There is more of the same stuff, but I suppose the reader has a surfeit." In my opinion Lamb was absolutely right: the play is exasperatingly insipid,—a mess of cloying sugar-plums. As being the only Elizabethan play extant that deals with a purely scriptural subject, it has a certain interest of its own; but judged on its literary merits it is surely a failure. Hawkins, who reprinted it in the *Origin of the English Drama,* is enthusiastic about its beauties. There are three lines that excite him beyond measure:—

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[1] Either some scenes of this play have been lost, or the promise that Peele makes in the Third Chorus was not fulfilled.

> "At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt;
> And his fair spouse with bright and fiery wings,
> Sit ever burning on his hateful bones."

"A metaphor worthy of Æschylus!" exclaims Hawkins. The lines would have looked well in *The Rehearsal.* But there are better things than this in *David and Bethsabe:* there are touches of dignity, and a vein of tenderness.

As for *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, first printed in 1599, I strongly doubt whether it has been properly assigned to Peele. "On the title-page of a copy of this play," says Dyce, "a MS. note in a very old hand attributes it to Peele; and I have no doubt rightly." I should be slow to differ from Dyce; yet I cannot but think that this drama is the work of some playwright of the older school. The heavy lumbering verse, the antique style of diction, and the introduction of the Vice, indicate that it is a very early play. I suspect that it was written by some such person as Richard Edwards (author of *Damon and Pythias*), when Peele was in his teens.[1] Still I have not thought fit to exclude it, and those readers who care to plough through it will find it a

[1] A German scholar, Herr Richard Laemmerhirt, has sought to substantiate Peele's claim by collecting from the play expressions that occur in the poet's undoubted works. Here are some of his parallel passages:—"What tidings he doth bring" (*Sir Clyomon*); "What tidings bringeth Guenther?" (*Edward I.*)—"Make his heart leap for joy" (*Sir Clyomon*); "The Trojans leap for joy" (*Tale of Troy*)—"Traitor, stay, and take with thee that mortal blow" (*Sir Clyomon*); "Stand, traitor, stand, . . . and stir not ere thou die"—and so on. I fear that such parallel passages as these will not impress English readers.

shade less tedious than *Edward I.*, inasmuch as the text is fairly free from corruption (though the metre is very faulty).

When Meres in 1598 published *Palladis Tamia* Peele was dead.[1] "As *Anacreon* died by the pot: so *George Peele* by the pox," writes Meres. A sad death for one who had sung *The Praise of Chastity.* Had Peele been faithful to his honest wife and borne in mind the words of his Œnone—

> "They that do change old love for new,
> Pray God they change for worse!"

the end might have been different. But he died a long time ago, and possibly Meres was misinformed. He lives as the author of a charming pastoral and some dainty lyrics.

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[1] Dekker in a *Knight's Conjuring*, 1607 (the enlarged edition of *News from Hell*, 1606), pleasantly pictures Greene, Marlowe, and Peele reposing in an elysian grove, "under the shades of a large vine, laughing to see Nashe (that was but newly come to their college) still haunted with the sharp and satirical spirit that followed him here upon earth."

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS.

The Araygnement of Paris A Pastorall. Presented before the Queenes Maiestie, by the Children of her Chappell. Imprinted at London by Henrie Marsh. Anno. 1584. 4to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURN.	PAN.
JUPITER.	FAUNUS.
NEPTUNE.	SILVANUS.
PLUTO.	PARIS.
APOLLO.	COLIN.
MARS.	HOBBINOL.
BACCHUS.	DIGGON.
MERCURY.	THENOT.
VULCAN.	

Cupids, Cyclops, Shepherds, Knights, &c.

JUNO.	CLOTHO.
PALLAS.	LACHESIS.
VENUS.	ATROPOS.
DIANA.	*The Muses.*
POMONA.	*A Nymph of* DIANA.
FLORA.	ŒNONE.
RHANIS.	HELEN.
ATE.	THESTYLIS.

PROLOGUS.

Enter ATE.

CONDEMNÈD soul, Ate, from lowest hell,
And deadly rivers of th' infernal Jove,
Where bloodless ghosts in pains of endless date
Fill ruthless ears with never-ceasing cries,
Behold, I come in place, and bring beside
The bane of Troy! behold, the fatal fruit,
Raught[1] from the golden tree of Proserpine!
Proud Troy must fall, so bid the gods above,
And stately Ilium's lofty towers be razed
By conquering hands of the victorious foe;
King Priam's palace waste with flaming fire,
Whose thick and foggy smoke, piercing the sky,
Must serve for messenger of sacrifice,
T' appease the anger of the angry heavens;
And Priam's younger son, the shepherd swain,
Paris, th' unhappy organ of the Greeks.[2]

[1] Snatched.

[2] "Something to complete the sense seems to be wanting here."—*Dyce.* I think that the sense can be restored by printing ll. 15-16 after l. 10, thus:—

> "And Priam's younger son, the shepherd swain,
> Paris, th' unhappy organ of the Greeks,
> King Priam's palace waste with flaming fire," &c.

So, loth and weary of her heavy load,
The Earth complains unto the hellish prince,
Surcharged with the burden that she nill [1] sustain.
Th' unpartial [2] daughters of Necessity
Bin aiders [3] in her suit: and so the twine
That holds old Priam's house, the thread of Troy,
Dame Atropos [4] with knife in sunder cuts.
Done be the pleasure of the powers above,
Whose hests men must obey: and I my part
Perform in Ida vales. Lordings, adieu;
Imposing silence for your task, I end,
Till just assembly of the goddesses
Make me begin the tragedy of Troy.

[*Exit* ATE *cum aureo pomo.*

Printers not unfrequently (*crede experto*) contrive to shuffle verses into most admired disorder. If we adopt the simple transposition that I suggest, the meaning of the passage is perfectly clear: "Proud Troy must fall, and the firebrand Paris, fated to bring ruin on his country by the hands of the Greeks, will burn King Priam's palace." Of course there is a reference to Hecuba's dream.

[1] "Nill sustain"—is unwilling to sustain.

[2] "Unpartial" is here used in the sense of "unkindly." Cf. William Smith's *Chloris*, 1597, eleventh sonnet:—

> "No, it was not Nature's ornament,
> But winged Love's *unpartial* cruel wound."

See p. 42, l. 115.

[3] Old ed. "aydes."

[4] Old ed. "Atrops."

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS.

—o—

ACT I.

SCENA I.

PAN, FAUNUS, *and* SILVANUS, *with their* Attendants, *enter to give welcome to the goddesses:* PAN's Shepherd *hath a lamb*, FAUNUS' Hunter *hath a fawn*, SILVANUS' Woodman *with an oaken-bough laden with acorns.*

PAN *incipit.*

Pan. Silvanus, either Flora doth us wrong,
Or Faunus made us tarry all too long,
For by this morning mirth it should appear,
The Muses or the goddesses be near.

Faun. My fawn was nimble, Pan, and whipt apace,—
'Twas happy that we caught him up at last,—
The fattest, fairest fawn in all the chace;
I wonder how the knave could skip so fast.

Pan. And I have brought a twagger [1] for the nones,
A bunting [2] lamb; nay, pray you, feel; no bones:

[1] Tusser has the word "twigger" for a sheep (a good breeder); but I have not met "twagger."

[2] Plump.

Believe me now my cunning much I miss,
If ever Pan felt fatter lamb than this.

Sil. Sirs, you may boast your flocks and herds that bin both fresh and fair,
Yet hath Silvanus walks, i-wis, that stand in wholesome air;
And, lo, the honour of the woods, the gallant oaken-bough,
Do I bestow, laden with acorns and with mast enow!

Pan. Peace,[1] man, for shame! shalt have both lambs and dams and flocks and herds and all,
And all my pipes to make the[e] glee; we meet not now to brawl.

Faun. There's no such matter, Pan; we are all friends assembled hither,
To bid Queen Juno and her pheeres[2] most humbly welcome hither:
Diana, mistress of our woods, her presence will not want;
Her courtesy to all her friends, we wot, is nothing scant.

POMONA[3] *entereth with her fruit, manentibus* PAN *cum reliquis.*

Pom. Yea,[4] Pan, no farther yet, and had the start of me?

---

[1] A very long line; but I fail to see that any words can be discarded.
[2] Companions.
[3] I keep the old stage-direction. The 4to marks a new scene at Pomona's entrance ("*Act I., Scena II.*").
[4] Here the line is too short; but I forbear to add anything.

Why, then, Pomona with her fruit comes time enough,
I see.
Come on a while; with country store, like friends, we
venter forth:
Think'st, Faunus, that these goddesses will take our
gifts in worth?[1]
Faun. Yea, doubtless, for shall tell thee, dame, 'twere
better give a thing,
A sign of love, unto a mighty person or a king,
Than to a rude and barbarous swain, but bad and
basely born,
For gently takes the gentleman that oft the clown will
scorn.
Pan. Say'st truly, Faunus; I myself have given good
tidy lambs
To Mercury, may say to thee, to Phœbus, and to Jove;
When to a country mops, forsooth, chave[2] offered all
their dams,
And piped and prayed for little worth, and ranged about
the grove.
Pom. God Pan, that makes your flock so thin, and
makes you look so lean,
To kiss in corners.
Pan. Well said, wench! some other thing
you mean.

---

[1] "Take in worth"—take in good part. Cf. the ninth song (by Watson?) in Byrd's *Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets*, 1611—

"O beauteous Queen of second Troy,
Take well *in worth* a simple toy."

[2] The rustic form of "I have."

Pom. Yea, jest it out till it go alone: but marvel
where we miss
Fair Flora all this merry morn.
Faun. Some news; see where she is.

FLORA[1] *entereth to the country gods.*

Pan. Flora, well met, and for thy taken pain,
Poor country gods, thy debtors we remain.
Flo. Believe me, Pan, not all thy lambs and ewes,
Nor, Faunus, all thy lusty bucks and does
(But that I am instructed well to know
What service to the hills and dales I owe),
Could have enforced me to so strange a toil,
Thus to enrich this gaudy, gallant soil.
Faun. But tell me, wench, hast done't so trick[2] indeed,
That heaven itself may wonder at the deed?
Flo. Not Iris, in her pride and bravery,[3]
Adorns her arch with such variety;
Nor doth the milk-white way, in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers.
Along the bubbling brooks and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide;
The water-flowers[4] and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgen all in ranks;

[1] Old ed. marks a new scene—"*Scena III.*"
[2] Neatly, trimly.
[3] Finery.
[4] Old ed. "watery flowers."

Under the hawthorn and the poplar-tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be,
The primerose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green;
And round about the valley as ye pass,
Ye may ne see for peeping flowers the grass:
That well the mighty Juno,[1] and the rest,
May boldly think to be a welcome guest
On Ida hills,[2] when to approve the thing,
The Queen of Flowers prepares a second spring.

Sil. Thou gentle nymph, what thanks shall we repay
To thee that mak'st our fields and woods so gay?

Flo. Sylvanus, when it is thy hap to see
My workmanship in portraying all the three:
First stately Juno with her port and grace,
Her robes, her lawns, her crownet, and her mace,
Would make thee muse this picture to behold,
Of yellow oxlips[3] bright as burnish'd gold.

Pom. A rare device; and Flora well, perdy,[4]
Did paint her yellow for her jealousy.

Flo. Pallas in flowers of hue and colours red;
Her plumes, her helm, her lance, her Gorgon's head,

---

[1] Old eds. "Iono."

[2] "Not a misprint for '*Ida* hill.' Compare our author's *Tale of Troy*:—

'He lives a shepherd's lad on *Ida hills*,
And breathes a man, 'gainst Troy and Trojans' wills, &c."—*Dyce.*

[3] Old ed. "oxstips."

[4] Verily (*par Dieu*).

Her trailing tresses that hang flaring round,
Of July-flowers[1] so graffèd in the ground,
That, trust me, sirs, who did the cunning see,
Would at a blush suppose it to be she.
Pan. Good Flora, by my flock, 'twas[2] very good
To dight her all in red, resembling blood.
Flo. Fair Venus of sweet violets in blue,
With other flowers infixed for change of hue;
Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets, and her rings,
Her dainty fan, and twenty other things,
Her lusty mantle waving in the wind,
And every part in colour and in kind;
And for her wreath of roses, she nill dare
With Flora's cunning counterfeit compare.
So that what living wight shall chance to see
These goddesses, each placed in her degree,
Portrayed by Flora's workmanship alone,
Must say that art and nature met in one.
Sil. A dainty draught to lay her down in blue,
The colour commonly betokening true.
Flo. This piece of work, compact with many a flower,
And well laid in at entrance of the bower,
Where Phœbe means to make this meeting royal,
Have I prepared to welcome them withal.
Pom. And are they yet dismounted, Flora, say,
That we may wend to meet them on the way?

[1] Qy. carnations?—Cf. Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Song XV. :—

"The brave carnation then, of sweet and sovereign power
(So of his colour called, although a *July-flower*)."

[2] So P. A. Daniel. Old ed. "twere."

Flo. That shall not need: they are at hand by this,
And the conductor of the train hight[1] Rhanis.
Juno hath left her chariot long ago,
And hath returned her peacocks by her rainbow;[2]
And bravely, as becomes the wife of Jove,
Doth honour by her presence to our grove.
Fair Venus she hath let her sparrows fly,
To tend on her and make her melody;
Her turtles and her swans unyokèd be,
And flicker near her side for company.
Pallas hath set her tigers loose to feed,
Commanding them to wait when she hath need.
And hitherward with proud and stately pace,
To do us honour in the sylvan chace,
They march, like to the pomp of heaven above,
Juno the wife and sister of King Jove,
The warlike Pallas, and the Queen of Love.

Pan. Pipe, Pan, for joy, and let thy shepherds sing;
Shall never age forget this memorable thing.

Flo. Clio, the sagest of the Sisters Nine,
To do observance to this dame divine,
Lady of learning and of chivalry,
Is here arrived in fair assembly;[3]

---

[1] Called.

[2] "Qy. 'bow'?"—*Dyce.* But there is the same metrical harshness in l. 105: see also iii. 2, l. 86, iv. 1, l. 57, &c.

[3] Equivalent to a quadrisyllable. So Shakespeare makes a quadrisyllable of "resembleth:"—

> "O how this spring of love resembleth
> The uncertain glory of an April day."
> —*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. iii.

And wandering up and down th' unbeaten ways,
Ring[s] through the wood sweet songs of Pallas' praise.
Pom. Hark, Flora, Faunus! here is melody,
A charm[1] of birds, and more than ordinary.
[*An artificial charm of birds being heard within,* PAN *speaks.*
Pan. The silly birds make mirth; then should we do them wrong,
Pomona, if we nill bestow an echo to their song.

An echo to their song.

The Song. A quire within and without.

Gods. O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill!
This honour done to Ida may it continue still!
Muses [*within*]. Ye country gods that in this Ida won,[2]
Bring down your gifts of welcome,
For honour done to Ida.
Gods. Behold, in sign of joy we sing,
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida.
Muses [*within*]. The Muses give you melody to gratulate this chance,
And Phœbe, chief of sylvan chace, commands you all to dance.

---

[1] "*I.e.* singing, music. ('With *charm* of earliest *birds*.' Milton's *Par. Lost*, iv. 641)."—*Dyce.*
[2] Dwell.

Gods. Then [1] round in a circle our sportance must be;
Hold hands in a hornpipe, all gallant in glee. [*Dance.*

Muses [*within*]. Reverence, reverence, most humble reverence!

Gods. Most humble reverence!

PALLAS,[2] JUNO, *and* VENUS *enter*, RHANIS *leading the way.* PAN *alone sings.*

THE SONG.

The God of Shepherds, and his mates,
With country cheer salutes your states,
Fair, wise, and worthy as you be,
And thank the gracious ladies three
For honour done to Ida. [*The birds sing.*

The song being done, JUNO *speaks.*

Juno. Venus, what shall I say? for, though I be a dame divine,
This welcome and this melody exceed these wits of mine.

Ven. Believe me, Juno, as I hight the Sovereign of Love,
These rare delights in pleasures pass the banquets of King Jove.

Pal. Then, Venus, I conclude it easily may be seen,
That in her chaste and pleasant walks fair Phœbe is a queen.

---

[1] Old ed. "The round . . . must, must be."
[2] Old ed. marks a new scene—"*Scena IIII.*"

Rha. Divine[st] Pallas, and you sacred dames,
Juno and Venus, honour'd by your names,
Juno, the wife and sister of King Jove,
Fair Venus, lady-president of love,
If any entertainment in this place,
That can afford but homely, rude, and base,
It please your godheads to accept in gree,[1]
That gracious thought our happiness shall be.
My mistress Dian, this right well I know,
For love that to this presence she doth owe,
Accounts more honour done to her this day,
Than ever whilom in these woods of Ida;
And for our country gods, I dare be bold,
They make such cheer, your presence to behold,
Such jouisance, such mirth, and merriment,
As nothing else their mind might more content:
And that you do believe it to be so,
Fair goddesses, your lovely looks do show.
It rests in fine, for to confirm my talk,
Ye deign to pass along to Dian's walk;
Where she among her troop of maids attends
The fair arrival of her welcome friends.

Flo. And we will wait with all observance due,
And do just honour to this heavenly crew.

Pan. The God of Shepherds, Juno, ere thou go,
Intends a lamb on thee for to bestow.

Faun. Faunus, high ranger in Diana's chace,
Presents a fawn to Lady Venus' grace.

[1] *En gré*—in good part.

Sil. Silvanus gives to Pallas' deity
This gallant bough raught[1] from the oaken-tree.
Pom. To them that do this honour to our fields
Her mellow apples poor Pomona yields.
Juno. And, gentle gods, these signs of your goodwill
We take in worth, and shall accept them still.
Ven. And, Flora, this o thee among the rest,—
Thy workmanship comparing with the best,
Let it suffice thy cunning to have [power]
To call King Jove from forth his heavenly bower.
Hadst thou a lover, Flora, credit me,
I think thou wouldst bedeck him gallantly.
But wend we on; and, Rhanis, lead the way,
That kens the painted paths of pleasant Ida. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.[2]

Enter PARIS *and* ŒNONE.

Par. Œnone, while[3] we bin disposed to walk,
Tell me what shall be subject of our talk?
Thou hast a sort[4] of pretty tales in store,
Dare say no nymph in Ida woods hath more:
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then, prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

---

[1] Snatched.
[2] Old ed. "*Scena V. and ultima.*"
[3] Until.
[4] Collection.

Œn. Paris, my heart's contentment and my choice,
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice;
So shall thy just request not be denied,
And time well spent, and both be satisfied.

Par. Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me wrong,
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
Me list this once, Œnone, for thy sake,
This idle task on me to undertake.

They sit under a tree together.

Œn. And whereon, then, shall be my roundelay?
For thou hast heard my store long since, dare say;
Fabula 1 How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho[1]
To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below;
2 How mighty men made foul successless war
Against the gods and state of Jupiter;
3 How Phorcys'[2] imp, that was so trick[3] and fair,
That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed,—
A pretty fable, Paris, for to read,
A piece of cunning, trust me, for the nones,
That wealth and beauty alter men to stones;
4 How Salmacis,[4] resembling idleness,
Turns men to women all through wantonness;

[1] Then. [2] Old. ed. "Phorcias." [3] Trim.

[4] "That Peele had an eye to Golding's Epistle to Leicester, prefixed to his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the following extracts from it will show:—

'Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idlenesse
Is cheefest nurce and cherisher of all voluptuousnesse.

. . . . . .

How Pluto raught Queen Ceres' daughter thence,
And what did follow of that love-offence;
Of Daphne turned into the laurel-tree,
That shows a mirror of virginity;
How fair Narcissus tooting[1] on his shade,
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade;[2]
How cunning Philomela's needle tells
What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells;
What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,
They say because on earth they lived not well,—
Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
Prometheus' torment, and a many mo,
How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task,
What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask:
All these are old and known I know, yet, if thou wilt have any,
Choose some of these, for, trust me, else Œnone hath not many.

As for example, in the tale of Daphnee turnd too bay,
A myrror of virginitie appeere untoo us may.

. . . . . .

Narcissus is of scornfulnesse and pryde a myrror cleere,
Where beauties fading vanitie most playnly may appeere!'"—*Dyce.*

[1] "*Tooting* (which generally means prying, searching narrowly) is here—poring, eagerly gazing on. Fairfax has:—

'As in his spring *Narcissus tooting* laid.'
Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloigne, B. xiv. st. 66."—*Dyce.*

[2] Fall away, fade. ("Fané. *Vaded*, withered."—*Cotgrave*). Probably from Lat. *vadere.*

Par. Nay, what thou wilt: but sith my cunning not compares with thine,
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

Œn. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it *Cupid's Curse,*
"*They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse!*"
The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,
Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our poplar-tree.

Par. No better thing; begin it, then: Œnone, thou shalt see
Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt thee and me.

They sing; and while ŒNONE *singeth, he pipeth.*

Incipit ŒNONE.

Œn. Fair[1] and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Par. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;

[1] "This old and passionate ditty—the very flower of an old forgotten pastoral, which had it been in all parts equal, the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of writing."—*Charles Lamb.*

Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Œn. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry[1] merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Ambo simul. They that do change, &c.

Œn. Fair and fair, &c.

Par. Fair and fair, &c.
Thy love is fair, &c.

Œn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
They that do change, &c.

Par. They that do change, &c.

Ambo. Fair and fair, &c. [*Finis Camœnæ.*

The song being ended, they rise, and ŒNONE *speaks.*

Œn. Sweet shepherd, for Œnone's sake be cunning in this song,
And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else thou dost her wrong.

[1] One "merry" might be dropped with advantage.

Par. My vow is made and witnessèd, the poplar
will not start,
Nor shall the nymph Œnone's love from forth my
breathing heart.
I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are here
behind,
And I will have a lover's fee; they say, unkiss'd unkind.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENA I.

VENUS, JUNO, PALLAS.

Ven. ex abrupto. But pray you, tell me, Juno, was it so,
As Pallas told me here the tale of Echo?
Juno. She was a nymph indeed, as Pallas tells,
A walker, such as in these thickets dwells;
And as she told what subtle juggling pranks
She play'd with Juno, so she told her thanks:
A tattling trull to come at every call,
And now, forsooth, nor tongue nor life at all.
And though perhaps she was a help to Jove,
And held me chat while he might court his love,
Believe me, dames, I am of this opinion,
He took but little pleasure in the minion;
And whatsoe'er his scapes have been beside,
Dare say for him, 'a never stray'd so wide:
A lovely nut-brown lass or lusty trull
Have power perhaps to make a god a bull.
Ven. Gramercy, gentle Juno, for that jest;
I' faith, that item was worth all the rest.

Pal. No matter, Venus, howsoe'er you scorn,
My father Jove at that time ware the horn.
Juno. Had every wanton god above, Venus, not better luck,
Then heaven would be a pleasant park, and Mars a lusty buck.
Ven. Tut, Mars hath horns to butt withal, although no bull 'a shows,
'A never needs to mask in nets, 'a fears no jealous froes.[1]
Juno. Forsooth, the better is his turn, for, if 'a speak too loud,
Must find some shift to shadow him, a net or else a cloud.
Pal. No more of this fair goddesses; unrip not so your shames,
To stand all naked to the world, that bene such heavenly dames.
Juno. Nay, Pallas, that's a common trick with Venus well we know,
And all the gods in heaven have seen her naked long ago.
Ven. And then she was so fair and bright, and lovely and so trim,
As Mars is but for Venus' tooth, and she will sport with him:
And, but me list not here to make comparison with Jove,
Mars is no ranger, Juno, he, in every open grove.

[1] Women.

Pal. Too much of this: we wander far, the skies
begin to scowl;
Retire we to Diana's bower, the weather will be foul.

The storm being past of thunder and lightning, and ATE *having trundled the ball into place, crying,* "Fatum Trojæ," JUNO *taketh the ball up and speaketh.*

Juno. Pallas, the storm is past and gone, and Phœbus
clears the skies,
And, lo, behold a ball of gold, a fair and worthy prize!
Ven. This posy wills the apple to the fairest given be;
Then is it mine, for Venus hight the fairest of the
three.
Pal. The fairest here, as fair is meant, am I, ye do
me wrong;
And if the fairest have it must, to me it doth belong.
Juno. Then Juno may it not enjoy, so every one
says no,
But I will prove myself the fairest, ere I lose it so.
[*They read the posy.*
The brief[1] is this, *Detur pulcherrimæ,*
Let this unto the fairest given be,
The fairest of the three,—and I am she.
Pal. Detur pulcherrimæ, [PALLAS *reads.*
Let this unto the fairest given be,
The fairest of the three,—and I am she.
Ven. Detur pulcherrimæ, [VENUS *reads.*

[1] Writing.

Let this unto the fairest given be,
The fairest of the three,—and I am she.
Juno. My face is fair; but yet the majesty,
That all the gods in heaven have seen in me,
Have made them choose me, of the planets seven,
To be the wife of Jove and queen of heaven.
If, then, this prize be but bequeathed to beauty,
The only she that wins this prize am I.
Ven. That Venus is the fairest, this doth prove,
That Venus is the lovely Queen of Love:
The name of Venus is indeed but beauty,
And men me fairest call per excellency.
If, then, this prize be but bequeathed to beauty,
The only she that wins this prize am I.
Pal. To stand on terms of beauty as you take it,
Believe me, ladies, is but to mistake it.
The beauty that this subtle prize must win,
No outward beauty hight, but dwells within;
And sift it as you please, and you shall find,
This beauty is the beauty of the mind:
This fairness, virtue hight in general,
That many branches hath in special;
This beauty wisdom hight, whereof am I,
By heaven appointed, goddess worthily.
And look how much the mind, the better part,
Doth overpass the body in desert,
So much the mistress of those gifts divine
Excels thy beauty, and that state of thine.
Then, if this prize be thus bequeathed to beauty,
The only she that wins this prize am I.

Ven. Nay, Pallas, by your leave you wander clean:
We must not conster[1] hereof as you mean,
But take the sense as it is plainly meant;
And let the fairest ha't, I am content.
Pal. Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,
Unless unto some other point we grow:
But first here's none, methinks, disposed to yield,
And none but will with words maintain the field.
Juno. Then, if you will, t' avoid a tedious grudge,
Refer it to the sentence of a judge;
Whoe'er he be that cometh next in place,
Let him bestow the ball and end the case.
Ven. So can it not go wrong with me at all.[2]
Pal. I am agreed, however it befal:
And yet by common doom, so may it be,
I may be said the fairest of the three.
Juno. Then yonder, lo, that shepherd swain is he,
That must be umpire in this controversy!

PARIS[3] *alone.* *Manentibus* PAL., JUNONE, VENERE.

Ven. Juno, in happy time, I do accept the man;
It seemeth by his looks some skill of love he can.
Par. The nymph is gone, and I, all solitary,
Must wend to tend my charge, oppressed with melancholy.
This day (or else me fails my shepherd's skill)
Will tide me passing good or passing ill.

---

[1] Old form of *construe.*
[2] Old ed. "me not at all."
[3] Old ed. marks a new scene—"*Scena II.*"

Juno. Shepherd, abash not, though at sudden thus
Thou be arrived by ignorance among us,
Not earthly but divine, and goddesses all three;
Juno, Pallas, Venus, these our titles be.
Nor fear to speak for reverence of the place,
Chosen to end a hard and doubtful case.
This apple, lo (nor ask thou whence it came),
Is to be given unto the fairest dame!
And fairest is, nor she, nor she, but she,
Whom, shepherd, thou shalt fairest name to be.
This is thy charge; fulfil without offence,
And she that wins shall give thee recompense.

Pal. Dread not to speak, for we have chosen thee,
Sith in this[1] case we can no judges be.

Ven. And, shepherd, say that I the fairest am,
And thou shalt win good guerdon for the same.

Juno. Nay, shepherd, look upon my stately grace,
Because the pomp that 'longs to Juno's mace
Thou[2] mayst not see; and think Queen Juno's name,
To whom old shepherds title works of fame,
Is mighty, and may easily suffice,
At Phœbus'[3] hand, to gain a golden prize.
And for thy meed, sith I am queen of riches,
Shepherd, I will reward thee with great monarchies,
Empires, and kingdoms, heaps of massy gold,

[1] Old ed. "thie." [2] Old ed. "They."

[3] So the old ed. Dyce reads "Phœbe's." Dr. Nicholson proposes "At Paris' hand," which promptly gets rid of the difficulty. But Mr. P. A. Daniel stands by the old reading: "See ll. 37-38, 'Pallas, the storm,' &c. The goddesses did not know that Ate's hand trundled the ball among them; they supposed that it came from Phœbus."

Sceptres and diadems curious to behold,
Rich robes, of sumptuous workmanship and cost,
And thousand things whereof I make no boast:
The mould whereon thou treadest shall be of Tagus' sands,
And Xanthus shall run liquid gold for thee to wash thy hands;
And if thou like to tend thy flock, and not from them to fly,
Their fleeces shall be curlèd gold to please their master's eye;
And last, to set thy heart on fire, give this one fruit to me,
And, shepherd, lo, this tree of gold will I bestow on thee!

JUNO'S *Show.*

Hereupon did rise a Tree of Gold laden with diadems and crowns of gold.

The ground whereon it grows, the grass, the root of gold,
The body and the bark of gold, all glistering to behold,
The leaves of burnished gold, the fruits that thereon grow
Are diadems set with pearl in gold, in gorgeous glistering show;
And if this tree of gold in lieu may not suffice,
Require a grove of golden trees, so Juno bear the prize.

[*The Tree sinketh.*

Pal. Me list not tempt thee with decaying wealth,
Which is embased[1] by want of lusty health;
But if thou have a mind to fly above,
Y-crown'd with fame, near to the seat of Jove,
If thou aspire to wisdom's worthiness,
Whereof thou mayst not see the brightness,
If thou desire honour of chivalry,
To be renown'd for happy victory,
To fight it out, and in the champaign field
To shroud thee under Pallas' warlike shield,
To prance on barbèd steeds, this honour, lo,
Myself for guerdon shall on thee bestow!
And for encouragement, that thou mayst see
What famous knights Dame Pallas' warriors be,
Behold in Pallas' honour here they come,
Marching along with sound of thundering drum.

PALLAS' *Show.*

Hereupon did enter Nine Knights[2] *in armour, treading a warlike almain,*[3] *by drum and fife; and then* [*they*] *having marched forth again,* VENUS *speaks.*

Ven. Come, shepherd, come, sweet shepherd, look on me,
These bene too hot alarums these for thee:
But if thou wilt give me the golden ball,

[1] "Avilé. *Imbased*, disesteemed, made vile."—*Cotgrave.*
[2] "I presume the Nine Worthies. Else why nine?"—*Nicholson.*
[3] A kind of dance.

Cupid my boy shall ha't to play withal,
That, whensoe'er this apple he shall see,
The God of Love himself shall think on thee,
And bid thee look and choose, and he will wound
Whereso thy fancy's object shall be found;
And lightly, when he shoots, he doth not miss:
And I will give thee many a lovely kiss,
And come and play with thee on Ida here;
And if thou wilt a face that hath no peer,
A gallant girl, a lusty minion trull,
That can give sport to thee thy bellyfull,
To ravish all thy beating veins with joy,
Here is a lass of Venus' court, my boy,[1]
Here, gentle shepherd, here's for thee a piece,
The fairest face, the flower of gallant Greece.

VENUS' *Show.*

Here HELEN *entereth in her bravery, with four* Cupids *attending on her, each having his fan in his hand to fan fresh air in her face: she singeth as followeth.*

Se Diana nel cielo è una stella
Chiara e lucente, piena di splendore,
Che porge luc' all' affanato cuore;
Se Diana nel ferno è una dea,
Che da conforto all' anime dannate,
Che per amor son morte desperate;

[1] In old ed. there is a stage-direction, "HELEN *entereth with* 4. *Cupides.*"

Se Diana, ch' in terra è delle nimphe
Reina imperativa di dolci fiori,
Tra bosch' e selve da morte a pastori;
Io son un Diana dolce e rara,
Che con li guardi io posso far guerra
A Dian' infern', in cielo, e in terra.

The song being ended, HELEN *departeth, and* PARIS *speaketh.*

Par. Most heavenly dames, was never man as I,
Poor shepherd swain so happy and unhappy;
The least of these delights that you devise,
Able to rape[1] and dazzle human eyes.
But since my silence may not pardon'd be,
And I appoint which is the fairest she,
Pardon, most sacred dames, sith one, not all,
By Paris' doom must have this golden ball.
Thy beauty, stately Juno, dame divine,
That like to Phœbus' golden beams doth shine,
Approves itself to be most excellent;
But that fair face that doth me most content,
Sith fair, fair dames, is neither she nor she,
But she whom I shall fairest deem to be,
That face is hers that hight the Queen of Love,
Whose sweetness doth both gods and creatures move;
[*He giveth the golden ball to* VENUS.
And if the fairest face deserve the ball,
Fair Venus, ladies, bears it from ye all.

Ven. And in this ball doth Venus more delight

[1] Old ed. "wrape.

Than in her lovely boy fair Cupid's sight.
Come, shepherd, come; sweet Venus is thy friend;
No matter how thou other gods offend.
[VENUS *taketh* PARIS *away with her.* *Exeunt.*

Juno. But he shall rue and ban the dismal day
Wherein his Venus bare the ball away;
And heaven and earth just witnesses shall be,
I will revenge it on his progeny.

Pal. Well, Juno, whether we be lief[1] or loth,
Venus hath got the apple from us both. [*Exeunt.*

[1] So Dyce. Old ed. "leyse."

ACT III.

SCENA I.

Enter COLIN, *who sings his passion of love.*

O gentle Love, ungentle for thy deed,
Thou mak'st my heart
A bloody mark
With piercing shot to bleed!
Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot amiss,
For fear too keen
Thy arrows been,
And hit the heart where my belovèd is.
Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
Shall be so blest,
Among the rest,
That Love shall seize on her by sympathy.
Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
This doth remain
To cease[1] my pain,
I take the wound, and die at Venus' foot.

[*Exit* COLIN.

[1] In *England's Helicon*, 1600, where this song is printed with Peele's signature, the reading is "ease."

Enter[1] HOBBINOL, DIGGON, *and* THENOT.

Hob. Poor Colin, woeful man, thy life forspoke by love,
What uncouth[2] fit, what malady, is this that thou dost prove?
Dig. Or Love is void of physic clean, or Love's our common wrack,
That gives us bane to bring us low, and let[s] us medicine lack.
Hob. That ever Love had reverence 'mong silly shepherd swains!
Belike that humour hurts them most that most might be[3] their pains.
The. Hobbin, it is some other god that cherisheth their[4] sheep,
For sure this Love doth nothing else but make our herdmen weep.
Dig. And what a hap is this, I pray, when all our woods rejoice,
For Colin thus to be denied his young and lovely choice?
The. She hight indeed so fresh and fair that well it is for thee,
Colin, and kind[5] hath been thy friend, that Cupid could not see.
Hob. And whither wends yon thriveless swain? like to the stricken deer,

---

[1] Old ed. marks a new scene—"*Scena II.*"
[2] Strange, unaccustomed. [3] "Quy. 'bear'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*
[4] So Dyce. Old ed. "her." [5] Nature.

Seeks he dictam[n]um[1] for his wound within our forest here?

Dig. He wends to greet the Queen of Love, that in these woods doth won,[2]
With mirthless lays to make complaint to Venus of her son.

The. Ah, Colin, thou art all deceived! she dallies with the boy,
And winks at all his wanton pranks, and thinks thy love a toy.

Hob. Then leave him to his luckless love, let him abide his fate;
The sore is rankled all too far, our comfort comes too late.

Dig. Though Thestylis the scorpion be that breaks his sweet assault,
Yet will Rhamnusia[3] vengeance take on her disdainful fault.

The. Lo, yonder comes the lovely nymph, that in these Ida vales
Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and coys[4] him in the dales!

Hob. Thenot, methinks her cheer is changed, her mirthful looks are laid,
She frolics not; pray god, the lad have not beguiled[5] the maid!

---

[1] "Non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina cum tergo volucres haesere sagittae."
—Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 414-5.

[2] Dwell.

[3] Nemesis had a temple at Rhamnus in Attica.

[4] Fondles. [5] So Dyce. Old ed. "beguide."

ŒNONE[1] *entereth with a wreath of poplar on her head.* *Manent* Pastores.

Œn. Beguiled, disdained, and out of love! Live[2] long, thou poplar-tree,
And let thy letters grow in length, to witness this with me,
Ah, Venus, but for reverence unto thy sacred name,
To steal a silly maiden's love, I might account it blame
And if the tales be true I hear, and blush for to recite,
Thou dost me wrong to leave the plains and dally out of sight.
False Paris, this was not thy vow, when thou and I were one,
To range and change old love for new; but now those days be gone.
But I will find the goddess out, that she thy vow may read,
And fill these woods with my laments for thy unhappy deed.
Hob. So fair a face, so foul a thought to harbour in his breast!
Thy hope consumed, poor nymph, thy hap is worse than all the rest.
Œn. Ah, shepherds, you bin full of wiles, and whet your wits on books,
And rape[3] poor maids with pipes and songs, and sweet alluring looks!

[1] Old ed. marks a new scene—"*Scena III.*"

[2] Cf. Œnone's Epistle to Paris (in Ovid's *Heroides*), "Populе, vive precor, quæ consita margine ripæ," &c.

[3] So Dyce. Old ed. "wrap."

Dig. Mis-speak not all for his amiss;[1] there bin that keepen flocks,
That never chose but once, nor yet beguilèd love with mocks.
Œn. False Paris, he is none of those; his trothless double deed
Will hurt a many shepherds else that might go nigh to speed.
The. Poor Colin, that is ill for thee, that art as true in trust
To thy sweet smart as to his nymph Paris hath bin unjust.
Œn. Ah, well is she hath Colin won, that nill no other love!
And woe is me, my luck is loss, my pains no pity move!
Hob. Farewell, fair nymph, sith he must heal alone that gave the wound;
There grows no herb of such effect upon Dame Nature's ground. [*Exeunt* Pastores.

Manet ŒNONE. MERCURY *entereth with* VULCAN'S Cyclops.

Mer. Here is a nymph that sadly sits, and she beleek[2]
Can tell some news, Pyracmon, of the jolly swain we seek:

---

[1] Fault.

[2] Old ed. "belike." The correction was made by Dyce, who points out that *beleek* is found in the *Tale of Troy*—"Unwares to wreak Patroclus' death beleek." (For the sake of the metre Dyce reads "and she to us beleek.")

Dare wage my wings, the lass doth love, she looks so
bleak and thin;
And 'tis for anger or for grief: but I will talk begin.
Œn. Break out, poor heart, and make complaint, the
mountain flocks to move,
What proud repulse and thankless scorn thou hast
received of love.
Mer. She singeth; sirs, be hush'd a while.

ŒNONE *singeth as she sits.*

ŒNONE'S *Complaint.*

Melpomene,[1] the Muse of tragic songs,
With mournful tunes, in stole of dismal hue,
Assist a silly nymph to wail her woe,
And leave thy lusty company behind.

Thou[2] luckless wreath! becomes not me to wear
The poplar-tree for triumph of my love:
Then, as my joy, my pride of love, is left,
Be thou unclothèd of thy lovely green;

And in thy leaves my fortune written be,
And them[3] some gentle wind let blow abroad,
That all the world may see how false of love
False Paris hath to his Œnone been.

The song ended, ŒNONE *sitting still,* MERCURY *speaketh.*

Mer. Good day, fair maid; weary belike with follow-
ing of your game,

[1] Old ed. "Melponie."
[2] *England's Helicon*, "This." [3] *E. H.* "then."

I wish thee cunning at thy will, to spare or strike the same.

Œn. I thank you, sir; my game is quick, and rids[1] a length of ground,

And yet I am deceived, or else 'a had a deadly wound.

Mer. Your hand perhaps did swerve awry.[2]

Œn. Or else it was my heart.

Mer. Then sure 'a plied his footmanship.

Œn. 'A play'd a ranging part.

Mer. You should have given a deeper wound.

Œn. I could not that for pity.

Mer. You should have eyed him better, then.

Œn. Blind love was not so witty.

Mer. Why, tell me, sweet, are you in love?

Œn. Or[3] would I were not so.

Mer. Ye mean because 'a does ye wrong.

Œn. Perdy, the more my woe.

Mer. Why, mean ye Love, or him ye loved?

Œn. Well may I mean them both.

Mer. Is love to blame?

Œn. The Queen of Love hath made him false[4] his troth.

---

[1] "Semelles et du vin passent chemin. . . . A strong foot and a light head *rid way* apace."—*Cotgrave.* (Cf. 3 *Henry VI.*, v. iii., "Willingness *rids way.*")

[2] So Dyce. Old ed. "awarie."

[3] "Quy. 'O,' or 'I'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[4] The expression *to false faith* (or *troth*) was common. It occurs in one of Lodge's choicest lyrics:—

"First shall the heavens want starry light
. . . . . .
The April flower and leaves and tree
Before I *false my faith* to thee."

Mer. Mean ye, indeed, the Queen of Love?
Œn. Even wanton Cupid's dame.
Mer. Why, was thy love so lovely, then?
Œn. His beauty hight his shame;
The fairest shepherd on our green.
Mer. Is he a shepherd, than?[1]
Œn. And sometime kept a bleating flock.
Mer. Enough, this is the man.
Where wons he, then?
Œn. About these woods, far from the poplar-tree.
Mer. What poplar mean ye?
Œn. Witness of the vows 'twixt[2] him and me.
And come and wend a little way, and you shall see his skill.
Mer. Sirs, tarry you.
Œn. Nay, let them go.
Mer. Nay, not unless you will.
Stay, nymph, and hark [to] what I say of him thou blamest so,
And, credit me, I have a sad discourse to tell thee ere I go.
Know then, my pretty mops, that I hight Mercury,
The messenger of heaven, and hither fly,
To seize upon the man whom thou dost love,
To summon him before my father Jove,
To answer matter of great consequence:
And Jove himself will not be long from hence.

---

[1] Then.
[2] Old ed. "betwixt."

Œn. Sweet Mercury, and have poor Œnon's cries
For Paris' fault y-pierced[1] th' unpartial[2] skies?
Mer. The same is he, that jolly shepherd's swain.
Œn. His flock do graze upon Aurora's plain,
The colour of his coat is lusty green;
That would these eyes of mine had never seen
His 'ticing curled hair, his front of ivory,
Then had not I, poor I, bin unhappy.[3]
Mer. No marvel, wench, although we cannot find him,
When all too late the Queen of Heaven doth mind him.
But if thou wilt have physic for thy sore,
Mind him who list, remember thou[4] him no more,
And find some other game, and get thee gone;
For here will lusty suitors come anon,
Too hot and lusty for thy dying vein,
Such as ne'er wont[5] to make their suits in vain.
[*Exit* MERCURY *cum* Cyclop.
Œn. I will go sit and pine under the poplar-tree,
And write my answer to his vow, that every eye may see.
[*Exit.*

---

[1] Old ed. "ypeircest."

[2] See note 2, p. 6. Marlowe remembered the present passage when he wrote—

"And with my prayers *pierce impartial heavens.*"
—*Jew of Malta*, III. ii. l. 33.

[3] Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests "poor I, unhappy bin"—which destroys the last vestige of rhyme.

[4] I should like to omit this word; but if we alter the text wherever the scansion is irregular, we shall have to adopt very arbitrary measures.

[5] Old ed. "were monte."

SCENA II.[1]

VENUS, PARIS, *and a company of* Shepherds.

Ven. Shepherds, I am content, for this sweet shepherd's sake,
A strange revenge upon the maid and her disdain to take.
Let Colin's corpse be brought in place, and buried[2] in the plain,
And let this be the verse, *The love whom Thestylis hath slain.*
And, trust me, I will chide my son for partiality,
That gave the swain so deep a wound, and let her scape him by.
First Shep. Alas that ever Love was blind, to shoot so far amiss!
Ven. Cupid my son was more to blame, the fault not mine, but his.
[Pastores *exeunt.* *Manent*[3] VEN. *cum* PAR.
Par. O madam, if yourself would deign the handling of the bow,
Albeit it be a task, yourself more skill, more justice know.
Ven. Sweet shepherd, didst thou ever love?
Par. Lady, a little once.
Ven. And art thou changed?

---

[1] Old. ed. "*Act III. Scena V.*" (Scena IV. is not marked.)
[2] Dyce. Old ed. "burned." [3] I keep the old stage-direction.

Par. Fair Queen of Love, I loved not all attonce.[1]

Ven. Well, wanton, wert thou wounded so deep as some have been,
It were a cunning cure to heal, and rueful to be seen.

Par. But tell me, gracious goddess, for a start and false offence
Hath Venus or her son the power at pleasure to dispense?

Ven. My boy, I will instruct thee in a piece of poetry,
That haply erst thou hast not heard: in hell there is a tree,
Where once a-day do sleep the souls of false forsworen lovers,
With open hearts; and there about in swarms the number hovers
Of poor forsaken ghosts, whose wings from off this tree do beat
Round drops of fiery Phlegethon to scorch false hearts with heat.
This pain did Venus and her son entreat the prince of hell
T' impose to such as faithless were to such as loved them well:
And, therefore, this, my lovely boy, fair Venus doth advise thee,
Be true and steadfast in thy love, beware thou do disguise thee;

[1] Old form of "at once."

For he that makes but love a jest, when pleaseth him to start,
Shall feel those fiery water-drops consume his faithless heart.

Par. Is Venus and her son so full of justice and severity?

Ven. Pity it were that love should not be linkèd with indifferency.
However lovers can exclaim for hard success in love,
Trust me, some more than common cause that painful hap doth move:
And Cupid's bow is not alone his triumph, but his rod;
Nor is he only but a boy, he hight a mighty god;
And they that do him reverence have reason for the same,
His shafts keep heaven and earth in awe, and shape rewards or[1] shame.

Par. And hath he reason to maintain why Colin died for love?

Ven. Yea, reason good, I warrant thee, in right it might behove.

Par. Then be the name of Love adored; his bow is full of might,
His wounds are all but for desert, his laws are all but right.

[*Ven.*] Well, for this once me list apply my speeches to thy sense,
And Thestylis shall feel the pain for Love's supposed offence.

---

[1] So P. A. Daniel. Old ed. "for."

The Shepherds *bring in* COLIN'S *hearse, singing,*

Welladay, welladay, poor Colin, thou art going to the ground,
The love whom Thestylis[1] hath slain,
Hard heart, fair face, fraught with disdain,
Disdain in love a deadly wound.
Wound her, sweet Love, so deep again,
That she may feel the dying pain
Of this unhappy shepherd's swain,
And die for love as Colin died, as Colin died.

Ven. Shepherds, abide; let Colin's corpse be witness of the pain
That Thestylis endures in love, a plague for her disdain.
Behold the organ of our wrath, this rusty churl is he;
She dotes on his ill-favour'd face, so much accurs'd is she.

A[2] *foul crooked* Churl *enters, and* THESTYLIS, *a fair* Lass, *wooeth him, and singeth an old song called* The Wooing of Colman: *he crabbedly refuseth her, and goeth out of place: she tarrieth behind.*

Par. Ah, poor unhappy Thestylis, unpitied is thy pain!
Ven. Her fortune not unlike to hers[3] whom cruel thou hast slain.

---

[1] Old ed. "Thestis."
[2] Old ed. gives "*She singeth . . .* Colman. *A foul . . . wooeth him: he crabbedly,*" &c.
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "his."

THESTYLIS *singeth, and the* Shepherds *reply.*

THE SONG.

Thest. The strange affects[1] of my tormented heart,
Whom cruel love hath woeful prisoner caught,
Whom cruel hate hath into bondage brought,
Whom wit no way of safe escape hath taught,
Enforce me say, in witness of my smart,
There is no pain to foul disdain in hardy suits of love.
Shepherds. There is no pain, &c.
Thest. Cruel, farewell.
Shepherds. Cruel, farewell.
Thest. Most cruel thou, of all that nature fram'd,
Shepherds. Most cruel, &c.
Thest. To kill thy love with thy disdain.
Shepherds. To kill thy love with thy disdain.
Thest. Cruel Disdain, so live thou nam'd,
Shepherds. Cruel Disdain, &c.
Thest. And let me die of Iphis' pain,
Shepherds. A life[2] too good for thy disdain.
Thest. Sith this my stars to me allot,
And thou thy love hast all forgot.
Shepherds. And thou, &c. [*Exit* THESTYLIS.

The[3] *grace of this song is in the* Shepherds' *echo to her verse.*

---

[1] So Dyce. Old ed. "effects."

[2] So the old ed.; but it is hard to reject Mr. P. A. Daniel's emendation "death."

[3] In old ed. this remark is preceded by the stage-direction which belongs to l. 78.

Ven. Now, shepherds, bury Colin's corpse, perfume
his hearse with flowers,
And write what justice Venus did amid these woods of
yours.
[*The* Shepherds *carry out* COLIN'S *hearse.*
How now, how cheers my lovely boy, after this dump
of love?
Par. Such dumps, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly
dumps to prove.
Ven. Cease, shepherd, there[1] are other news, after
this melancholy:
My mind presumes some tempest toward upon the
speech[2] of Mercury.

MERCURY[3] *with* VULCAN'S Cyclops *enter.* *Manentibus* VEN. *cum* PAR.

Mer. Fair Lady Venus, let me pardoned be,
That have of long bin well-beloved of thee,
If, as my office bids, myself first brings
To my sweet madam these unwelcome tidings.
Ven. What news, what tidings, gentle Mercury,
In midst of my delights, to trouble me?
Mer. At Juno's suit, Pallas assisting her,
Sith both did join in suit to Jupiter,
Action is enter'd in the court of heaven;
And me, the swiftest of the planets seven,
With warrant they have thence despatch'd away,

[1] Old ed. "these."
[2] "Quy. 'upon th' approach'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*
[3] Old ed. begins a new scene—"*Scena VI.*"

To apprehend and find the man, they say,
That gave from them that self-same ball of gold,
Which, I presume, I do in place behold;
Which man, unless my marks be taken wide,
Is he that sits so near thy gracious side.
This being so, it rests he go from hence,
Before the gods to answer his offence.

Ven. What tale is this? doth Juno and her mate
Pursue this shepherd with such deadly hate,
As what was then our general agreement,
To stand unto they nill be now content?
Let Juno jet, and Pallas play her part,
What here I have, I won it by desert;
And heaven and earth shall both confounded be,
Ere wrong in this be done to him or me.

Mer. This little fruit, if Mercury can spell,
Will send, I fear, a world of souls to hell.

Ven. What mean these Cyclops, Mercury? is Vulcan wax'd so fine,
To send his chimney-sweepers forth to fetter any friend of mine?—
Abash not, shepherd, at the thing; myself thy bail will be.—
He shall be present at the court of Jove, I warrant thee.

Mer. Venus, give me your pledge.

Ven. My ceston, or my fan, or both?

Mer. [*taketh her fan*]. Nay, this shall serve, your word[1] to me as sure as is your oath,

[1] "Quy. 'word's' or 'as sure is as'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

At Dian's [1] bower; and, lady, if my wit or policy
May profit him, for Venus' sake let him make bold with
Mercury. [*Exit with the* Cyclops.

Ven. Sweet Paris, whereon dost thou muse?

Par. The angry heavens, for this fatal jar,
Name me the instrument of dire and deadly war.

[*Explicit Actus Tertius. Exeunt* VENUS *and* PARIS.

---

[1] So Dyce. Old ed. "Diana's."

ACT IV.

SCENA I.

Enter one of DIANA'S Nymphs, *followed by* VULCAN.

Vul. Why, nymph, what need ye run so fast? what
though but black I be?
I have more pretty knacks to please than every eye doth
see;
And though I go not so upright, and though I am a
smith,
To make me gracious you may have some other thing
therewith.

Enter[1] BACCHUS.

Bac. Yea,[2] Vulcan, will ye so indeed?—Nay, turn,
and tell him, trull,
He hath a mistress of his own to take his bellyfull.
Vul. Why sir, if Phœbe's dainty nymphs please lusty
Vulcan's tooth,
Why may not Vulcan tread awry as well as Venus doth

---

[1] Old ed. marks a new scene ("*Scena II.*"), and gives the stage-direction, "*Bacchus, Vulcan, Nymphe.*"

[2] Old ed. "Yee."

Nym. Ye shall not taint your troth for me: you wot it very well,
All that be Dian's maids are vowed to halter apes[1] in hell.
Bac. I'faith, i'faith, my gentle mops, but I do know a cast,
Lead apes who list, that we would help t'unhalter them as fast.
Nym. Fie, fie, your skill is wondrous great! had thought the God of Wine
Had tended but his tubs and grapes, and not ben half so fine.
Vul. Gramercy for that quirk, my girl.
Bac. That's one of dainty's frumps.[2]
Nym. I pray, sir, take't with all amiss; our cunning comes by lumps.
Vul. Sh'ath capp'd his answer in the cue.
Nym. How says 'a, has she so?
As well as she that capp'd your head to keep you warm below.
Vul. Yea, then you will be curst I see.
Bac. Best let her even alone.

---

[1] Old ed. "apples." William Corkine, in his *Second Book of Airs*, 1612, tells a young lady who had vowed to live and die a maid—

> "O if you knew what chance to them befell
> That dance about with bobtail apes in hell,
> Yourself your virgin girdle would divide . . .
> Rather than undergo such shame: no tongue can tell
> What injury is done to maids in hell."

[2] "Mocquerie. A mock, flowt, *frumpe*," &c.—*Cotgrave.*

Nym. Yea, gentle gods, and find some other string to harp upon.

Bac. Some other string! agreed, i'faith, some other pretty thing;
'Twere shame fair maids should idle be: how say you, will ye sing?

Nym. Some rounds or merry roundelays, we sing no other songs;
Your melancholic notes not to our country mirth belongs.

Vul. Here comes a crew will help us trim.

MERCURY[1] *with the* Cyclops.

Mer. Yea, now our task is done.

Bac. Then merry, Mercury; more than time this round were well begun.

They sing "Hey down, down, down," &c.

The song done, she windeth a horn in VULCAN'S *ear, and runneth out. Manent* VULCAN, MERCURY, Cyclops.

Vul. A harlotry, I warrant her.

Bac. A peevish elvish shroe.[2]

Mer. Have seen as far to come as near, for all her ranging so.
But, Bacchus, time well-spent I wot, our sacred father Jove,

---

[1] Old ed. marks a new scene ("*Scena III.*").

[2] Shrew.—In Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609, there is a song beginning—

"What hap had I to marry a *shroe*!
For she hath given me many a blow."

With Phœbus and the God of War are met in Dian's grove.

Vul. Then we are here before them yet: but stay, the earth doth swell;
God Neptune, too (this hap is good), doth meet the Prince of Hell.

PLUTO *ascendeth from below in his chair;* NEPTUNE *entereth at another way.*

Plu. What jars are these, that call the gods of heaven and hell below?

Nep. It is a work of wit and toil to rule a lusty shroe.

Enter JUPITER, SATURN, APOLLO, MARS,[1] JUNO, PALLAS, *and* DIANA.

Jup. Bring forth the man of Troy, that he may hear
Whereof he is to be arraignèd here.

Nep. Lo, where 'a comes, prepar'd to plead his case,
Under condúct of lovely Venus' grace!

[*Enter* VENUS *with* PARIS.]

Mer. I have not seen a more alluring boy.

Apol. So beauty hight the wreck of Priam's Troy.

[1] Old ed. "*Mars, Pluto, Neptune, Bacchus, Vulcan, Mer., Iuno, Pallas, Diana, Cyclops.*" (A new scene, "*Scena IIII.*," is marked in old ed.)

The gods being set in DIANA'S *bower*, JUNO, PALLAS,[1] VENUS, *and* PARIS *stand on sides before them.*

Ven. Lo, sacred Jove, at Juno's proud complaint,
As erst I gave my pledge to Mercury,
I bring the man whom he did late attaint,
To answer his indictment orderly;
And crave this grace of this immortal senate,
That ye allow the man his advocate.
Pal. That may not be; the laws of heaven deny
A man to plead or answer by attorney.
Ven. Pallas, thy doom is all too peremptory.
Apol. Venus, that favour is denied him flatly:
He is a man, and therefore by our laws,
Himself, without his[2] aid, must plead his cause.
Ven. Then 'bash not, shepherd, in so good a case;
And friends thou hast, as well as foes, in place.
Juno. Why, Mercury, why do ye not indict him?
Ven. Soft, gentle Juno, I pray you, do not bite him.
Juno. Nay, gods, I trow, you are like to have great silence,
Unless this parrot be commanded hence.
Jup. Venus, forbear, be still.—Speak, Mercury.
Ven. If Juno jangle, Venus will reply.
Mer. Paris, king Priam's son, thou art arraigned of partiality,

[1] Old ed. "Pallas, Diana, Venus," &c.
[2] *I.e.* without the aid of an advocate (l. 46).

Of sentence partial and unjust; for that without indifferency,
Beyond desert or merit far, as thine accusers say,
From them, to Lady Venus here, thou gavest the prize away:
What is thine answer?

PARIS' *oration to the* Council of the Gods.

Sacred and just, thou great and dreadful Jove,
And you thrice-reverend powers, whom love nor hate
May wrest awry; if this, to me a man,
This fortune fatal be, that I must plead
For safe excusal of my guiltless thought,
The honour more makes my mishap the less,
That I a man must plead before the gods,
Gracious forbearers of the world's amiss,[1]
For her, whose beauty how it hath enticed,
This heavenly senate may with me aver.
But sith nor that nor this may do me boot,
And for myself myself must speaker be,
A mortal man amidst this heavenly presence;
Let me not shape a long defence to them
That ben beholders of my guiltless thoughts.
Then for the deed,—that I may not deny,
Wherein consists the full of mine offence,—
I did upon command; if then I erred,
I did['t] no more than to a man belonged.
And if, in verdit of their forms divine,
My dazzled eye did swarve[2] or surfeit more

[1] Fault, sin. [2] *I.e.* swerve.

On Venus' face than any face of theirs,
It was no partial fault, but fault of his,
Belike, whose eyesight not so perfect was
As might discern the brightness of the rest.
And if it were permitted unto men,
Ye gods, to parle with your secret thoughts,
There ben that sit upon that sacred seat,
That would with Paris err in Venus' praise.
But let me cease to speak of error here;
Sith what my hand, the organ of my heart,
Did give with good agreement of mine eye,
My tongue is vow'd [1] with process to maintain.
Plu. A jolly shepherd, wise and eloquent.
Par. First, then, arraigned of partiality,
Paris replies, "Unguilty of the fact;"
His reason is, because he knew no more
Fair Venus' ceston than Dame Juno's mace,
Nor never saw wise Pallas' crystal shield.
Then as I looked, I loved and liked attonce,[2]
And as it was referr'd from them to me,
To give the prize to her whose beauty best
My fancy did commend, so did I praise
And judge as might my dazzled eye discern.
Nep. A piece of art, that cunningly, perdy,
Refers the blame to weakness of his eye.
Par. Now, for I must add reason for my deed,
Why Venus rather pleased me of the three;
First, in the intrails of my mortal ears,

[1] So P. A. Daniel. Old ed. "void." [2] At once.

The question standing upon beauty's blaze,
The name of her that hight the Queen of Love,
Methought,[1] in beauty should not be excell'd.
Had it been destinèd to majesty
(Yet will I not rob Venus of her grace),
Then stately Juno might have borne the ball.
Had it to wisdom been intitulèd,
My human wit had given it Pallas then.
But sith unto the fairest of the three
That power, that threw it for my farther ill,
Did dedicate this ball; and safest durst
My shepherd's skill adventure, as I thought,
To judge of form and beauty rather than
Of Juno's state or Pallas' worthiness,—
That learn'd to ken the fairest of the flock,
And praisèd beauty but by nature's aim;—
Behold, to Venus Paris gave this fruit,
A daysman[2] chosen there by full consent,
And heavenly powers should not repent their deeds.
Where it is said, beyond desert of hers
I honour'd Venus with this golden prize,
Ye gods, alas, what can a mortal man
Discern betwixt the sacred gifts of heaven?
Or, if I may with reverence reason thus;
Suppose I gave, and judg'd corruptly then,
For hope of that that best did please my thought,
This apple not for beauty's praise alone;
I might offend, sith I was guerdonèd,[3]

[1] Old ed. "My thought." [2] Umpire.
[3] This is my own emendation. Old ed. "pardoned." (Mr. P. A.

And tempted more than ever creature was
With wealth, with beauty, and with chivalry,
And so preferr'd beauty before them all,
The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself.
And for the one, contentment is my wealth;
A shell of salt will serve a shepherd swain,
A slender banquet in a homely scrip,
And water running from the silver spring.
For arms, they dread no foes that sit so low;
A thorn can keep the wind from off my back,
A sheep-cote thatch'd a shepherd's palace hight.
Of tragic Muses shepherds con no skill;
Enough is them, if Cupid ben displeased,
To sing his praise on slender oaten pipe.
And thus, thrice-reverend, have I told my tale,
And crave the torment of my guiltless soul
To be measúrèd by my faultless thought.
If warlike Pallas or the Queen of Heaven
Sue to reverse my sentence by appeal,
Be it as please your majesties divine;
The wrong, the hurt, not mine, if any be,
But hers whose beauty claim'd the prize of me.

PARIS *having ended,* JUPITER *speaketh.*

Jup. Venus, withdraw your shepherd for a space,
Till he again be call'd for into place.

[*Exeunt* VENUS *and* PARIS.

Daniel prefers the old reading, and takes the meaning to be:—"I was pardoned or excused beforehand for any failure of judgment or justice on my part; moreover I was tempted," &c.)

Juno, what will ye after this reply,
But doom with sentence of indifferency?
And if you will but justice in the cause,
The man must quited[1] be by heaven's laws.
Juno. Yea, gentle Jove, when Juno's suits are moved,
Then heaven may see how well she is beloved.
Apol. But, madam, fits it majesty divine
In any sort from justice to decline?
Pal. Whether the man be guilty, yea or no,
That doth not hinder our appeal, I trow.
Juno. Phœbus, I wot, amid this heavenly crew,
There be that have to say as well as you.
Apol. And, Juno, I with them, and they with me,
In law and right must needfully agree.
Pal. I grant ye may agree, but be content
To doubt upon regard of your agreement.
Plu. And if ye mark'd, the man in his defence
Said thereof as 'a might with reverence.
Vul. And did ye very well, I promise ye.
Juno. No doubt, sir, you could note it cunningly.
Sat. Well, Juno, if ye will appeal, ye may,
But first despatch the shepherd hence away.
Mars. Then Vulcan's dame is like to have the wrong.
Juno. And that in passion doth to Mars belong.
Jup. Call Venus and the shepherd in again.
[*Exit* MERCURY.[2]
Bac. And rid the man that he may know his pain.
Apol. His pain, his pain, his never-dying pain,
A cause to make a many more complain.

---

[1] Acquitted. [2] Not in old ed.

MERCURY *bringeth in* VENUS *and* PARIS.

Jup. Shepherd, thou hast ben heard with equity and law,
And for thy stars do thee to other calling draw,
We here dismiss thee hence, by order of our senate:
Go take thy way to Troy, and there abide thy fate.
Ven. Sweet shepherd, with such luck in love, while thou dost live,
As may the Queen of Love to any lover give.
Par. My luck is loss, howe'er my love do speed:
I fear me Paris shall but rue his deed. [PARIS *exit.*
Apol. From Ida woods now wends the shepherd's boy,
That in his bosom carries fire to Troy.
Jup. Venus, these ladies do appeal, you see,
And that they may appeal the gods agree:
It resteth, then, that you be well content
To stand in this unto our final judgment;
And if King Priam's son did well in this,
The law of heaven will not lead amiss.
Ven. But, sacred Jupiter, might thy daughter choose,
She might with reason this appeal refuse:
Yet, if they be unmovèd in their shames,
Be it a stain and blemish to their names;
A deed, too, far unworthy of the place,
Unworthy Pallas' lance or Juno's mace;
And if to beauty it bequeathèd be,
I doubt not but it will return to me.
[*She layeth down the ball.*

Pal. Venus, there is no more ado than so,
It resteth where the gods do it bestow.
Nep. But, ladies, under favour of your rage,
Howe'er it be, you play upon the vantage.
Jup. Then, dames, that we more freely may debate,
And hear th' indifferent sentence of this senate,
Withdraw you from this presence for a space,
Till we have throughly question'd of the case:
Dian shall be your guide; nor shall you need
Yourselves t' inquire how things do here succeed;
We will, as we resolve, give you to know,
By general doom how everything doth go.
Dia. Thy will, my wish.—Fair ladies, will ye wend?
Juno. Beshrew her whom this sentence doth offend.
Ven. Now, Jove, be just; and, gods, you that be Venus' friends,
If you have ever done her wrong, then may you make amends.

[*Manent* Dii. *Exeunt* DIANA, JUNO, PALLAS, *and* VENUS.

Jup. Venus is fair, Pallas and Juno too.
Vul. But tell me now without some more ado,
Who is the fairest she, and do not flatter.
Plu. Vulcan, upon comparison hangs all the matter:
That done, the quarrel and the strife were ended.
Mars. Because 'tis known, the quarrel is pretended.
Vul. Mars, you have reason for your speech, perdy;
My dame, I trow, is fairest in your eye.
Mars. Or, Vulcan, I should do her double wrong.

Sat. About a toy we tarry here so[1] long.
Give it by voices, voices give the odds;
A trifle so to trouble all the gods!
Nep. Believe me, Saturn, be it so for me.
Bac. For me.
Plu. For me.
Mars. For me, if Jove agree.
Mer. And, gentle gods, I am indifferent;
But then I know who's likely to be shent.[2]
Apol. Thrice-reverend gods, and thou, immortal Jove,
If Phœbus may, as him doth much behove,
Be licensèd, according to our laws,
To speak uprightly in this doubted cause
(Sith women's wits work men's unceasing woes),
To make them friends, that now bin friendless foes,
And peace to keep with them, with us, and all,
That make their title to this golden ball
(Nor think, ye gods, my speech doth derogate
From sacred power of this immortal senate);
Refer this sentence where it doth belong:
In this, say I, fair Phœbe hath the wrong;
Not that I mean her beauty bears the prize;
But that the holy law of heaven denies
One god to meddle in another's power
And this befel so near Diana's bower,
As for th' appeasing this unpleasant grudge,
In my conceit, she hight the fittest judge.
If Jove control not Pluto's hell with charms,

[1] Dyce reads "too." [2] Blamed.

If Mars have sovereign power to manage arms,[1]
If Bacchus bear no rule in Neptune['s] sea,
Nor Vulcan's fire doth Saturn's scythe obey,
Suppress not, then, 'gainst law and equity,
Diana's power in her own territory,
Whose regiment,[2] amid her sacred bowers,
As proper hight as any rule of yours.
Well may we so wipe all the speech away,
That Pallas, Juno, Venus, hath to say,
And answer that, by justice of our laws
We were not suffer'd to conclude the cause.
And this to me most egal[3] doom appears,
A woman to be judge among her pheeres.[4]
Mer. Apollo hath found out the only mean
To rid the blame from us and trouble clean.
Vul. We are beholding to his sacred wit.
Jup. I can commend and well allow of it;
And so derive the matter from us all,
That Dian have the giving of the ball.
Vul. So Jove may clearly excuse him in the case,
Where Juno else would chide and brawl apace.
[*All they rise to*[5] *go forth.*
Mer. And now it were some cunning to divine
To whom Diana will this prize resign.
Vul. Sufficeth me, it shall be none of mine.

---

[1] Marlowe has the expression "manage arms" in *Tamburlaine.*
[2] Rule. [3] Equal. [4] Companions.
[5] Old ed. "*and.*"

Bac. Vulcan, though thou be black, thou'rt nothing fine.

Vul. Go bathe thee, Bacchus, in a tub of wine;
The ball's as likely to be mine as thine.

[*Exeunt omnes. Explicit Act IV.*

ACT V.

SCENA I.[1]

DIANA, JUNO, PALLAS, VENUS.

Dia. Lo, ladies, far beyond my hope and will, you see,
This thankless office is imposed to me;
Wherein if you will rest as well content,
As Dian will be judge indifferent,
My egal doom shall none of you offend,
And of this quarrel make a final end:
And therefore, whether you be lief or[2] loath,
Confirm your promise with some sacred oath.
Pal. Phœbe, chief mistress of this sylvan chace,
Whom gods have chosen to conclude the case
That yet in balance undecided lies,
Touching bestowing of this golden prize,
I give my promise and mine oath withal,
By Styx, by heaven's power imperial,
By all that 'longs to Pallas' deity,
Her shield, her lance, ensigns of chivalry,

[1] Old ed. "*Act. V. & ultimi, Scena I.*"
[2] Old ed. "of."

Her sacred wreath of olive and of bay,
Her crested helm, and else what Pallas may,
That wheresoe'er this ball of purest gold,
That chaste Diana here in hand doth hold,
Unpartially her wisdom shall bestow,
Without mislike or quarrel any mo,
Pallas shall rest content and satisfied,
And say the best desert doth there abide.
Juno. And here I promise and protest withal,
By Styx, by heaven's power imperial,
By all that 'longs to Juno's deity,
Her crown, her mace, ensigns of majesty,
Her spotless marriage-rites, her league divine,
And by that holy name of Proserpine,
That wheresoe'er this ball of purest gold,
That chaste Diana here in hand doth hold,
Unpartially her wisdom shall bestow,
Without mislike or quarrel any mo,
Juno shall rest content and satisfied,
And say the best desert doth there abide.
Ven. And, lovely Phœbe, for I know thy doom
Will be no other than shall thee become,
Behold, I take thy dainty hand to kiss,
And with my solemn oath confirm my promise,
By Styx, by Jove's immortal empery,
By Cupid's bow, by Venus' myrtle-tree,
By Vulcan's gift, my ceston and my fan,
By this red rose, whose colour first began
When erst my wanton boy (the more his blame)
Did draw his bow awry and hurt his dame,

By all the honour and the sacrifice
That from Cithæron[1] and from Paphos rise,
That[2] wheresoe'er this ball of purest gold,
That chaste Diana here in hand doth hold,
Unpartially her wisdom shall bestow,
Without mislike or quarrel any mo,
Venus shall rest content and satisfied,
And say the best desert doth there abide.

DIANA, *having taken their oaths, speaketh.*

DIANA *describeth the Nymph* ELIZA, *a figure of the* Queen.

Dia. It is enough, and, goddesses, attend.
There wons[3] within these pleasaunt shady woods,
Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature
Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold,
Under the climate of the milder heaven;
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunderbolt,
For favour of that sovereign earthly peer;
Where whistling winds make music 'mong the trees,—
Far from disturbance of our country gods,
Amids the cypress-springs,[4] a gracious nymph,
That honour[s] Dian for her chastity,
And likes the labours well of Phœbe's groves;

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[1] Often put for "Cythera" by old poets. In William Byrd's *Songs of Sundry Natures*, 1589, is a song beginning "From Citheron the warlike boy [*i.e.* Cupid] is fled."

[2] In old ed. the passage stands thus:—

"*The conclusion aboue.* } That wheresoere, &c. *Venus* shall rest, &c. { *ut supra.*"

[3] Dwells.

[4] Cypress-groves.

The place Elyzium hight, and of the place
Her name that governs there Eliza is;
A kingdom that may well compare with mine,
An auncient seat of kings, a second Troy,
Y-compass'd round with a commodious sea:
Her people are y-clepèd Angeli,
Or, if I miss, a letter is the most:
She giveth laws of justice and of peace;
And on her head, as fits her fortune best,
She wears a wreath of laurel, gold, and palm;
Her robes of purple and of scarlet dye;
Her veil of white, as best befits a maid:
Her auncestors live in the House of Fame:
She giveth arms of happy victory,
And flowers to deck her lions crown'd with gold.
This peerless nymph, whom heaven and earth beloves.
This paragon, this only, this is she,
In whom do meet so many gifts in one,
On whom our country gods so often gaze,
In honour of whose name the Muses sing;
In state Queen Juno's peer, for power in arms
And virtues of the mind Minerva's mate,
As fair and lovely as the Queen of Love,
As chaste as Dian in her chaste desires:
The same is she, if Phœbe do no wrong,
To whom this ball in merit doth belong.

Pal. If this be she whom some Zabeta call,
To whom thy wisdom well bequeaths the ball,
I can remember, at her day of birth,
How Flora with her flowers strew'd the earth,

How every power with heavenly majesty
In person honour'd that solemnity.
Juno. The lovely Graces were not far away,
They threw their balm for triumph of the day.
Ven. The Fates against their kind began a cheerful song,
And vow'd her life with favour to prolong.
Then first gan Cupid's eyesight wexen dim;
Belike Eliza's beauty blinded him.
To this fair nymph, not earthly, but divine,
Contents it me my honour to resign.
Pal. To this fair queen, so beautiful and wise,
Pallas bequeaths her title in the prize.
Juno. To her whom Juno's looks so well become,
The Queen of Heaven yields at Phœbe's[1] doom;
And glad I am Diana found the art,
Without offence so well to please desart.
Dia. Then mark my tale. The usual time is nigh,
When wont the Dames of Life and Destiny,
In robes of cheerful colours, to repair
To this renownèd queen so wise and fair,
With pleasaunt songs this peerless nymph to greet;
Clotho lays down her distaff at her feet,
And Lachesis doth pull the thread at length,
The third with favour gives it stuff and strength,
And for contráry kind affords her leave,
As her best likes, her web of life to weave.
This time we will attend, and in mean while[2]
With some sweet song the tediousness beguile.

[1] Old ed. "Phœbus." [2] Old ed. "in the meane while."

The Music soundeth, and the Nymphs *within sing or solfa with voices and instruments awhile. Then enter* CLOTHO, LACHESIS, *and* ATROPOS, *singing as follows: the state*[1] *being in place.*

THE SONG.

Clo. Humanæ vitæ filum sic volvere Parcæ.
Lach. Humanæ vitæ filum sic tendere Parcæ.
Atro. Humanæ vitæ filum sic scindere Parcæ.
Clo. Clotho colum bajulat.
Lach. Lachesis trahit.
Atro. Atropos occat.
TRES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix votis hominumque deumque,*
Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.
[*They lay down their properties*[2] *at the* Queen's *feet.*
Clo. Clotho colum pedibus.
Lach. Lachesis tibi pendula fila.
Atro. Et fatale tuis manibus ferrum Atropos offert.
[TRES SIMUL]. *Vive diu felix, &c.*

The song being ended, CLOTHO *speaks to the* Queen.

Clo. Gracious and wise, fair Queen of rare renown,
Whom heaven and earth beloves, amid thy train,
Noble and lovely peers, to honour thee,
And do thee favour more than may belong
By nature's law to any earthly wight,

[1] Throne, chair of state.
[2] The word is used in its theatrical sense.

Behold continuance of our yearly due;
Th'unpartial Dames of Destiny we meet,
As have the gods and we agreed in one,
In reverence of Eliza's noble name;
And humbly, lo, her distaff Clotho yields!
Lach. Her spindle Lachesis, and her fatal reel,
Lays down in reverence at Eliza's feet.
Te tamen in terris unam tria numina Divam
Invita statuunt naturæ lege sorores,
Et tibi, non aliis, didicerunt parcere Parcæ.
Atro. Dame Atropos, according as her pheeres,
To thee, fair Queen, resigns her fatal knife:
Live long the noble phœnix of our age,
Our fair Eliza, our Zabeta fair!
Dia. And, lo, beside this rare solemnity,
And sacrifice these dames are wont to do,—
A favour, far indeed contráry kind,—
Bequeathèd is unto thy worthiness
This prize from heaven and heavenly goddesses!
[*She delivereth the ball of gold to the* Queen's *own hands.*
Accept it, then, thy due by Dian's doom,
Praise of the wisdom, beauty, and the state,
That best becomes thy peerless excellency.
Ven. So, fair Eliza, Venus doth resign
The honour of this honour to be thine.
Juno. So is the Queen of Heaven content likewise
To yield to thee her title in the prize.
Pal. So Pallas yields the praise hereof to thee,
For wisdom, princely state, and peerless beauty.

EPILOGUS.

OMNES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix votis hominumque deumque,*
Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

EDWARD THE FIRST.

The Famous Chronicle of king Edward the first, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, with his returne from the holy land. Also the life of Llevellen rebell in Wales. Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charingcrosse, and rose againe at Potters-hith, now named Queenehith. London Printed by Abell Jeffes, and are to be solde by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious streete. 1593. 4to.

Another edition appeared, *Imprinted at London by W. White dwelling in Cow-Lane.* 1599. 4to.

A WARNING-PIECE TO ENGLAND AGAINST PRIDE AND WICKEDNESS:[1]

Being the fall of Queen Eleanor, wife to Edward the First, King of England; who, for her pride, by God's judgments, sunk into the ground at Charing-Cross, and rose at Queenhithe.

WHEN Edward was in England king,
The first of all that name,
Proud Ellinor he made his queen,
A stately Spanish dame;
Whose wicked life, and sinful pride,
Thro' England did excel:
To dainty dames and gallant maids
This queen was known full well.

She was the first that did invent
In coaches brave to ride;
She was the first that brought this land
To deadly sin of pride.
No English taylor here could serve
To make her rich attire;
But sent for taylors into Spain,
To feed her vain desire:

[1] Concerning this anonymous ballad see *Introduction*.

They brought in fashions strange and new,
With golden garments bright;
The farthingale, and mighty ruff,
With gowns of rich delight:
The London dames in Spanish pride
Did flourish everywhere;
Our English men, like women then,
Did wear long locks of hair.

Both man and child, both maid and wife,
Were drown'd in pride of Spain,
And thought the Spanish taylors then
Our English men did stain:
Whereat the queen did much despight,
To see our English men
In vestures clad as brave to see
As any Spaniard then.

She crav'd the king, that every man
That wore long locks of hair,
Might then be cut and pollèd all,
Or shavèd very near.
Whereat the king did seem content,
And soon thereto agreed;
And first commanded, that his own
Should then be cut with speed;

And after that, to please his queen,
Proclaimèd thro' the land,
That ev'ry man that wore long hair,
Should poll him out of hand.

But yet this Spaniard, not content,
To women bore a spite,
And then requested of the king,
Against all law and right,

That ev'ry womankind should have
Their right breast cut away,
And then with burning irons sear'd,
The blood to stanch and stay.
King Edward then, perceiving well
Her spite to womankind,
Devisèd soon by policy
To turn her bloody mind:

He sent for burning irons straight,
All sparkling hot to see;
And said, "O queen, come on thy way:
I will begin with thee."
Which words did much displease the queen,
That penance to begin;
But ask'd him pardon on her knees;
Who gave her grace therein.

But afterwards she chanc'd to pass
Along brave London streets,
Whereas the mayor of London's wife
In stately sort she meets;
With music, mirth, and melody,
Unto the church they went,
To give God thanks, that to th' lord mayor,
A noble son had sent.

It grievèd much this spiteful queen
To see that any one
Should so exceed in mirth and joy,
Except herself alone:
For which she after did devise
Within her bloody mind,
And practis'd still more secretly
To kill this lady kind.

Unto the mayor of London then
She sent her letters straight,
To send his lady to the court,
Upon her grace to wait.
But when the London lady came
Before proud El'nor's face,
She stript her of her rich array,
And kept her vile and base.

She sent her into Wales with speed,
And kept her secret there;
And us'd her still more cruelly
Than ever man did hear:
She made her wash, she made her starch,
She made her drudge alway;
She made her nurse up children small,
And labour night and day.

But this contented not the queen,
But show'd her most despite;
She bound this lady to a post,
At twelve a clock at night;

And as, poor lady, she stood bound,
The queen (in angry mood)
Did set two snakes unto her breast,
That suck'd away her blood.

Thus died the mayor of London's wife,
Most grievous for to hear;
Which made the Spaniard grow more proud,
As after shall appear.
The wheat that daily made her bread
Was bolted twenty times;
The food that fed this stately dame
Was boil'd in costly wines.

The water that did spring from ground
She would not touch at all;
But wash'd her hands with the dew of heav'n,
That on sweet roses fall.
She bath'd her body many a time
In fountains fill'd with milk;
And ev'ry day did change attire,
In costly Median silk.

But coming then to London back,
Within her coach of gold,
A tempest strange within the skies
This queen did there behold:
Out of which storm she could not go,
But there remain'd a space;
For horses could not stir the coach
A foot out of the place:

A judgment lately sent from heav'n,
For shedding guiltless blood,
Upon this sinful queen that slew
The London lady good.
King Edward then, as wisdom will'd,
Accus'd her of that deed;
But she denied, and wish'd that God
Would send his wrath with speed;

If that upon so vile a thing
Her heart did ever think,
She wish'd the ground might open wide,
And therein she might sink!
With that at Charing-cross she sunk
Into the ground alive;
And after rose with life again,
In London, at Queenhithe.

When, after that, she languish'd sore,
Full twenty days in pain,
At last confess'd the lady's blood
Her guilty hand had slain;
And likewise how that by a friar
She had a base-born child,
Whose sinful lusts and wickedness
Her marriage-bed defil'd.

Thus have you heard the fall of pride,
A just reward of sin;
For those who will forswear themselves
God's vengeance daily win.

Beware of pride, ye courtly dames,
Both wives and maidens all;
Bear this imprinted on your mind,
That pride must have a fall.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

EDWARD I., *King of England, surnamed* LONGSHANKS.
EDMUND, *Duke of Lancaster, his brother.*
GILBERT DE CLARE, *Earl of Glocester.*
MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
EARL OF SUSSEX.
SIR THOMAS SPENCER.
CRESSINGHAM.
JOHN BALIOL, *elected King of Scotland.*
VERSSES.
LLUELLEN, *Prince of Wales.*
SIR DAVID OF BRECKNOCK, *his brother.*
RICE AP MEREDITH.
OWEN AP RICE.
GUENTHER.
FRIAR HUGH AP DAVID.
JACK, *his novice.*
Harper.
Farmer.
JOHN.
Bishop, English Lords, Scottish Lords, Welsh Barons, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

QUEEN-MOTHER.
QUEEN ELINOR.
JOAN OF ACON, *her daughter.*
LADY ELINOR.
MARY, *Duchess of Lancaster.*
MAYORESS OF LONDON.
GUENTHIAN, *the Friar's wench.*
Potter's Wife.
KATHERINE.
Ladies.

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[1] There is no list of characters in old eds.

THE FAMOUS CHRONICLE HISTORY

OF

KING EDWARD THE FIRST, Etc.

[SCENE I.]

Enter Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Glocester, *with the* Earl of Sussex, Mortimer, *the* Earl of March, *and* David, Lluellen's *brother*, *waiting on* Elinor, *the* Queen-Mother.

Q. Mother. My Lord Lieutenant of Glocester, and Lord Mortimer,
To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
That, as we hear, is newly come a-land[1]
From Palestine, with all his men-of-war
(The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
Preserved by miracle in Sicil road),
Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way:
Pray him to spur his steed; minutes are[2] hours,

---

[1] "Edward returned to England, 25th July 1274, having been absent from May 1270. His brother, Edmund Crouchback, returned in 1272." —*P. A. Daniel.*

[2] So Collier and Dyce.—Old eds. "and."

Until his mother see her princely son
Shining in glory of his safe return. [*Exeunt* Lords.
Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royalised thy fame,
That sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world;
What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms,
What barbarous people, stubborn, or untamed,
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal plage,[1]
Erst have not quaked and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
Awed with their[2] deeds, and jealous of her arms,
Have begged defensive and offensive leagues.
Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath feared brave England, dreadful in her kings.
And now, t' eternise Albion's champions
Equivalent with Trojans'[3] ancient fame,
Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,

---

[1] Old eds. "stage," and so Dyce. But *plage* (*Lat.* plaga) must be what Peele wrote. In *Second Part of Tamburlaine*, i. 1, l. 68, we have

"From Scythia to the oriental *plage* of India;"

and Dyce has himself restored the word in *First Part of Tamburlaine*, iv. 4, l. 126,

"As far as from the *frozen plage* of heaven,"

where the old copies give "*place* of heaven."

[2] *I.e.* the "mighty conquerors" of l. 21.

[3] "Alluding to their reputed descent from Brutus and his Trojans." —*Nicholson.*

Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
His stretchèd sails filled with the breath of men
That through the world admires his manliness.
And, lo, at last arrived in Dover-road,
Longshank[s], your king, your glory, and our son,
With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
Higher than all his army by the head,
Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes!
And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

The trumpets sound, and enter the train, viz., his maimed Soldiers *with head-pieces and garlands on them, every man with his red-cross on his coat; the* Ancient *borne in a chair, his garland and his plumes on his head-piece, his ensign in his hand. Enter, after them,* GLOCESTER *and* MORTIMER *bareheaded, and others, as many as may be. Then enter* LONGSHANKS *and his wife* ELINOR, EDMOND COUCHBACK, *and* JOAN, *and* Signor MOUNTFORT, *the* Earl of LEICESTER'S *prisoner, with* Sailors *and* Soldiers, *and* CHARLES DE MOUNTFORT *his brother.*[1]

Glocester![2] Edward! O my sweet sons!
[*And then she falls and sounds.*[3]

---

[1] "For the last three lines of this 'Entrance' we should probably read, '*and* Elinor de Mountfort, *the* Earl of Leicester's *daughter, prisoner, with* Emerick de Mountfort *her brother, and* sailors *and* soldiers.' See Guenther's account of their capture, sc. ii. pp. 111, 112."—*P. A. Daniel.*

[2] "Can this be right? Why should she here exclaim 'Glocester'? (Her 'sweet sons' are Edward and Lancaster.)"—*Dyce.* [3] Swoons.

Longsh. Help, ladies!—O ingrateful destiny,
To welcome Edward with this tragedy!
Glocester. Patient, your highness: 'tis but mother's love
Ravish'd[1] with sight of her thrice-valiant sons.—
Madam, amaze not: see his majesty
Return'd with glory from the holy land.
Q. Mother. Brave sons, the worthy champions of our God,
The honourable soldiers of the Highest,
Bear with your mother, whose abundant love
With tears of joy[2] salutes your sweet return
From famous journeys hard and fortunate.
But, lords, alas, how heavy is our loss
Since your departure to these Christian wars!
The king your father, and the prince your son,
And your brave uncle, Almain's emperor,
Ay me, are dead![3]
Longsh. Take comfort, madam; leave these sad laments:
Dear was my uncle, dearer was my son,
And ten times dearer was my noble father;
Yet, were their lives valued at thousand worlds,
They cannot scape th' arrest of dreadful death,

[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "Receiu'd" (which suggests "Revived").
[2] Old eds. "ioyes" (which Dr. Nicholson would retain as = joyess).
[3] "Henry III. died 16th Nov. 1272. Two sons of Edward, John and Henry, died in childhood during his absence. 'Almain's emperor' was Richard, Earl of Cornwall; he was elected emperor 1257; but was never emperor but in name. He died in the last year of his brother Henry the Third's reign."—*P. A. Daniel.*

Death that doth seize and summon all alike.
Then, leaving them to heavenly blessedness,
To join in thrones of glory with the just,
I do salute your royal majesty,
My gracious mother-queen, and you, my lords,
Gilbert de Clare, Sussex, and Mortimer,
And all the princely states of England's peers,
With health and honour to your hearts' content.
And welcome, wishèd England, on whose ground
These feet so often have desired to tread:
Welcome, sweet queen, my fellow-traveller,
Welcome, sweet Nell, my fellow-mate in arms,
Whose eyes have seen the slaughtered Saracens
Piled in the ditches of Jerusalem:
And lastly welcome, manly followers,
That bears the scars of honour and of arms,
And on your war-drums carry crowns as kings,
Crown mural, naval, and triumphant all;
At view of whom the Turks have trembling fled,
And Saracens, like sheep before the wolves,[1]
Have made[2] their cottages in wallèd towns;
But bulwarks had no fence to beat you back.
Lords, these are[3] they will enter brazen gates,
And tear down lime and mortar with their nails:

---

[1] Mitford's correction.—Old eds. "walles."

[2] Dyce, with diffidence, adopts Mitford's emendation:—

> "At view of whom the Turks have trembling fled
> Like sheep before the wolves, and Saracens
> Have made," &c.

[3] Old eds. "and."

Embrace them, barons: these have got the name
Of English gentlemen and knights-at-arms;
Not one of these but in the champaign field
Hath won his crown, his collar, and his spurs.
Not Cæsar, leading though the streets of Rome
The captive kings of conquered nations,
Was in his princely triumphs honoured more
Than English Edward in this martial sight.
Countrymen,[1] your limbs are lost in service of the Lord,
Which is your glory and your country's fame:
For limbs you shall have living, lordships, lands,
And be my counsellors in war's affairs.[2]
Soldiers, sit down.—Nell, sit thee by my side.—
These be Prince Edward's pompous treasury.

[*The* QUEEN-MOTHER *being set on the one side, and* QUEEN ELINOR *on the other, the* King *sitteth in the midst, mounted highest, and at his feet the ensign underneath him.*

O glorious Capitol! beauteous senate-house!
Triumphant Edward, how, like sturdy oaks,
Do these thy soldiers circle thee about,
To shield and shelter thee from winter's storms!
Display thy cross, old Aimes of the Vies:
Dub on your drums, tannèd with India's sun,
My lusty western lads: Matrevers, thou

[1] This word is extra-metrical; it is printed as part of the verse, but has no metrical reckoning.
[2] Ed. 1599 "affaire."

Sound proudly here a perfect point of war[1]
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return.
Thus Longshanks bids his soldiers *Bien venu.*
[*Use drums, trumpets, and ensigns, and then speak*
EDWARD.
O God, my God, the brightness of my day,
How oft hast thou preserved thy servant safe,
By sea and land, yea, in the gates of death!
O God, to thee how highly am I bound
For setting me with these on English ground!
One of my mansion-houses will I give
To be a college for my maimèd men,
Where every one shall have an hundred marks
Of yearly pension to his maintenance:
A soldier that for Christ and country fights
Shall want no living whilst King Edward lives.
Lords, you that love me, now be liberal,
And give your largess to these maimèd men.
Q. Mother. Towards this erection doth thy mother give,
Out of her dowry,[2] five thousand pounds of gold,
To find them surgeons to recure their wounds;
And whilst this ancient standard-bearer lives,
He shall have forty pound of yearly fee,
And be my beadsman, father, if you please.
Longsh. Madam, I tell you, England never bred
A better soldier than your beadsman is;
And that the Soldan and his army felt.

[1] "Point of war"—note of martial music.
[2] "Qy. 'dower'?"—*Dyce.*

Lancaster. Out of the duchy of rich Lancaster,
To find soft bedding for their bruisèd bones,
Duke Edmund gives [thee here] three thousand pounds.

Longsh. Grammercies, brother Edmund.
Happy is England under Edward's reign,
When men are had so highly in regard
That nobles strive who shall remunerate
The soldiers' resolution with regard.[1]
My Lord of Glocester, what is your benevolence?

Glocester. A thousand marks, and please your majesty.

Longsh. And yours, my Lord of Sussex?

Sussex. Five hundred pound, and please your majesty.

Longsh. What say you, Sir David of Brecknock?

Sir David. To[2] a soldier Sir David cannot be too liberal: yet that I may give no more than a poor knight is able, and not presume as a mighty earl, I give, my lord, four hundred, fourscore, and nineteen pounds.—And so, my Lord of Sussex, I am behind you an ace.

Sussex. And yet, Sir David, ye amble after apace.

Longsh. Well[2] said, Da[vid]; thou couldst not be a Camber-Briton, if thou didst not love a soldier with thy heart. Let me see now if my arithmetic will serve to total the particulars.

Q. Elinor. Why,[2] my lord, I hope you mean I shall be a benefactor to my fellow-soldiers.

Longsh. And[2] well said, Nell! what wilt thou I set down for thee?

---

[1] The repetition of this word, from l. 138, is very flat; but I do not suspect that the text is corrupt.

[2] Printed as verse in old eds.

Q. Elinor. Nay,[1] my lord, I am of age to set it down for myself. You will allow what I do, will you not?

Longsh. That[1] I will, madam, were it to the value of my kingdom.

Q. Elinor. What is the sum, my lord?

Longsh. Ten thousand pounds, my Nell.

Q. Elinor. Then, Elinor, bethink thee of a gift worthy the King of England's wife and the King of Spain's daughter, and give such a largess that the chronicles of this land may crake with record of thy liberality.

Parturiunt[2] *montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

[*She makes a cipher.*

There,[1] my lord; neither one, two, nor three, but a poor cipher in agrum,[3] to enrich good fellows, and compound their figure in their kind.

Longsh. Madam,[1] I commend your composition, an argument of your honourable disposition. Sweet Nell, thou shouldst not be thyself, did not, with thy mounting[4] mind, thy gift surmount the rest.

Glocester. Call[1] you this *ridiculus mus?* Marry, sir, this mouse would make a foul hole in a fair cheese. 'Tis but a cipher in agrum, and it hath made of ten thousand pounds a hundred thousand pounds.

---

[1] Printed as verse in old eds.

[2] Old eds. "Parturient."

[3] "Cipher in agrum"=*cipher in algorism*; the figure O. *Algorism* is a corruption of *el-Khowārasmi*, the surname of the Arab mathematician Abu Ja'far Mohammed Ben Musa. See Murray's *New Dictionary*, s. "Algorism."

[4] "So Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 1:—

'Whoe'er he was, he show'd a *mounting mind*.'"—*Dyce.*

Lancaster. A princely gift and worthy memory.

Glocester. My[1] gracious lord, as erst I was assigned
Lieutenant to his majesty, here render I up the crown,
left in charge with me by your princely father King
Henry;
Who on his death-bed still did call for you,
And dying will'd to you the diadem.

Longsh. Thanks, worthy lord:[2]
And seeing by doom of heavens it is decreed,
And lawful line of our succession,
Unworthy Edward is become your king,
We take it as a blessing from on high,
And will our coronation be solemnised
Upon the fourteenth[3] of December next.

Q. Elinor. Upon the fourteenth[3] of December next!
Alas, my lord, the time is all too short
And sudden for so great solemnity:
A year were scarce enough to set a-work
Tailors, embroiderers, and men of rare device,
For preparation of so great estate.
Trust me, sweet Ned, hardly shall I bethink me
In twenty weeks what fashion robes to wear.
I pray thee, then, defer it till the spring,
That we may have our garments point-device.[4]
I mean to send for tailors into Spain,
That shall confer of some fantastic suits
With those that be our cunning'st Englishmen.
What, let me brave it now or never, Ned!

---

[1] Printed as verse in old eds.
[2] Old eds. "Lordes."
[3] Old eds. "14."
[4] Scrupulously precise.

Longsh. Madam, content ye: would that were greatest care!
You shall have garments to your heart's desire.
I never read but Englishmen excell'd
For change of rare devices every way.
Q. Elinor. Yet pray thee, Ned, my love, my lord, and king,
My fellow-soldier, and compeer in arms,
Do so much honour to thy Elinor,
To wear a suit that she shall give thy grace;
Of her own cost and workmanship perhaps.
Q. Mother. 'Twill come by leisure, daughter, then, I fear:
Thou'rt too fine-finger'd to be quick at work.
Longsh. 'Twixt us a greater matter breaks no square,[1]
So be it such, my Nell, as may beseem
The majesty and greatness of a king.—
And now, my lords and [all my] loving friends,
Follow your general [un]to the court,
After his travels, to repose him then,[2]
There to recount with pleasure what is past
Of war's alarums, showers, and sharpest storms.
[*Exeunt all except* Q. ELINOR *and* JOAN.[3]
Q. Elinor. Now, Elinor, now England's lovely queen,

---

[1] "Breaks no square" = gives no offence; does no harm. So Nashe in his *Four Letters Confuted*, 1593:—"For calling me calf, it *breaks no square;* but if I be a calf, it is in comparison of such an ox as thyself." (*Works*, ed. Grosart, ii. 281.)

[2] "Qy. 'there'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[3] "Joan was born 1272. About two years old therefore when this scene begins."—*P. A Daniel.*

Bethink thee of the greatness of thy state,[1]
And how to bear thyself with royalty
Above the other queens of Christendom;
That Spain reaping renown by Elinor,
And Elinor adding renown to Spain,
Britain may her magnificence admire.—
I tell thee, Joan, what time our highness sits
Under our royal canopy of state,
Glistering with pendants of the purest gold,
Like as our seat were spangled all with stars,
The world shall wonder at our majesty,
As if the daughter of eternal Ops,[2]
Turn'd to the likeness of vermilion fumes,
Where[3] from her cloudy womb the Centaurs leapt,
Were in her royal seat enthronisèd.

Joan. Madam, if Joan thy daughter may advise,
Let not your honour make your manners change.
The people of this land are men of war,
The women courteous, mild, and debonair;
Laying their lives at princes' feet[4]
That govern with familiar majesty.
But if their sovereigns once gin swell with pride,
Disdaining commons' love, which is the strength
And sureness of the richest commonwealth,
That prince were better live a private life
Than rule with tyranny and discontent.

---

[1] Ed. 1599 "estate."
[2] Ed. 1599 "the eternall Ops."
[3] Dyce proposes "When."
[4] "Qy. '*lives* down *at* those *princes' feet*'?"—*Dyce.*

Q. Elinor. Indeed, we count them headstrong Englishmen;
But we shall hold them in a Spanish yoke,
And make them know their lord and sovereign.
Come, daughter, let us home for to provide;
For all the cunning workmen of this isle
In our great chamber shall be set a-work,
And in my hall shall bountifully feed.
My king, like Phœbus, bridegroom-like, shall march
With lovely Thetis[1] to her glassy bed,
And all the lookers-on shall stand amazed
To see King Edward and his lovely queen
Sit loftily[2] in England's stately throne. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

Enter LLUELLEN, *alias* Prince of Wales, RICE AP MEREDITH, OWEN AP RICE, *with swords and bucklers, and frieze jerkins.*

Lluellen. Come, Rice, and rouse thee for thy country's good:
Follow the man that means to make you great;
Follow Lluellen, rightful Prince of Wales,
Sprung from the loins of great Cadwallader,

[1] So Collier and Dyce.—Old eds. "Xheeis."
[2] Old eds. "louely." Dyce reads "royally." (Dr. Nicholson proposes "lovingly"; and this emendation had occurred to me.)

Descended from the loins[1] of Trojan Brute.
And though the traitorous Saxons, Normans, Danes,
Have pent[2] the true remains[3] of glorious Troy
Within the western mountains of this isle,
Yet have we hope to climb these stony pales,
When Londoners, as Romans erst, amazed,
Shall trembling cry, "Lluellen's at the gate!"
T' accomplish this, thus have I brought you forth
Disguised to Milford-Haven: here attend
The landing of the Lady Elinor.
Her stay doth make me muse: the wind stands fair,
And ten days hence we did expect them here.
Neptune, be favourable to my love,
And steer her keel with thy three-forkèd mace,
That from this shore I may behold her sails,
And in mine arms embrace my dearest dear.

Rice ap Mer. Brave Prince of Wales, this honourable match
Cannot but turn to Cambria's common good.
Simon de Montfort, her thrice-valiant sire,[4]
That in the barons' wars was general,
Was loved and honour'd of the Englishmen:
When they shall hear she's your espousèd wife,
Assure your grace we shall have great supply
To make our roads[5] in England mightily.

---

[1] Peele is fond of these tasteless repetitions.
[2] Old eds. "spent." The correction was made by Dyce.
[3] Old eds. "Romans." The correction is made in the margin of one of the old copies in the Garrick collection.
[4] So P. A. Daniel.—Old eds. "son."
[5] Inroads.

Owen ap Rice. What we resolved must strongly be perform'd,
Before the king return from Palestine.
Whilst he wins glory at Jerusalem,
Let us win ground upon the Englishmen.
Lluellen. Owen ap Rice, 'tis that Lluellen fears:
I fear me Edward will be come ashore
Ere we can make provision for the war.
But be it as it will, within his court
My brother David is, that bears a face
As if he were my greatest enemy.
He by this craft shall creep into his[1] heart,
And give intelligence from time to time
Of his[1] intentions, drifts, and stratagems.
Here let us rest upon the salt sea shore,
And while our eyes long for our hearts' desires,
Let us, like friends, pastíme us on the sands.
Our frolic minds are ominous for good.

Enter FRIAR HUGH AP DAVID, GUENTHIAN *his wench in flannel, and* JACK *his novice.*

Friar. Guenthian, as I am true man,
So will I do the best I can;
Guenthian, as I am true priest,
So will I be at thy behest;
Guenthian, as I am true friar,
So will I be at thy desire.

[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "her."

Jack. My master stands too near the fire:
Trust him not, wench; he'll[1] prove a liar.
Lluellen. True man, true friar, true priest, and true knave,
These four in one this trull shall have.
Friar. Here swear I by my shaven crown,
Wench, if I give thee a gay green gown,[2]
I'll take thee up as I laid thee down,
And never bruise nor batter thee.
Jack. O, swear not, master; flesh is frail.—
Wench, when the sign is in the tail,
Mighty is love and will prevail:
This churchman doth but flatter thee.
Lluellen. A pretty worm, and a lusty friar,
Made for the field, not for the quire.
Guenthian. Mas friar, as I am true maid,
So do I hold me well apaid:
'Tis churchman's lay[3] and verity
To live in love and charity;
And therefore ween I, as my creed,
Your words shall company your[4] deed.
Davy, my dear, I yield in all,
Thine own to go and come at call.
Rice ap Mer. And[5] so far forth begins our brawl.
Friar. Then, my Guenthian, to begin,
Sith idleness in love is sin,—

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "he will."
[2] The meaning of the expression "give a green gown" is fairly obvious. See Middleton, iv. 202 (note).
[3] Law. [4] So Dyce.—Old eds. "my."
[5] Should this line be given to Jack? or to Guenthian?

Boy, to the town I will thee hie,
And so return even by and by,
When thou with cakes and muscadine,
And other junkets good and fine,
Hast filled thy bottle and thy bag.
Jack. Now, master, as I am true wag,
I will be neither late nor lag,
But go and come with gossip's cheer,
Ere Gib our cat can lick her ear.
For long ago I learned in school,
That love's desires and pleasures cool
Sans Ceres' wheat and Bacchus' vine:[1]
Now, master, for the cakes and wine. [*Exit* Novice.
Friar. Wench,[2] to pass away the time in glee,
Guenthian, sit[3] thee down by me,
And let our lips and voices meet
In a merry country song.
Guenthian. Friar, I am at beck and bay,
And at thy commandment to sing and say,
And other sports among.
Owen ap Rice. Ay, marry, my lord, this is somewhat like a man's money. Here's a wholesome Welsh wench

---

[1] Old eds.

"That louers desire and pleasures coole:
Sanct [*and* 'Sainct'] Ceres sweetes and Bacchus vine."

"Corrected partly by a writer in Churton's *Literary Register* for April 1845, and partly by Mr. Keightley in *Notes and Queries* for January 7, 1869, p. 8."—*Dyce.*

[2] The word "Wench" is otiose and unmetrical.

[3] Ed. 1593 "set."

lapt in her flannel, as warm as wool, and as fit as a pudding for a friar's mouth.[1]

The Friar *and* GUENTHIAN *sing.* LLUELLEN *speaks to them.*

Lluellen. Pax[2] *vobis, Pax vobis!* good fellows, fair fall ye!

Friar. Et cum spiritu tuo! Friends, have you any thing else to say to the friar?

Owen ap Rice. Much good do you, much good [do] you, my masters, heartily.

Friar. And you, sir, when ye eat. Have ye any thing else to say to the friar?

Lluellen. Nothing; but I would gladly know, if mutton[3] be your first dish, what shall be your last service?

Friar. It may be, sir, I count it physic to feed but on one dish at a sitting. Sir, would you any thing else with the friar?

Rice ap Mer. O, nothing, sir: but if you had[4] any manners, you might bid us fall to.

Friar. Nay, and that be the matter, good enough. Is this all ye have to say to the friar?

Lluellen. All we have to say to you, sir: it may be, sir, we would walk aside with your wench a little.

Friar. My masters and friends, I am a poor friar, a man of God's making, and a good fellow as you are, legs,

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[1] An old proverb.—See *Proverbial Similes*, in Ray's *Proverbs*.

[2] Lines 101–119 are printed as verse in old eds.

[3] "A cant term for a prostitute."—*Dyce*.

[4] Ed. 1599 "haue."

feet, face, and hands, and heart, from top to toe, of my word, right shape and christendom; and I love a wench as a wench should be loved; and if you love yourselves,[1] walk, good friends, I pray you,[2] and let the friar alone with his flesh.

Lluellen. O friar, your holy mother, the Church, teaches you to abstain from these morsels.—Therefore, my masters, 'tis a deed of charity to remove this stumbling-block, a fair wench, a shrewd temptation to a friar's conscience.

Guenthian. Friend, if you knew the friar half so well as the Bailey of Brecknock, you would think you might as soon move Monk Davy[3] into the sea as Guenth[ian] from his side.

Lluellen. Mass, by your leave, we'll prove.

Guenthian. At your peril, if you move his patience.

Friar. Brother, brother, and my good countrymen,—

Lluellen. Countrymen! nay, I cannot think that an English friar will come so far into Wales barefooted.

Owen ap Rice. That's more than you know; and yet, my lord, he might ride, having a filly so near.

Friar. Hands off, good countrymen,[4] at few words and fair warnings.

Lluellen. Countrymen! not so, sir; we renounce thee, friar, and refuse your country.

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[1] So Collier.—Old eds. "your selfe."

[2] Omitted in ed. 1599.

[3] "Probably a misprint for *Mounchdeny*, *Monuch-denny*, or, as in sc. vii., *Mannock-deny*. See note, p. 140."—*P. A. Daniel.*

[4] So Dyce.—Old eds. "countriman."

Friar. Then, brother, and my good friends, hands off, and if you love your ease.

Rice ap Mer. Ease me no easings: we'll ease you of this carriage.

Friar. Fellow, be gone quickly, or my pikestaff and I will set thee away with a vengeance.

Lluellen. I am sorry, trust me, to see the Church so unpatient.

Friar. Ye[1] dogs, ouns! do me a shrewd turn and mock me too? flesh and blood will not bear this. Then rise up, Robert, and say to Richard, *Redde*[2] *rationem villicationis tuæ.* Sir countryman, kinsman, Englishman, Welshman, you with the wench, return your *habeas corpus;* here's a *certiorari* for your *procedendo.*

[*Attacks them with his staff.*[3]

Owen ap Rice. Hold, friar! we are thy countrymen.

Rice ap Mer. Paid, paid! Digon! we are thy countrymen, *Mon Dieu!*[4]

Friar. My countrymen! nay, marry, sir, shall you not be my countrymen; you, sir, you, specially you, sir, that refuse the friar and renounce his country.

Lluellen. Friar, hold thy hands. I swear as I am a gentleman,[5] I am a Welshman, and so are the rest, of honesty.

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[1] Ed. 1599 "yea."

[2] "*Luc.* xvi. 2 (Vulgate)."—*Dyce.*

[3] This stage-direction is not in the old eds. "Richard" (cf. ll. 179, 194, "Richard my man") is a jocular name for the friar's staff.

[4] So Collier and Dyce.—Old eds. "Mundue."

[5] Welshmen were supposed to take a particular pride in their gentility. See note on Middleton, iii. 23.

Friar. Of[1] honesty, sayest thou? they are neither gentlemen nor Welshmen that will deny their country.—Come hither, wench; I'll have a bout with them once more for denying of their country. 173

[*Make as if ye would fight.*

Rice ap Mer. Friar, thou wottest not what thou sayest: this is the prince, and we are all his train, disposed to be pleasant with thee a little; but I perceive, friar, thy nose will bide no jest.

Friar. As much as you will with me, sir, but not at any hand with my wench: I and Richard my man, sir, are[2] here *contra omnes gentes*—but is this Lluellen, the great Camber-Briton? 181

Lluellen. It is he, friar: give me thy hand, and gramercies twenty times. I promise thee thou hast cudgelled two as good lessons into my jacket as ever churchman did at so short warning: the one is, not to be too busy with another man's cattle; the other, not in haste to deny my country.

Friar. 'Tis pity, my lord, but you should have more of this learning, you profit so well by it. 189

Lluellen. 'Tis pity, friar, but thou shouldst be Lluellen's chaplain, thou edifiest so well; and so shalt thou be, of mine honour: here I entertain thee, thy boy, and thy trull, to follow my fortune in *secula seculorum*.

Friar. And Richard my man, sir, and you love me,—

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[1] Lines 170–189, 195–198 are printed as verse in old eds.

[2] Old eds. "my man heere. For here." ("Qy. I and Richard my man here, are here *contra*, &c.?"—*P. A. Daniel.*)

he that stands by me and shrunk not at all weathers; and then you have me in my colours.

Lluellen. Friar,[1] agreed.—Rice, welcome the ruffians.

Enter the Harper [*with* JACK], *and sing to the tune of "Who list to lead a soldier's life."*[2]

Harper. Go to, go to, you Britons all,
And play the men, both great and small:
A wondrous matter hath befall,
That makes the prophets cry and call,
Tum date[3] dite dote dum,
That you must march, both all and some,
Against your foes with trump and drum:
I speak to you from God, that you shall overcome.
[*With a turn both ways.*

Lluellen. What now? Who have we here? "Tum date dite dote dum"!

Friar.[4] What, have we a fellow dropt out of the element? What's he for a man?[5]

Rice ap Mer. Knowest thou this goose-cap?[6]

Friar.[4] What, not Morgan Pigot, our good Welsh prophet? O, 'tis a holy harper!

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[1] So Collier.—Old eds. "Friars."

[2] For this tune see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 144.

[3] So Collier.—Old eds. "Tum da et di te de te dum."

[4–4] "Qy. The first of these Friar's speeches to be given to one of Lluellen's followers; or else give the second speech to Jack?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[5] "What's he for a man?"—*i.e.*, What kind of man is he? Cf. *The Widow*, ii. 2, "And what, I pray, are you, sir, for a coxcomb?" (The form of expression is very common.)

[6] Ed. 1593 "Goscup."

Rice ap Mer. A[1] prophet, with a murrain! Good my lord, let's hear a few of his lines, I pray you.

Jack. My lords, 'tis an odd fellow, I can tell you, as any is in all Wales. He can sing, rhyme with reason, and rhyme without reason, and without reason or rhyme.

Lluellen. The divel, he can! Rhyme with reason, and rhyme without reason, and reason without rhyme! Then, good Morgan Pigot, pluck out thy spigot, and draw us a fresh pot from the kinder-kind[2] of thy knowledge.

Friar. Knowledge, my son, knowledge, I warrant ye.—How sayest thou, Morgan, art thou not a very prophet?

Harper. Friar, friar, a prophet verily,
For great Lluellen's love,
Sent[3] from above
To bring him victory.

Rice ap Mer. Come, then, gentle prophet, let's see how thou canst salute thy prince. Say, shall we have good success in our enterprise or no?

Harper. When the weathercock of Carnarvon[4] steeple shall engender young ones in the belfry, and a herd of goats leave their pasture to be clothed in silver,
Then shall Brute be born anew,
And Wales record their ancient hue.
Ask Friar David if this be not true.

Friar. This my lord, 'a[5] means by you.
O, he is a prophet, a prophet.

---

[1] Lines 213–223 are printed as verse in old eds.
[2] A corruption of "kilderkin."
[3] "Sent . . victory"—printed as one line in old eds.
[4] So Collier.—Old eds. "Carmarthen"—but see l. 244.
[5] Ed. 1599 "he."

Lluellen. Soft[1] you now, good Morgan Pigot, and take us with ye[2] a little, I pray. What means your wisdom by all this?

Harper. The weathercock, my lord, was your father, who by foul weather of war was driven to take sanctuary in Saint Mary's at Carnarvon, where he begat young ones on your mother in the belfry, viz. your worship and your brother David.

Lluellen. But what didst thou mean by the goats?

Harper. The goats that leave the pasture to be clothed in silver, are the silver goats your men wear[3] on their sleeves.

Friar. O, how I love thee, Morgan Pigot, our sweet prophet!

Lluellen. Hence, rogue, with your prophecies, out of my sight!

Rice ap Mer. Nay, good my lord, let's have a few more of these metres: he hath great store in his head.

Jack. Yea, and of the best in the market, an your lordship would vouchsafe to hear them.

Lluellen. Villain, away! I'll hear no more of your prophecies.

Harper. When legs shall lose their length,
And shanks yield up their strength,[4]

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[1] Printed as verse in old eds.

[2] *I.e.*, Go no faster than we can follow; let us understand you.

[3] Dyce proposed this correction.—Old eds. "wore."

[4] "This line is not found here in the 4tos, but, from the repetition of the prophecy by Jack, we are certain that it has been omitted by accident."—*Dyce*, from a suggestion of *Collier*.

Returning weary home from out the holy land,
A Welshman shall be king[1] and govern merry England.

Rice ap Mer. Did I not tell your lordship he would hit it home anon?

Friar. My lord, he comes to your time, that's flat.

Jack. Ay, master, and you mark him, he hit the mark pat.

Friar. As how, Jack?

Jack. Why,[2] thus:

When legs shall lose their length,
And shanks yield up their strength,
Returning weary home from out the holy land,
A Welshman shall be king[1] and govern merry England.
Why, my lord, in this prophecy is your advancement as plainly seen as a three half-pence through a dish of butter in a sunny day.

Friar. I think so, Jack; for he that sees three half-pence must tarry till the butter be melted in the sun: and so forth: apply, boy.

Jack. Non ego, master: do you, and you dare.

Lluellen. And so, boy, thou meanest, he that tarries this prophecy may see Longshanks shorter by the head and Lluellen wear the crown in the field?

Friar. By Lady, my lord, you go near the matter.—But what saith Morgan Pigot more?

Harper. In the year of our Lord God 1272, shall spring from the loins of Brute, one whose wife's name being the perfect end of his own,[3] shall consummate the

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[1] Old eds. begin a new line after this word.
[2] "Why . . . length"—printed as one line in old eds.
[3] Collier's correction for "ground" of old eds.

peace betwixt England and Wales, and be advanced to ride through Cheapside with a crown on his head; and that's meant by your lordship, for your wife's name being Ellen, and your own Lluellen, beareth the perfect end of your own name: so must it needs be that, [though] for a time Ellen flee from Lluellen, ye being betrothed in heart each to others, must needs be advanced to be highest of your kin.

Lluellen. Jack,[1] I make him thy prisoner. Look, what way my fortune inclines, that way goes he.

Rice ap Mer. Sirrah, see you run swiftest.

Friar. Farewell: be far from the spigot.

[*The* Friar *and* GUENTHIAN *retire to the back of the stage.*[2]

Jack. Now, sir, if our country ale were as good as your metheglin, I would teach you to play the knave, or you should teach me to play the harper.

Harper. Ambo, boy; you are too light-witted as I am light-minded.

Jack. It seems[3] to me thou art fitted[4] and passing well.

[JACK *and* Harper *join the* Friar *and* GUENTHIAN.[5]

Enter GUENTHER *to* LLUELLEN *with letters.*

Lluellen. What tidings bringeth Guenther with his haste? Say, man, what bodes thy message, good or bad?

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[1] Printed as verse in old eds.

[2] So P. A. Daniel.—The stage-direction in old eds. is "Exit."

[3] Proposed by Dyce.—Old eds. "seemed."

[4] So Dr. Brinsley Nicholson.—Old eds. "fittest."

[5] So P. A. Daniel.—Old eds. "Exeunt ambo."

Guenther. Bad, my lord; and all in vain, I wot,
Thou dart'st[1] thine eyes upon the wallowing main,
As erst did Ægeus[2] to behold his son,
To welcome and receive thy welcome[3] love;
And sable sails he saw, and so mayst thou,
For whose mishap the brackish seas lament.
Edward, O Edward!
Lluellen. And what of him?
Guenther. Landed he is at Dover with his men,
From Palestine safe; by his English lords
Received in triumph like an earthly god:
He lives to wear his father's diadem,
And sway the sword of British Albion.
But Elinor, thy Elinor!
Lluellen. And what of her?
Hath amorous Neptune gazed upon my love,
And stopt her passage with his forkèd mace?
Or, that I rather fear,—O deadly fear!—
Enamour'd[4] Nereus doth he withhold
My Elinor?
Guenther. Nor Neptune, Nereus, nor other god
Withholdeth from my gracious lord his love:
But cruel Edward, that injurious king,
Withholds thy liefest lovely Elinor;
Ta'en[5] in a pinnace on the narrow seas

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[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "darest." [2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "Aegen."
[3] Dyce thinks that this word is "repeated by mistake;" but Peele is fond of these repetitions.
[4] "Enamour'd . . Elinor"—printed as one line in old eds.
[5] So Dyce.—Old eds. "Taking."

By four tall ships of Bristow, and with her
Lord Emerick, her unhappy noble brother,
As from Montargis hitherward they sail'd.
This say in brief[1] these letters tell at large.

[LLUELLEN *reads his brother* DAVID'S *letters.*

Lluellen. Is Longshanks, then, so lusty now become?
Is my fair love, my beauteous Elinor, ta'en?
Villains,[2] damned villains, not to guard her safe,
Or fence her sacred person from her foes!
Sun, couldst thou shine, and see my love beset,
And didst not clothe thy clouds in fiery coats,
O'er all the heavens, with wingèd sulphur flames,
As when thy[3] beams, like mounted combatants,
Battled with Python[4] in the fallowed lays?[5]
But if kind Cambria deign me good aspéct,
To make me chiefest Brute of western Wales,
I'll short that gain-legg'd[6] Longshank[s] by the top,
And make his flesh my murdering falchion's food.
To arms, true Britons, sprung of Trojans' seed,

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[1] "*This say in brief, i.e.*, this short account. The 4to of 1599 '*This say* I *in breefe.*'"—*Dyce.* [2] So Collier.—Old eds "Villaine."

[3] So Collier.—Old eds. "the."

[4] So Collier.—Old eds. "Pyetion."

[5] Leas. So in the famous ballad of The Courteous Knight (first printed by Ravenscroft)—

"Yonder comes a courteous knight,
Lustily raking over the *lay.*"

[6] "Coles, *Eng. Lat. Dic.* 1679, has 'Gain [person] *agilis, dexter,*' and in his *Eng. Dic.* 1708, has 'Gain (man) *active, expert.*' *Gain-legg'd* would therefore be equivalent to *active*, or *nimble-legg'd*, a sense good enough here, as applied to 'The famous *runagate* of Christendom?' sc. v. l. 11."—*P. A. Daniel.*

And with your swords write in the Book of Time
Your British names in characters of blood!
Owen ap Rice, while we stay for further force,
Prepare, away in post, and take with thee
A hundred chosen of thy countrymen,
And scour the marches with your Welshmen's hooks,
That Englishmen may think the divel is come.
Rice shall remain with me: make thou thy bode
In resolution to revenge these wrongs
With blood of thousands guiltless of this rage.
Fly thou on them amain!—Edward, my love
Be thy life's bane!—Follow me, countrymen!
Words make no way: my Elinor is surprised;
Robb'd am I of the comfort of my life:
And know I this, and am not venged on him?

[*Exeunt* LLUELLEN *and the other* Lords.

The[1] Friar *and* JACK *his* Novice, *with* GUENTHIAN *and* Harper, *come forward.*

Friar. Come,[2] boy, we must buckle I see, the prince is of my profession right: rather than he will lose his wench, he will fight *Ab ovo usque ad mala.*

Novice. O master, doubt you not, but your Novice will prove a hot shot, with a bottle of Metheglin.

[*Here*[3] *the wench fall*[*s*] *into a Welsh song, and the* Friar *answer*[*s*], *and the* Novice *between. Exeunt.*

[1] So P. A. Daniel.—Old eds. "*Manet the* Friar *and* Novice."

[2] Printed as verse in old eds., the lines ending *see, right, wench, mala.*

[3] Old eds. "*Exeunt, ere the wenche . . . betweene.*"

[SCENE III.]

Enter the Nine Lords of Scotland, *with their* Nine Pages; GLOCESTER, SUSSEX, KING EDWARD *in his suit of glass*, QUEEN ELINOR, QUEEN-MOTHER, [*and* JOAN]: *the* King *and* Queen *under a canopy.*

Longsh. Nobles of Scotland, we thank you all
For this day's gentle princely service done
To Edward, England's king and Scotland's lord.
Our coronation's due solemnity
Is ended with applause of all estates:
Now, then, let us repose [1] and rest us here.
But specially we thank you, gentle lords,
That you so well have governèd your griefs,
As, being grown unto a general jar,
You choose King Edward by your messengers,
To calm, to qualify, and to compound
Th' ambitious strife [2] of Scotland's climbing peers.
I have no doubt, fair lords, but you well wot
How factions waste the richest commonwealth,
And discord spoils the seats of mighty kings.
The barons' war, a tragic wicked war,
Nobles, how hath it shaken England's strength!
Industriously, it seems to me, you have
Loyally ventured to prevent this shock;

[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "appose."

[2] Keightley's correction for "Thanke Britains strife" of the old eds. He was afterwards dissatisfied with his emendation, and proposed to read "Th' enkindled strife."

For which, sith you have chosen me your judge,
My lords, will you stand to what I shall award?
Baliol. Victorious Edward, to whom the Scottish kings
Owe homage as their lord and sovereign,
Amongst us nine is but one lawful king:
But might we all be judges in the [1] case,
Then should in Scotland be nine kings at once,
And this contention never set or limited.
To stay these jars we jointly make appeal
To thy imperial throne, who knows our claims.
We stand not on our titles 'fore [2] your grace,
But do submit ourselves to your award;
And whom your majesty shall name our [3] king,
To him we'll yield obedience as a king.
Thus willingly, and of their [4] own accord,
Doth Scotland make great England's king their [4] judge.
Longsh. Then, nobles, since you all agree in one,
That for a crown so disagree in all,
Since what I do shall rest inrevocable,[5]
And,[6] lovely England, to thy lovely queen,
Lovely Queen Elinor, unto her turn thy eye,
Whose honour cannot but love thee well;
Hold up your hands in sight, with general voice,
That are content to stand to our award.
[*They all hold up their hands and say* "He shall."[7]

[1] Ed. 1599 "this." [2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "before."
[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "name to be our."
[4] Perhaps a misprint for "her."
[5] So the word stands in the old eds.
[6] Lines 39-41 seem to be both corrupt and misplaced.
[7] *I.e.*, Edward shall "name our king" (l. 32).

Deliver me the golden diadem.
Lo, here I hold the goal for which ye strived,
And here behold, my worthy men-at-arms,
For chivalry and worthy wisdom's praise,
Worthy each one to wear a diadem:
Expect my doom, as erst at Ida hills
The goddesses divine waited th' award
Of Dardan's[1] son. Baliol, stand farthest forth:
Baliol, behold, I give thee the Scottish crown:
Wear it with heart[2] and with thankfulness.
Sound trumpets, [sound,] and say all after me,
God save King Baliol, the Scottish king!
[*The trumpets sound; all cry aloud*, "God save KING BALIOL, the Scottish King."
Thus, lords, though you require no reason why,
According to the conscience in the cause,
I make John Baliol your anointed king.
Honour and love him, as behoves him best
That is in peace of Scotland's crown possess'd.
Baliol. Thanks, royal England, for thy honour done.
This justice that hath calmed our civil strife,
Shall now be seized[3] with honourable love.
So movèd of remorse and pi[e]ty,
We will erect a college of my name;
In Oxford will I build['t], for memory

[1] Old eds. "Danaes sonne." I adopt Mitford's correction; but perhaps it would be better to boldly read "Priam's son."

[2] Dyce suggests "heart's ease," comparing sc. xiii. l. 26, "God bless thee with long life, honour, and *heart's ease*."

[3] Used in its legal sense. (Old eds. "ceas'd.")

Of Baliol's bounty and his gratitude;
And let me happy days no longer see
Than here to England loyal I shall be.
Q. Elinor. Now, brave John Baliol, Lord of Galloway
And King of Scots, shine with thy golden head;
Shake thy spears, in honour of his name,
Under whose royalty thou wear'st the same.

QUEEN ELINOR'S *Speech.*

The welkin, spangled through with golden spots,
Reflects no finer in a frosty night
Than lovely Longshanks in his Elinor's eye:
So, Ned, thy Nell in every part of thee,
Thy person's guarded with a troop of queens,
And every queen as brave as Elinor.
Give glory to these glorious crystal quarries,
Where every robe an object entertains
Of rich device and princely majesty.
Thus like Narcissus, diving in the deep,
I die in honour and in England's arms;
And if I drown, it is in my delight,
Whose company is chiefest life in death,
From forth whose coral lips I suck the sweet
Wherewith are dainty Cupid's caudles[1] made.
Then live or die, brave Ned, or sink or swim,
An earthly bliss it is to look on him.
On thee, sweet Ned, it shall become thy Nell

[1] So Collier.—Old eds. "candles."

Bounteous to be unto the beauteous:
O'er-pry the palms, sweet fountains of my bliss,
And I will stand on tiptoe for a kiss.
Longsh. He had no thought of any gentle heart,
That would not seize desire for such desart.
If any heavenly joy in women be,
Sweet of all sweets, sweet Nell, it is in thee.—
Now, lords, along: by this the Earl of March,
Lord Mortimer, o'er Cambria's mountain-tops
Hath ranged his men, and feels Lluellen's mind:
To which confines, that well in wasting be,
Our solemn service of coronation past,
We will amain to back our friends at need;
And into Wales our men-at-arms shall march,
And we with them in person, foot by foot.—
Brother of Scotland, you shall to your home,
And live in honour there fair England's friend.—
And thou, sweet Nell, Queen of King Edward's heart,
Shall now come lesser at thy dainty love,
And at coronation meet thy loving peers,
When storms are past, and we have cooled the rage
Of these rebellious Welshmen, that contend
'Gainst England's majesty and Edward's crown.
Sound, trumpets! Harolds, lead the train along:
This be King Edward's feast and holiday.

[*Exeunt all except* QUEEN ELINOR, JOAN, *and* GLOCESTER.[1]

[1] So Dyce, adopting Collier's conjecture.—The stage-direction in old eds. is simply "*Exeunt.*"

Enter the MAYORESS OF LONDON, *from church, and music before her.*

Q. Elinor. Glocester, who may this be? A bride or what?—
I pray ye, Joan, go see,
And know the reason of the harmony.

Joan. Good woman, let it not offend you any whit
For to deliver unto me the cause
That [thus] in this unusual kind of sort
You pass the streets with music so[lemnly].

Mayoress. Mistress, or madam, what[so]e'er you be,
Wot you I am the Mayor of London's wife,
Who, for I have been delivered of a son,
Having not these dozen years had any before,
Now in my husband's year of mayoralty,
Bringing him a goodly boy,
I pass unto my house a maiden bride:
Which private pleasure, touching godliness,
Shall here no way, I hope, offend the good.

Q. Elinor. You hope so, gentle mistress; do you indeed?
But do not make it parcel of your creed.

Mayoress [*aside*]. Alas, I am undone! it is the Queen;
The proudest Queen that ever England knew.

[*Exeunt* Attendants *and* MAYORESS.[1]

Q. Elinor. Come, Glocester, let's to the court, and revel there.

[*Exeunt* GLOCESTER, [JOAN,] *and the* QUEEN.

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[1] Old eds. "*Exeunt Maris & omnes.*"

[SCENE IV.]

Enter MEREDITH, DAVID, *and* LLUELLEN.

Sir David. Soft! is it not Meredith I behold?
Lluellen. All good, all friends.—Meredith, see the man
Must make us great, and raise Lluellen's head:
Fight thou, Lluellen, for thy friend and thee.
Rice ap Mer. Fight,—maugre fortune strong, our battle's strong,—
And bear thy foes before thy pointed lance.
Sir David. Not too much prowess, good my lord, at once.
Some talk of policy another while.
Rice ap Mer. How comes my[1] limbs hurt at this assault?
Lluellen. Hurt for our good, Meredith, make account.
Sir David's wit is full of good device,
And kindly will perform what he pretends.[2]
Sir David. Enough of this, my lord, at once.
What will you, that I hold the king in hand?
Or what shall I especially advise,
Sitting in council with the English lords,
That so my counsel may avail my friends?
Lluellen. David, if thou wilt best for me devise,
Advise my love be rendered to my hand.

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[1] Collier and Dyce "thy."
[2] Intends, purposes.

Tell them the chains that Mulciber erst made
To tie[1] Prometheus' limbs to Caucasus,
Nor Furies' fangs shall hold me long from her,
But I will have her from th' usurper's tent,
My beauteous Elinor! If aught in this,
If in this case thy wit may boot thy friends,
Express it, then, in this, in nothing else.

Sir David. Ay, there's a card that puts us to our trump;[2]
For might I see the star of Leicester's loins,
It were enough to darken and obscure
This Edward's glory, fortune, and his pride.
First, hereof can I put you out of doubt:
Lord Mortimer of the king hath her in charge,
And honourably entreats your Elinor.
Some think he prays Lluellen were in heaven,
And thereby hopes to couch[3] his love on earth.

Lluellen. No: where Lluellen mounts, there Ellen flies.[4]
Inspeakable are my thoughts for her:
She's not from me in death to be divorced.
Go[5] to, it shall be so; so shall it be.
Edward is full resolvèd of thy faith,
So are the English lords and barons all:

---

[1] Ed. 1593 "trie."

[2] Cf. Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*:—"Our mitred Archpatriarch Leopald (?) herring exacts no such Muscovian vassailage of his liegemen, though he *puts them to their trumps* other while" (Works, ed. Grossart, v. 241).

[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "coache."

[4] So ed. 1593.—Ed. 1599 "flie."

[5] Lines 39-43 are given to David in old eds. Collier gives them to *Meredith*; Dyce to *Lluellen*, as in our text.

Then what may let thee to intrude on them
Some new-found stratagem to feel their wit?
Sir David. It is enough. Meredith, take my weapons;
I am your prisoner; say so at the least.
Go hence, and when you parle on the walls,
Make show of monstrous tyranny you intend
To execute on me, as on the man
That shamefully rebels 'gainst kin and kind;
And 'less[1] thou have thy love, and make thy peace
With such conditions as shall best concern,
David must die, say thou, a shameful death.
Edward, perhaps, with ruth and pity moved,
Will in exchange yield Elinor to thee,
And thou by me shalt gain thy heart's desire.
Lluellen. Sweetly advised: David, thou blessest me,
My brother David, lengthener of my life!—
Friends, gratulate to me my joyful hopes. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.]

Enter LONGSHANKS, SUSSEX, [MORTIMER,] *and others.*

Longsh. Why, barons, suffer ye our[2] foes to breathe?
Assault, assault, and charge them all amain!
They fear, they fly, they faint, they fight in vain.
But where is gentle David in [t]his den?
Loth were I aught but good should him betide.
[*Sound an alarum.*

---

[1] So Collier.—Old eds. "least."

[2] Ed. 1599 "your."

On the walls enter [LLUELLEN], DAVID,[1] *the* Friar, MEREDITH *holding* DAVID *by the collar, with a dagger in his hand.*

Where is the proud disturber of our state,
Traitor to Wales and to his sovereign?
Lluellen. Usurper, here I am. What dost thou crave?
Longsh. Welshman, allegiance, which thou ow'st thy[2] king.
Lluellen. Traitor, no king, that seeks thy country's sack,
The famous runagate of Christendom.
Longsh. Ambitious rebel, know'st thou what I am,
How great, how famous, and how fortunate?
And dar'st thou carry arms against me here,
Even when thou shouldst do reverence at my feet?
Yea, feared and honoured in the farthest parts
Hath Edward been, the[3] noble Henry's son.
Traitor, this sword unsheathed hath shinèd oft
With reeking in the blood of Saracens;
When, like to Perseus on his wingèd steed,
Brandishing bright the blade[4] of adamant
That agèd Saturn gave fair Maia's son,
Conflicting tho[5] with Gorgon in the vale,
Sitting[6] before the gates of Nazareth,
My horse's hoofs I stain'd in pagan's gore,

---

[1] Old eds. "*Longshanks, Sussex, Mortimer, David,*" &c.
[2] Ed. 1599 "the." [3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "thy."
[4] So Dyce. Old eds. "bloud" and "blood."
[5] Then. [6] Old eds. "Setting."

Sending whole centuries[1] of heathen souls
To Pluto's house: this sword, this thirsty sword,
Aims at thy head, and shall, I hope, ere long,
Gash[2] and divide thy bowels and thy bulk,
Disloyal villain, thou, and what is more?[3]
Lluellen. Why, Longshanks, think'st thou I'll[4] be scared with words?
No: didst thou speak in thunder like to Jove,
Or shouldst, as Briareus, shake at once
A hundred bloody swords with bloody hands,
I tell thee, Longshanks, here he faceth thee
Whom naught can daunt, no, not the stroke of death.
Resolved ye see: but see the chance of war:
Know'st thou a traitor an thou seest his head?
Then, Longshanks, look this villain in the face:
This rebel, he hath wrought his country's wreck;
Base rascal, bad[5] and hated in his kind,
Object of wrath, and subject of revenge.
Longsh. Lluellen, call'st thou this the chance of war?
Bad for us all, pardie, but worse for him.—
Courage, Sir David! kings thou know'st must die,
And noble minds all dastard fear defy.[6]

---

[1] Walker's correction suggested by Collier, for "countries" of the old eds.

[2] Old eds. (and Collier and Dyce) "gage."

[3] "*I.e.*, and what is more disloyal."—*Dyce.*

[4] Old eds. "I will."

[5] So Collier.—Old eds. "had."

[6] So Collier.—Old eds. "defies"; but "defy" is needed for the rhyme.

Sir David. Renowmèd[1] Edward, star of England's[2] globe,
My liefest lord and sweetest sovereign,
Glorious and happy is this chance to me,
To reap this fame and honour in my death,—
That I was hewed with foul-defilèd hands
For my belovèd king and country's good,
And died in grace and favour with my prince.—
Seize on me, bloody butchers, with your paws:
It is but temporal that you can inflict.

Longsh. Bravely resolv'd, brave soldier, by my life!

Friar. Hark you, sir, I am afeard you will not be so resolved by that time you know so much as I can show you: here be hot dogs, I can tell you, means to have the baiting of you.

Mortimer. Lluellen, in the midst of all thy braves,[3]
How wilt thou use thy brother thou hast ta'en?
Wilt thou [not] let his master ransom him?

Lluellen. No, nor his mistress, gallant Mortimer,
With all the gold and silver of the land.

Rice ap Mer. Ransom this Judas to his father's line!
Ransom this traitor to his brother's life!
No.—Take that earnest-penny of thy death.—
This touch, my lord, comes nothing near the mark.

[MEREDITH [*in seeming*] *stabs him into the arms and shoulders.*

---

[1] Old form of "renowned."
[2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "England, star of Edwards."
[3] Bravadoes.

Longsh. O damnèd villain, hold thy hands!
Ask and have.
Lluellen. We will not ask nor have. Seest thou these tools? [*He shows him hot pincers.*
These be the dogs shall bait him to the death,
And shall by piece-meals tear his cursèd flesh;
And in thy sight here shall he hang and pine.
Longsh. O villains, traitors, how will I be veng'd!
Lluellen. What, threats thou, Edward? Desperate minds contemn
That fury menaceth: see thy words' effects.
[*He* [*seemingly*] *cuts his nose.*
Sir David. O gracious heavens, dissolve me into clay!
This tyranny is more than flesh can bear.
Longsh. Bear it, brave mind, sith nothing but thy blood
May satisfy in this extreme estate.
Sussex. My lord, it is in vain to threaten them;
They are resolv'd, ye see, upon his death.
Longsh. Sussex, his death, they all shall buy it dear:
Offer them any favour for his life,
Pardon, or peace, or aught what is beside:
So love me God as I regard my friends!—
Lluellen, let me have thy brother's life
Even at what rate and ransom thou wilt name.
Lluellen. Edward, King Edward, as thou list be term'd,
Thou know'st thou hast my beauteous Elinor:
Produce her forth to plead for David's life;
She may obtain more than an host of men.
Longsh. Wilt thou exchange thy prisoner for thy love?

Lluellen. Talk no more to me; let me see her face.
Mortimer. Why, will your majesty be all so base
To stoop to his demands in every thing?
Longsh. Fetch her at once; good Mortimer, be gone.
Mortimer [*aside*].[1] I go; but how unwilling heavens doth know.
Rice ap Mer. Apace, Mortimer, if thou love thy friend.
Mortimer [*aside*].[1] I go for dearer than I leave behind.
[MORTIMER *goes for* ELINOR *and conducts her in.*
Longsh. See, Sussex, how he bleedeth in my eye,
That beareth fortune's shock triumphantly.
Friar. Sa-ha, master! I have found, I have found.
Lluellen. What hast thou found, friar, ha?
Rice-ap-Mer. News, my lord, a star from out the sea;
The same is risen and made a summer's day.

Then LLUELLEN *spieth* ELINOR *and* MORTIMER, *and sayeth thus.*

Lluellen. What, Nell, sweet Nell, do I behold thy face?
Fall heavens, fleet stars, shine Phœbus' lamp no more!
This is the planet lends this world her light;
Star of my fortune this, that shineth bright,
Queen of my heart, loadstar of my delight,
Fair mould of beauty, miracle of fame.
O, let me die with Elinor in mine arms!

[1] These *asides* are not marked in old eds.

What honour shall I lend thy loyalty
Or praise unto thy sacred deity?[1]

Rice ap Mer. Marry, this, my lord, if I may give you counsel: sacrifice this tyke in her sight, her friend; which being done, one of your soldiers may dip his foul shirt in his blood; so shall you be waited with as many crosses as King Edward.

Longsh. Good cheer, Sir David; we shall up anon.

Mortimer [*aside*]. Die, Mortimer; thy life is almost gone.

Elinor. Sweet Prince of Wales, were I within thine arms,
Then should I in peace possess my love,
And heavens open fair their crystal gates,
That I may see the palace of my intent.

Longsh. Lluellen, set thy brother free:
Let me have him, thou shalt have Elinor.

Lluellen. Sooth, Edward, I do prize my Elinor
Dearer than life; but there belongeth more
To these affairs than my[2] content in love:

---

[1] "So the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* Both 4tos 'dietie.' Qy. 'piety'?"—*Dyce.* There is no need to read "piety." The spelling "diety" (for "deity") was very common. Cf. Rowley's *All's Lost by Lust*, 1633, sig. C. 4:—

"Can lust be cal'd love? then let man seeke hell,
For there that fiery *diety* doth dwell."

Again, in the same play, sig. D. 2:—

"Descend thy spheare thou burning *Diety*."

See more examples in the Index to vol. iv. of my collection of *Old Plays* (1st series).

[2] Ed. 1599 "may."

And to be short, if thou wilt have thy man,
Of whom, I swear, thou thinkest over-well,
The safety of Lluellen and his men
Must be regarded highly in this match.
Say, therefore, and be short, wilt thou give peace
And pardon to Lluellen and his men?
Longsh. I will herein have time to be advised.
Lluellen. King Edward, no: we will admit no pause,
For goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot.[1]
And if Lluellen he pursued so near,
May chance to show thee such a tumbling-cast,
As erst our father when he thought to scape,
And broke his neck[2] from Julius Cæsar's tower.[3]
Sussex. My lord, these rebels all are desperate.
Mortimer [*aside*]. And Mortimer of all most miserable.
Longsh. How, say you, Welshmen, will you leave your arms,
And be true liegemen unto Edward's crown?
All the Sold. If Edward pardon surely what is past,
Upon conditions we are all content.
Longsh. Belike you will condition with us, then?
[*First*] *Soldier.* Special conditions for our safety first,
And for our country Cambria's common good,
T' avoid the fusion of our guilty blood.

---

[1] *I.e.* to destruction. John Heywood in his *Proverbs* has—

"And where the small with the great cannot agree,
The weaker *goeth to the pot* we all day see."

[2] "Gryffyth, father of Lluellen, so died in attempting to escape from the Tower of London."—*P. A. Daniel.*

[3] So Collier and Dyce.—Old eds. "towne."

Longsh. Go to; say on.

[*First*] *Soldier.* First, for our followers, and ourselves, and all,
We ask a pardon in the prince's word;
Then for this lord's possession in his love;
But for our country chief these boons we beg,
And England's promise princely to thy Wales,
That none be Cambria's prince to govern us
But he that is a Welshman, born in Wales:
Grant this, and swear it on thy knightly sword,
And have thy man and us and all in peace.

Lluellen. Why, Cambria-Britons, are you so incensed?
Will you deliver me to Edward's hands?

[*First*] *Soldier.* No, Lord Lluellen; we will[1] back for thee
Thy life, thy love, and golden liberty.

Mortimer [*aside*]. A truce with honourable conditions ta'en;
Wales' happiness, England's glory, and my bane.

Longsh. Command retreat be sounded in our camp.—
Soldiers, I grant at full what you request.—
David, good cheer.—Lluellen, ope[2] the gates.

Lluellen. The gates are opened: enter thee and thine.

Sir David. The sweetest sun that e'er I saw to shine!

Longsh. Madam, a brabble[3] well begun for thee;
Be thou my guest and Sir Lluellen's love.

[*Exeunt* MORTIMER *solus.*

---

[1] Quy. "*win* back," or "will *beg*"? ("Is not *we will back* equivalent to *we will maintain* or *support*?"—*P. A. Daniel.*)

[2] Old eds. "open."

[3] Quarrel.

Mortimer. Mortimer, a brabble ill begun for thee;
A truce with capital conditions ta'en,
A prisoner saved and ransomed with thy life.
Edward, my king, my lord, and lover dear,
Full little dost thou wot how this retreat,
As with a sword, hath slain poor Mortimer.
Farewell the flower, the gem of beauty's blaze,
Sweet Ellen, miracle of nature's hand!
Hell[1] in thy name, but heaven is in thy looks:
Sweet Venus, let me saint or divel be
In that sweet heaven or hell that is in thee.
[*Exit.*

[SCENE VI.]

Enter JACK *and the* Harper, *getting a standing against the* Queen *comes in.*

The trumpets sound: QUEEN ELINOR, *in her litter, borne by four* Negro-Moors, JOAN OF ACON *with her, attended on by the* EARL OF GLOCESTER *and her four* Footmen: *one having set a ladder to the side of the litter, she descendeth,*[2] *and her daughter followeth.*

Q. Elinor. Give me my pantables.[3]
Fie, this hot weather how it makes me sweat!
Heigh-ho, my heart! ah, I am passing faint!
Give me my fan that I may cool my face.

---

[1] "The 4to of 1593 'Fuellen,' that of 1599 'Lluellen.' I have adopted the conjecture of the Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.*"—*Dyce.*

[2] Old eds. "discended."

[3] Slippers. Ed. 1599 "Pantaphels."

Hold, take my mask, but see you rumple it not.[1]
This wind and dust, see how it smolders me!
Some drink, good Glocester, or I die for drink![2]
Ah, Ned, thou hast forgot thy Nell I see,
That she is thus enforced to follow thee!

Glocester. This air's distemperature, and please your majesty,
Noisome through mountains' vapours and[3] thick mist,
Unpleasant needs must be to you and your company,
That never [erst] was wont to take the air
Till Flora have perfum'd the earth with sweets,
With lilies, roses, mints, and eglantine.

Q. Elinor. I tell thee [that] the ground is all too base
For Elinor to honour with her steps;
Whose footpace, when she progress'd in the street[s]
Of Acon and the fair Jerusalem,
Was [upon] naught but costly arras-points,
Fair island-tapestry, and azured silk;
My milk-white steed treading on cloth of ray,[4]
And trampling proudly underneath the feet
Choice of our English woollen drapery.
This clime[5] o'er-lowering with black congeal'd clouds,
That take their swelling from the marish soil,
Fraught with infectious fogs[6] and misty damps,
Is far unworthy to be once embalm'd
With redolence of this refreshing breath,

---

[1] "Romple not," ed. 1593; "romple it not," ed. 1599; "rumple't not," Dyce.
[2] Dyce reads "thirst."
[3] So Collier.—Old eds. "send."
[4] Striped cloth.
[5] Proposed by Dyce.—Old eds. "climate."
[6] Ed. 1593 "frogges."

That sweetens[1] where it lights, as do the flames
And holy fires of Vesta's sacrifice.
Joan. Whose[2] pleasant fields new-planted with the spring,
Make Thamesis to mount above the banks,
And, like a wanton, wallowing up and down
On Flora's beds and Napæ's silver down.
Glocester. And Wales for me, madam, while you are here;
No climate good unless your grace be near.
Would Wales had aught could please you half so well,
Or any precious thing in Glocester's gift,
Whereof your ladyship would challenge me!
Joan. Well said, my lord! 'tis as my mother says;
You men have learnt to woo a thousand ways.
Glocester. O madam, had I learnt, against my need,
Of all those ways to woo, one way to speed,
My cunning, then, had been my fortune's guide.
Q. Elinor. Faith, Joan, I think thou must be Glocester's bride.—
[*Aside*] Good earl, how near he steps unto her side!
So soon this eye these younglings had espied.—
I'll tell thee, girl, when I was fair and young,
I found such honey in sweet Edward's tongue,
As I could never spend one idle walk
But Ned and I would piece it out with talk.—

[1] Ed. 1599 "sweetnesse."

[2] Evidently some lines have been dropped at the beginning of this speech. Joan prefers the neighbourhood of Windsor to Acon and Jerusalem.—For "new-planted" Dyce suggests "new-painted," and "wallow" for "wallowing" (l. 34).

So you, my lord, when you have got your Joan,
No matter, let queen-mother be alone.
Old Nell is mother now, and grandmother may;
The greenest grass doth droop and turn to hay.
Woo on, kind clerk, good Glocester, love thy Joan:
Her heart is thine, her eyes is not her own.
Glocester. This comfort, madam, that your grace doth give
Binds me in double duty whilst I live.
Would God, King Edward see and say no less!
Q. Elinor. Glocester, I warrant thee upon my life
My king vouchsafes his daughter for thy wife.
Sweet Ned hath not forgot, since he did woo,
The gall of love and all that 'longs thereto.
Glocester. Why, was your grace so coy to one so kind?
Q. Elinor. Kind, Glocester! so, methinks, indeed:
It seems he loves his wife no more than needs,
That sends for us in all the speedy haste,
Knowing his queen to be so great with child,
And make[s] me leave my princely pleasant seats
To come into his ruder part of Wales.
Glocester. His highness hath some secret reason why
He wisheth you to move from England's pleasant court.[1]
The Welshmen have of long time suitors been,
That when the war of rebels sorts an end,[2]
None might be prince and ruler over them

---

[1] Old eds. "courts."

[2] "*I.e.* arrives at an end. *Sortir effect*, Fr."—*Collier*; who refers to Reed's note, 27, to Marlowe's *Edward II.* on 'sort out,' *Dodsley's O. P.*, ed. 1780, vol. ii. p. 343.

But such a one as was their countryman ;
Which suit, I think, his grace hath granted them.
Q. Elinor. So, then, it is King Edward's policy
To have his son—forsooth, son if it be—
A Welshman : well, Welshman it liketh me.
And here he comes.

Enter EDWARD LONGSHANKS *and his* Lords *to the* QUEEN *and her* Footman.

Longsh. Nell, welcome into Wales !
How fares my Elinor ?
Q. Elinor. Ne'er[1] worse : beshrow
Their hearts, 'tis long on.
Longsh. Hearts, sweet Nell ?
[Be]shrow[2] no hearts where such sweet saints do dwell.
[*He holds her hand fast.*
Q. Elinor. Nay, then, I see I have my dream : I pray, let go :
You will not will you, whether I will or no ?
You are disposed to move me.
Longsh. Say any thing but so.
Once, Nell, thou gavest me this.
Q. Elinor. I[3] pray, let go ;
Ye are disposed,[4] I think.
Longsh. Ay, madam, very well.

---

[1] "Ne'er worse . . . on"—printed as one line in old eds.
[2] The first three words of this line are printed as part of the former line in old eds.
[3] "I pray . . . think"—printed as one line in old eds.
[4] *I.e.* disposed to be mirthful.

Q. Elinor. Let go and be naught,[1] I say!
Longsh. What ails my Nell?
Q. Elinor. Ay me, what sudden fits is this I prove?
What grief, what pinching pain, like young men's love,
That makes me madding run thus to and fro?
Longsh. What, melancholy, Nell?
Q. Elinor. My lord, pray, let me go.
Give me sweet water. Why, how hot it is!
Glocester [*aside*]. These[2] be the fits
Trouble men's wits.
Longsh. Joan, ask thy beauteous mother[3] how she doth.
Joan. How fares your majesty?
Q. Elinor. Joan,[4] aggrieved at the heart,
And angered worse, because I cannot right me:[5]
I think the king comes purposely to spite me.
My fingers itch till I have had my will:
Proud Edward, call in thy Elinor; be still.
It will not be, nor rest I anywhere
Till I have set it soundly on his ear.
Joan. Is that the matter? then let me alone.
Q. Elinor. Fie, how I fret with grief!
Longsh. Come[6] hither, Joan:
Know'st thou what ails my queen?

---

[1] "Equivalent to—and be hanged!"—*Dyce.*
[2] "These . . . wits"—printed as one line in old eds. The "*aside*" is not marked.
[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "mistres." (The compositor probably had only "M." to guide him.)
[4] "Joan . . . worse"—printed as one line in old eds.
[5] So Dyce. Old eds. "came not right in."
[6] "Come hither . . . queen"—printed as one line in old eds.

Joan. Not[1] I, my lord:
She longs, I think, to give your grace a box on th' ear.
Longsh. Nay, wench, if that be all, we'll ear it well.—
What all amort![2] How doth my dainty Nell?
Look up, sweet love: unkind! not kiss me once?
That may not be.
Q. Elinor. My lord, I think you do it for the nonce.
Longsh. Sweetheart, one kiss.
Q. Elinor. For God's sake, let me go.
Longsh. Sweetheart, a kiss.
Q. Elinor. What,[3] whether I will or no?
You will not leave? let be I say.
Longsh. I must be better chid.
Q. Elinor. No, will? [*striking him on the ear*[4]] Take that, then, lusty lord: sir, leave when you are bid.
Longsh. Why, so, this chare is chared.[5]
Glocester. A good one, by the rood.
Q. Elinor. No force, no harm.
Longsh. No harm that doth my Elinor any good.—
Learn, lords, 'gainst you be married men, to bow to women's yoke;
And sturdy though you be, you may not stir for every stroke.—
Now, my sweet Nell, how doth my queen?
Q. Elinor. She[6] vaunts

[1] "Not I . . . th' ear"—printed as one line in old eds.
[2] *All amort*—dejected.
[3] "What . . . say"—one line in old eds.
[4] This stage-direction is not marked in old eds.
[5] *I.e.* this business is done. A proverbial saying.
[6] "She . . . fist"—printed as one line in old eds.

That mighty England hath felt her fist,
Taken a blow basely at Elinor's hand.
[*Longsh.*] And vaunt she may, good leave, being curst and coy:
Lack nothing, Nell, whilst[1] thou hast brought thy lord a lovely boy.
Q. Elinor. Ven acà;[2] I am sick;
Good Katherine,[3] I pray thee, be at hand.
Kath. This sickness, I hope,
Will bring King Edward a jolly boy.
Longsh. And,[4] Katherine,
Who brings me that news shall not go empty-handed.
[*Exite omnes.*

[SCENE VII.]

Enter MORTIMER, LLUELLEN, MEREDITH,[5] [*and the* LADY ELINOR].

Mortimer. Farewell, Lluellen, with thy loving Nell.
Lluellen. God-a-mercy, Mortimer; and so farewell.
[MORTIMER[6] *retires to the back of the stage.*
Rice ap Mer. Farewell and be hanged, false Sinon's serpent brood.[7]

---

[1] Until.
[2] "*I.e.* Come hither.—The 4tos. 'Veniacion' and 'Veniacian.'"—*Dyce.* The two lines are printed as one in old eds.
[3] Ed. 1593 "Katherina."
[4] "And . . . empty-handed"—prose in old eds.
[5] Old eds. "*and* MEREDITH."
[6] Old eds. "*Exit* MORTIMER."
[7] Dyce's correction for "half Sinon's sapons brood" of the old eds.

Lluellen. Good words, Sir Rice: wrongs have best remedy,
So taken with time, patience, and policy.
But where is the friar? who can tell?

Enter Friar.

Friar. That can I, master, very well;
And say, i'faith, what hath befel,
Must we at once to heaven or hell?
Elinor. To heaven, friar! friar, no, fie!
Such heavy souls mount not so high.
Friar [*lies down*]. Then, friar, lie thee down and die;
And if any ask the reason why,
Answer and say thou canst not tell,
Unless because thou must to hell.
Elinor. No, friar, because thou didst rebel:
Gentle Sir Rice, ring out thy knell.
Lluellen. And Maddock toll thy passing-bell.
So,[1] there lies a straw,
And now to the law.

Masters and friends; naked came we into the world, naked are we turned out of the good towns into the wilderness. Let me see;[2] mass, methinks we are a handsome commonwealth, a handful of good fellows, set a-sunning to dog on our own discretion. What say you, sir[s]? We are enough to keep a passage: will you be ruled by me? We'll get the next day from

[1] "So . . . law"—prose in old eds.
[2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "saie" and "say.

Brecknock the Book of Robin Hood; the friar he shall instruct us in this [1] cause, and we'll even here fare and well: since the king hath put us amongst the discarding cards, and, as it were, turned us with deuces and treys out of the deck,[2] every man take his standing on Mannock-deny,[3] and wander like irregulars up and down the wilderness. I'll be Master of Misrule, I'll be Robin Hood, that's once:[4] cousin Rice, thou shalt be Little John: and here's Friar David as fit as a die for Friar Tuck. Now, my sweet Nell, if you will make up the mess[5] with a good heart for Maid Marian, and dwell[6] with Lluellen under the green-wood trees, with as good a will as in the good towns, why, *plena est curia.*

Elinor. My[7] sweetest love, and this my infract fortune
Could never vaunt her sovereignty,
And shouldst thou pass the ford of Phlegethon,
Or with Leander swim[8] the Hellespont,
In deserts Æthiopian[9] ever dwell,

---

[1] So ed. 1599. Ed. 1593 "his."

[2] Pack of cards.

[3] "Cadir Arthur, otherwise the Brecknock beacons: the highest point of the mountain range some three miles south of Brecknock. In Drayton (*Poly-olbion*, Song 4); in Harrison (*Description of England*, bk. i. cap. 14); and in Speed (*Theatre of the Empire of Gt. Britaine*) the name of this mountain occurs as *Mounchdeny*, *Monuch*, and *Menuchdenny*."—*P. A. Daniel.*

[4] "*I.e.* that's once for all, that's flat. The 4to of 1593 'that *once*.' So Nash in his *Have with you to Saffron-walden:* 'But when I doo play my prizes in print, Ile be paid for my paines, *that's once*, and not make myselfe a gazing stocke,' &c. Sig. T. 4, ed. 1596."—*Dyce.*

[5] Set of four. [6] So Dyce.—Old eds. "doe well."

[7] This speech (which is quite unintelligible) is printed as prose in old eds. [8] So Collier.—Old eds. "win."

[9] So Mitford.—Old eds. "Œnophrius."

Or build thy bower on Ætna's fiery tops,
Thy Nell would follow thee and keep with thee,
Thy Nell would feed with thee and sleep with thee.

Friar. O Cupido quantus, quantus!

Rice ap Mer. Bravely resolved, madam.—And then what rests my Lord Robin, but we will live and die together like Camber-Britons,—Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian?

Lluellen. There rests nothing now, cousin, but that I sell my chain [1] to set us all in green, and we'll all play the pioners [2] to make us a cave and cabin [3] for all weathers.

Elinor. My sweet Lluellen, though this sweet be gall,
Patience doth conquer by [4] out-suffering all.

Friar. Now,[5] Mannock-deny,
I hold thee a penny,
Thou shalt have neither sheep nor goat
But Friar David will fleece [6] his coat:
Wherever Jack, my novice, jet,
All is fish with him that comes to net;
David, this year thou pay'st no debt. [*Exeunt.*[7]

Mortimer [*coming forward from his concealment*].[8] Why, friar, is it so plain, indeed?
Lluellen, art thou flatly so resolv'd
To roist it out, and roost so near the king?

---

[1] Gold chains were formerly worn round the neck by persons of dignity.
[2] Old form (found in Shakespeare and Milton) of "pioneers."
[3] Ed. 1599 "and a cabin."
[4] Old eds. "me by."
[5] "Now . . . penny"—one line in old eds.
[6] Old eds. "fleeces."
[7] Old eds. "Exeunt ambo."
[8] Old eds. "*Enter* MORTIMER *solus.*"

What, shall we have a passage kept in Wales
For men-at-arms and knights adventurous?
By cock, Sir Rice, I see no reason why
Young Mortimer should [not] make one among,
And play his part on Mannock-deny[1] here,
For love of his belovèd Elinor.
His Elinor! [his![2]] were[3] she his, I wot,
The bitter northern wind upon the plains,
The damps that rise from out the queachy[4] plots,
Nor influence of contagious air should touch;
But she should court it[5] with the proudest dames,
Rich in attire, and sumptuous in her fare,
And take her ease in beds of softest[6] down.
Why, Mortimer, may not thy offers move,
And win sweet Elinor from Lluellen's love?
Why, pleasant gold and gentle eloquence
Have 'ticed the chastest nymphs, the fairest dames,
And vaunts of words, delights of wealth and ease
Have made a nun to yield. Lluellen's [sun],[7]
Being set to see the last of desperate chance,

---

[1] Old eds. "Manmocke dying."

[2] I have added the bracketed word at Dr. Nicholson's suggestion.

[3] Old eds. "where."

[4] Properly *bushy;* but often used, as here, in the sense of *fenny, dank.* Dyce quotes from Chettle's *Hoffman's Tragedy,* 1631, sig. I.:—

> "Nor doth the sun sucke from the *queachy plot*
> The rankes and the venom of the earth."

[5] So Collier.—Old eds. "yet."

[6] So Collier.—Old eds. "safest."

[7] The bracketed word is added at the suggestion of P. A. Daniel. Without it the passage is unintelligible.

Why should so fair a star stand in a vale,
And not be[1] seen to sparkle in the sky?
It is enough Jove change his glittering robes
To see[2] Mnemosyne and the flies.
Masters,[3] have after gentle Robin Hood.
You're not so well accompanied, I hope,
But if a potter come to play his part,
You'll give him stripes or welcome, good or worse.
Go, Mortimer, and make there love-holidays:
The King will take a common 'scuse of thee,
And[4] hath more men to attend than Mortimer.

[*Exit.*

---

[1] Ed. 1599 "to be."

[2] The text is horribly corrupt. Mnemosyne was the mother of the Muses by Jupiter (see Apollodorus). Is it possible that Peele wrote—

"To woo the mother of the Muses nine;"

and that the word "Mnemosyne" is a marginal note imported into the text? A proper name may perhaps be concealed under "the flies."—Mitford proposed:—

"It is enough. Jove changes glittering robes,
And then he flies to see Mnemosyne."

[3] This line is addressed to the audience. ("? Masters, [meaning those who have gone out] have after. Gentle Robin Hood, You're not so well, &c."—*P. A. Daniel.*)

[4] So P. A. Daniel.—Old eds. "And *who* hath," &c.

[SCENE VIII.]

Enter LLUELLEN, MEREDITH, Friar, ELINOR, *and their train.*

They are all clad in green, &c.; sing, &c., "Blithe and bonny." *The song ended,* LLUELLEN *singeth.*

Lluellen. Why, so, I see, my mates, of old
All were not lies that beldames[1] told
Of Robin Hood and Little John,
Friar Tuck and Maid Marian.
Friar. Ay, forsooth, master.
Lluellen. How well they couched in forest green,
Frolic and lively withouten teen,[2]
And spent their day in game and glee:
Lluellen, do seek[3] if aught please thee,
Nor, though thy foot be out of town,
Let eyne look back[4] on Edward's crown;
Nor think this green is not so gay
As was the golden rich array;
And O,[5] sweet Nell, my Marian,
Trust me, as I am gentleman,
Thou art as fine in this attire,
As fine and fit to my desire,

[1] Old eds. "Bedlams."
[2] Dyce's correction. Old eds. "with oaten teene."
[3] Very corrupt. Quy. "Lluellen *leeks* [*i.e.* likes, is content] if aught please thee [*i.e.* Elinor]"?
[4] My own correction. Old eds. "Let thine look black."
[5] Old eds. "if."

As when of Leicester's hall and bower
Thou wert the rose and sweetest flower.
How say'st thou, friar, say I well?
For anything becomes my Nell.
Friar. Never made man of a woman born
A bullock's tail a blowing horn;
Nor can an ass's hide disguise
A lion, if he ramp and rise.
Elinor. My lord, the friar is wondrous wise.
Lluellen. Believe him, for he tells no lies.—
But what doth Little John devise?
Rice ap Mer. That Robin Hood beware of spies.
An agèd saying and a true,
Black will take no other hue
He that of old hath been thy foe
Will die but will continue so.
Friar. O,[1] masters, whither, shall we [go]?
Doth any living creature know?
Lluellen. Rice and I will walk the round.
Friar, see about the ground,

Enter MORTIMER [*disguised as a* Potter].

And spoil what prey is to be found.
My love I leave within in trust,
Because I know thy dealing just.—
Come, potter,[2] come, and welcome too,

[1] "O, masters . . . know"—one line in old eds.
[2] Ed. 1599 "porter."

Fare as we fare, and do as we do.—
Nell,[1] adieu: we go for news.
[*Exeunt*[2] LLUELLEN *and* RICE AP MEREDITH.
Friar. A little serves the friar's lust,
When *nolens volens* fast I must:
Master, at all,[3] that you refuse.
Mortimer [*aside*]. Such a potter[4] would I choose,
When I mean to blind a 'scuse:
While Robin walk[s] with Little John,
The Friar will lick his Marian:
So will the potter[4] if he can.
Elinor. Now, friar, sith your lord is gone,
And you and I are left alone,
What can the friar do or say
To pass the weary time away?—
Weary, God wot, poor wench, to thee,
That never thought these days to see.
Mortimer [*aside*]. Break, heart! and split, mine eyes, in twain!
Ne'er[5] let me hear those words again.
Friar. What can the friar do or say
To pass the weary time away?
More dare he[6] do than he dare say,
Because he doubts to have a nay.[7]

---

[1] Old eds. give this line to the Friar.
[2] Old eds. "*Exit.*"
[3] "At all"—a term in card-playing.
[4] Old eds. "porter."
[5] Old eds. "neuer." So Dyce.—Old eds. "I."
[7] So Dyce.—Old eds. read 'away."

Elinor. Do somewhat, friar, say or sing,
That may to sorrows solace bring;
And I meanwhile will garlands make.
Mortimer [*aside*]. O, Mortimer, were 't[1] for thy sake,
A garland were the happiest stake,
That e'er[2] this hand unhappy drew!
Friar. Mistress, shall I tell you true?
I have a song, I learn'd it long ago:
I wot not whether you'll like it well or no.[3]
'Tis short and sweet, but somewhat brawled[4] before:
Once let me sing it, and I ask no more.
Elinor. What, friar, will you so indeed?
Agrees it somewhat with your need?
Friar. Why, mistress, shall I sing my creed?
Elinor. That's fitter of the two at need.
Mortimer [*aside*]. O, wench, how mayst thou hope to speed?
Friar. O, mistress, out it goes:
Look what comes next, the friar throws.
[*The* Friar *sits along and sings.*
Mortimer [*aside*]. Such a sitting who ever saw?
An eagle's bird of a jackdaw.
Elinor. So, sir, is this all?
Mortimer [*coming forward*[5]]. Sweetheart, here's no more.

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "were it."
[2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "euer."
[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "ill."
[4] So Dyce; Collier has *troll'd*.—Old eds. "brolde."
[5] This stage-direction is not marked in old eds.

Elinor. How now, good fellow! more indeed by[1] one than was before.

Friar. How now! the divel instead of a ditty!

Mortimer. Friar,[2] a ditty
Come late from the city,
To ask some pity
Of this lass so pretty:—
Some pity, sweet mistress, I pray you.

Elinor. How now, friar! where are we now, and you play not the man?

Friar. Friend[3] copesmate, you that
Came late from the city,
To ask some pity
Of this lass so pretty,
In likeness of a doleful ditty,—
Hang me if I do not pay ye.

Mortimer. O, friar, you grow choleric: well, you'll have no man to court your mistress but yourself. On my word, I'll take you down a button-hole.

Friar. Ye talk, ye talk, child. [*They fight.*]

Re-enter LLUELLEN *and* [RICE AP] MEREDITH.

Lluellen. 'Tis well, potter; you fight in a good quarrel.

---

[1] A new line in old eds.

[2] "Friar . . . city," "To ask . . . pretty"—printed as single lines in old eds.

[3] "Friend . . . city," "To ask . . . pretty"—single lines in old eds.

Rice ap Mer. Mass, this blade will hold: let me see, then, friar.[1]

Friar. Mine's for mine own turn, I warrant: give him his tools. Rise, and let's to it; but no change, and if you love me. I scorn the odds, I can tell you: see fair play, and you be gentlemen.

Lluellen. Marry, shall we, friar. Let us see: be their staves of a length? Good: so, now
Let us deem of the matter,
Friar[2] and potter,
Without more clatter;
I have cast your water,
And see as deep into your desire,
As he that had dived[3] every day into your bosom.
O, friar,
Will nothing serve your turn but larks?
Are such fine birds for such coarse clerks?
None but my Marian can serve your turn.

Elinor. Cast water, for the house will burn.

Friar. O, mistress, mistress, flesh is frail;
'Ware when the sign is in the tail:
Mighty is love and doth prevail.

Lluellen. Therefore, friar, shalt thou not fail
But mightily your foe assail,
And thrash this potter with thy flail:—
And, potter, never rave nor rail,
Nor ask questions what I ail,

[1] "Qy. 'Let me see thine, friar'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*
[2] Friar and potter . . . but larks"—prose in old eds.
[3] Ed. 1593 "dined."

But take this tool, and do not quail,
But thrash this friar's russet coat;
And make him sing a dastard's note,
And cry, *Peccavi, miserere David,*
In amo amavi. Go to. [*They take the flails.*
Mortimer. Strike, strike.
Friar. Strike, potter, be thou lief or loth:
An if you'll not strike, I'll strike for both.
Mortimer [*strikes*]. He must needs go that the divel drives.
Then, friar, beware of other men's wives.
Friar [*strikes*]. I wish, master proud potter, the devil have my soul,
But I'll make my flail circumscribe your noul.[1]
Lluellen. Why, so; now it cottens,[2] now the game begins;
One knave currieth another for his sins.
Friar [*kneels*]. O, master, shorten my offences in mine eyes!
If this crucifix[3] do not suffice,
Send me to heaven in a hempen sacrifice.
Mortimer [*kneels*]. O, masters, masters, let this be warning!
The friar hath infected me with his learning.
Lluellen. Villains, do not touch the forbidden tree,[4]
Now[5] to delude or to dishonour me.

---

[1] Head. [2] Goes forward successfully.
[3] Ed. 1593 "crucifige."
[4] Collier's correction. Old eds. "haire."
[5] Dr. Nicholson proposes "Nor."

Friar. O, master, *quæ negata sunt grata sunt.*

Lluellen. Rice,[1] every day thus shall it be:
We'll have a thrashing set among the friars; and he
That of these challengers lays on slowest load,[2]
Be thou at hand, Rice, to gore him with thy goad.

Friar. Ah, potter, potter, the friar may rue
That ever this day this our quarrel he knew;
My pate addle, mine arms black and blue.

Mortimer. Ah, friar, who may his fate's force eschew?
I think, friar, you are prettily school'd.

Friar. And I think the potter is handsomely cool'd.

[*Exeunt*[3] *all except* MORTIMER.

Mortimer. No, Mortimer; here['s] that eternal fire
That burns and flames with brands of hot desire:
Why, Mortimer, why dost thou not discover
Thyself her knight, her liegeman, and her lover?

[*Exit.*

[SCENE IX.]

Enter JOHN BALIOL King of Scots, *with his train* [*and* VERSSES.]

Baliol. Lords of Albania,[4] and my peers in France,
Since Baliol is invested in his rights,
And wears the royal Scottish diadem,

---

[1] This speech is printed as prose in old eds.

[2] "Lay on load" = strike lustily. Cf. Gascoigne's *Praise of Philip Sparrow*:—

"If I command, she *lays on load*
With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all."

[3] Old eds. "*Exeunt ambo.*"

[4] Old eds. "Albana."

Time is to rouse him, that the world may wot
Scotland disdains to carry England's yoke.
Therefore, my friends, thus put in readiness,
Why slack we time to greet the English king
With resolute message, to let him know our minds?
Lord Versses, though thy faith and oath be ta'en
To follow Baliol's arms for Scotland's right,
Yet is thy heart to England's honour knit:
Therefore, in spite of England and thyself,
Bear thou defiance proudly to thy king;
Tell him, Albania finds heart and hope
To shake off England's tyranny betime,
To rescue Scotland's honour with her[1] sword.—
Lord Bruce, see cast about [Lord] Versses' neck
A strangling halter, that he mind his haste.—
How say'st thou, Versses, wilt thou do this message?

Versses. Although no common post, yet, for my king,
I will to England, maugre England's might,
And do mine errand boldly, as becomes;
Albeit I honour English Edward's name,
And hold this slavish contemnent[2] to scorn.

Baliol. Then hie away, as swift as swallow flies,
And meet me on our roads[3] on England's ground.
'Way[4] then! think of thy message and thy haste.

[*Sound trumpets.* *Exeunt.*[5]

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "his."—Collier has "the."
[2] Dyce suggests "'coutrement."
[3] Inroads. [4] Old eds. "We there."—Dyce "Whither!
[5] Old eds. "*Exit Baliol.*"

[SCENE X.]

Enter KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS, EDMUND Duke of Lancaster, GLOCESTER, SUSSEX, DAVID, CRESSINGHAM,[1] *booted from Northam.*

Longsh. Now have I leisure, lords, to bid you welcome into Wales:
Welcome, sweet Edmund, to christen thy young nephew;—
And welcome, Cressingham; give me thy hand.—
But, Sussex, what became of Mortimer?
We have not seen the man this many a[2] day.
Sussex. Before your highness rid from hence to Northam,
Sir Roger was a suitor to your grace
Touching fair Elinor, Lluellen's love;
And so belike, denied, with discontent
'A discontinues from your royal presence.
Longsh. Why, Sussex, said we not for Elinor,
So she would leave whom she had lov'd too long,
She might have favour with my queen and me?
But, man, her mind above her fortune mounts,
And that's a cause she fails in her accounts.—
[*Exit* SUSSEX.]
But go with me, my Lord of Lancaster;

---

[1] So Collier.—Old eds. "*Crespall.*" ("Booted" = in their riding-boots.
[2] Omitted in ed. 1599.

We will go see my beauteous lovely queen,
That hath enrich'd me with a goodly boy.

KING EDWARD, EDMUND, *and* GLOCESTER *goes into the* QUEEN'S *chamber; the* QUEEN'S *tent opens; she is discovered in her bed, attended by* MARY Duchess of Lancaster,[1] JOAN OF ACON *her daughter; and the* QUEEN *dandles his young son.*

Ladies,[2] by your leave.—
How doth my Nell, mine own, my love, my life,
My heart, my dear, my dove, my queen, my wife?
Q. Elinor. Ned, art thou come, sweet Ned? welcome, my joy!
Thy Nell presents thee with a lovely boy:
Kiss him, and christen him after thine own name.
Heigh-ho![3]
Whom do I see? my Lord of Lancaster!
Welcome heartily.
Lancaster. I thank your grace: sweet Nell, well met withal.
Q. Elinor. Brother[4] Edmund, here's a kinsman of yours:
You must needs be acquainted.

[1] "Edmund (Lancaster) was twice married: (1) *Aveline*, daughter of Earl of Albermarle; (2) *Blanche*, daughter of Earl of Artois. I suspect that 'Mary Duchess of Lancaster' is a corruption of *Mary Mayoress of London;* she is the nurse, and her name is *Mary* (see sc. xvi.). Edward of Caernarvon (Edward II.), born 15th April 1284."—*P. A. Daniel.*

[2] "Ladies . . . my wife"—prose in old eds.

[3] "Heigh-ho! . . . heartily"—prose in old eds.

[4] "Brother . . . acquainted"—prose in old eds.

Lancaster. A goodly[1] boy; God bless him!—Give me your hand, sir:
You are welcome into Wales.

Q. Elinor. Brother, there's a fist, I warrant you, will hold a mace as fast as ever did father or grandfather before him.

Longsh. But tell me[2] now, lappèd in lily bands,
How with my[3] queen, my lovely boy it stands,
After thy journey and these childbed pains?

Q. Elinor. Sick, mine own Ned, Nell[4] for thy company;
That lured her with thy lies all so far,
To follow thee unwieldy in thy war.
But I forgive thee, Ned, my life's[5] delight,
So thy young son thou see be bravely dight,
And in Carnarvon christen'd royally.
Sweet love, let him be lapp'd most curiously:
He is thine own, as true as he is mine;[6]
Take order, then, that he be passing fine.

Longsh. My lovely lady, let that care be least:[7]
For my young son the country will I feast,
And have him borne as bravely to the font[8]
As ever yet king's son to christening went.

---

[1] "A goodly . . . Wales"—prose in old eds.
[2] Ed. 1593 "in."
[3] Ed. 1599 "the."
[4] Old eds. "thy Nell."
[5] So Dyce.—Old eds. "lims."
[6] So Collier.—Old eds. "thine."
[7] Old eds. "lesse." (A rhyme to "feast" is required.)
[8] So Collier.—Old eds. "funt."

Lack thou no precious thing to comfort thee,
Dearer[1] than England's diadem unto me.
Q. Elinor. Thanks, gentle lord.—Nurse, rock the cradle: fie,
The king so near, and hear the boy to cry!—
Joan, take him up, and sing a lullaby.
Longsh. 'Tis well, believe me, wench: Godamercy, Joan!
Lancaster. She learns, my lord, to lull a young one of her own.
Q. Elinor. Give me some drink.
Longsh. Drink nectar, my sweet Nell;
Worthy for seat in heaven with Jove to dwell.
Q. Elinor. Gramercies, Ned. Now, well remember'd yet;
I have a suit, sweet lord; but you must not deny it.—
Where's[2] my Lord of Glocester, good Clare,[3] mine host, my guide?—
Good Ned, let Joan of Acon be his bride:
Assure yourself that they are throughly wooed.
Glocester.[4] [*aside*]. God send the king be taken in the mood!
Lancaster.[5] Then, niece, 'tis like that you shall have a husband.

---

[1] So Collier.—Ed. 1593 "De reare"; ed. 1599 "Deare are."
[2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "Whereas."
[3] So Collier.—Ed. 1593 "Clace"; ed. 1599 "Gloster."
[4] So Collier.—Old eds. give the line to Longshanks.
[5] So P. A. Daniel.—Old eds. give this line as well as lines 68–71 to Longshanks.

Longsh. Come hither, Glocester: hold, give her thy hand;
Take her, sole daughter to the Queen of England.—
[LONGSH. *gives her to* GLOCESTER.
For news he brought me,[1] Nell, of my young son,
I promised him as much as I have done.
Glocester and Joan [*hand in hand*]. We humbly thank your majesty.
Lancaster. Much joy may them betide.
A gallant bridegroom and a princely bride!
Longsh. Now say, sweet queen, what doth my lady crave?
Tell me what name shall this young Welshman have,
Born Prince of Wales by Cambria's full consent?
Q. Elinor. Edward the name that doth me well content.
Lonsgh. Then Edward of Carnarvon shall he be,
And Prince of Wales, christened in royalty.
Lancaster. My lord, I think the queen would take a nap.
Joan. Nurse, take the child, and hold it[2] in your lap.
Longsh. Farewell, good Joan; be careful of my queen.—
Sleep, Nell, the fairest swan mine eyes have seen.
[*They close the tent.*
Lancaster. I had forgot to ask your majesty
How do you with the abbeys[3] here in Wales?

---

[1] Old eds. omit "me" (which was suggested by Dyce).
[2] Omitted in ed. 1593.
[3] There seems to be some corruption here.

Longsh. As kings with rebels, Mun; our right prevails.
We have good Robin Hood and Little John,
The Friar and the good Maid Marian:
Why, our Lluellen is a mighty man.
Glocester. Trust me, my lord, methinks 'twere very good
That some good fellows went and scoured the wood,
And take in hand to cudgel Robin Hood.
I think the Friar, for all his lusty looks,
Nor Robin's rabble[1] with their glaives and hooks,
But would be quickly driven to the nooks.
Sir David. I can assure your highness what I know:
The false Lluellen will not run nor go,
Or give an inch of ground, come man for man;
Nor that proud rebel callèd Little John,
To him that wields the massiest sword of England.
Glocester. Welshman, how wilt thou that we understand?
But for Lluellen, David, I deny;
England hath men will make Lluellen fly,
Maugre his beard, and hide him in a hole,
Weary of England's dints and manly dole.[2]
Lancaster. Glocester, grow not so hot in England's right,
That paints his honour out in every fight.

[1] "Both 4tos '*Nor* Robin rule *with their* gleames *and hookes.*' (A little farther on, mention is made of 'Robin Hood and his rabble.')" —*Dyce.* (The correction "glaives" was made by Collier.)
[2] "*I.e.* blows dealt out."—*Dyce.*

Longsh. By Gis,[1] fair lords, ere many days be past,
England shall give this Robin Hood[2] his breakfast.—
David, be secret, friend, to that I say,
And if I use thy skill, thou know'st the way
Where this proud Robin and his yeomen roam.

Sir David. I do, my lord, and blindfold thither can I run.

Longsh. David, enough: as I am a gentleman,
I'll have one merry flirt with Little John,
And Robin Hood, and his Maid Marian.
Be thou my counsel and my company,
And thou mayst England's resolution see.

Enter SUSSEX *before the* Four Barons of Wales.

Sussex. May it please your majesty, here are four good squires of the cantreds[3] where they do dwell, come in the name of the whole country to gratulate unto your highness all your good fortunes, and by me offer their most humble service to your young son, their prince, whom they most heartily beseech God to bless with long life and honour.

Longsh. Well said, Sussex! I pray, bid them come

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[1] Jesus.

[2] "Strike out *Hood*. This restores metre and sense. It is an ironically jocular allusion to feeding the bird so called."—*Dr. Nicholson.*

[3] "'*Cantred* is as much in Wales as *hundred* in England, for *cantre* in Welsh is *centum*.' *Minsheu.*"—*Dyce.*

near. [*Exit* SUSSEX.[1]] Sir David, trust me, this is kindly done of your countrymen.

Sir David [*aside*]. Villains, traitors to the ancient glory and renown of Cambria! Morris Vaughan, art thou there? And thou, proud Lord of Anglesey?

Enter SUSSEX *with the* Four Barons of Wales, *with the mantle of frieze. They kneel down.*

Mantle Barons. The poor country of Cambria, by us unworthy messengers, gratulates to your majesty the birth of your young son, Prince of Wales, and in this poor present express[2] their most zealous duty and affection, which with all humbleness we present to your highness' sweet and sacred hands.

Longsh. Gramercies, barons, for your gifts and goodwills: by this means my boy shall wear a mantle of country's[3] weaving to keep him warm, and live for England's honour and Cambria's good. I shall not need, I trust, courteously to invite you; I doubt not, lords, but you will be all in readiness to wait on your young prince, and do him honour at his christening.

Sussex. The whole country of Cambria round about, all well-horsed and attended on, both men and women in their best array, are come down to do service of love and honour to our late-born prince, your majesty's son

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[1] There is no stage direction in old eds.
[2] So Collier.—Old eds. "prest exprest."
[3] Qy. "Cambria's"? ("Qy. 'of's country's'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*)

and honey:[1] the men and women of S[n]owdon especially have sent in great abundance of cattle and corn, enough by computation for your highness' household a whole month and more. 153

Longsh. We thank them all; and will present our queen with these courtesies and presents bestowed on her young son, and greatly account you for our friends.

[*Exite* Four Barons.[2]

The QUEEN'S *tent opens; the* KING, *his brother*, [*and*] *the* EARL OF GLOCESTER *enter.*

Q. Elinor. Who talketh there?

Lonsgh. A friend, madam.

Joan. Madam, it is the king.

Elinor. Welcome, my lord. Heigh-ho, what have we there? 161

Longsh. Madam, the country, in all kindness and duty, recommend their service and good-will to your son; and, in token of their pure good-will, presents him by us with a mantle of frieze, richly lined to keep him warm.

Elinor. A mantle of frieze! fie, fie! for God's sake let me hear no more of it, and if you love me. Fie,[3] my lord!

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[1] "Qy. read *and heir*, or transpose *and honey* to next line, after *cattle and corn*?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[2] "Perhaps here might be inserted lines 36, 37, sc. xiii., which Dyce relegates to the margin:—'Sir David, you may command all ample welcome in our court for your countrymen.'"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[3] Ed. 1599 "hee."

is this the wisdom and kindness of the country? Now I commend me to them all, and if Wales have no more wit or manners than to clothe a king's son in frieze, I have a mantle in store for my boy that shall, I trow, make him shine like the sun, and perfume the streets where he comes.

Longsh. In good time, madam; he is your own; lap him as you list: but I promise thee, Nell, I would not for ten thousand pounds the country should take unkindness at thy words.

Elinor. 'Tis no marvel, sure; you have been royally received at their hands.

No,[1] Ned, but that thy Nell doth want her[2] will,
Her boy should glister like the summer's[3] sun,
In robes as rich as Jove when he triúmphs.
His pap should be of precious nectar made,
His food ambrosia—no earthly woman's milk;
Sweet fires of cinnamon to open him by;
The Graces on his cradle should attend;
Venus should make his bed and wait on him,
And Phœbus' daughter sing him still asleep.
Thus would I have my boy used as divine,
Because he is King Edward's son and mine:
And do you mean to make him up in frieze?
For God's sake lay it up charily and perfume it against winter; it will make him a goodly warm Christmas coat.

Longsh. Ah, Mun, my brother, dearer than my life,

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[1] "No, Ned . . . like the"—prose in old eds.
[2] Ed. 1599 "of her."
[3] "Summer's sun . . . triumphs"—one line in old eds.

How this proud humour[1] slays my heart with grief!—
Sweet queen, how much I pity the effects!
This Spanish pride 'grees not with England's prince:
Mild is the mind where honour builds his bower,
And yet is earthly honour but a flower.
Fast to those looks are all my fancies tied,
Pleas'd with thy sweetness, angry with thy pride.

Q. Elinor. Fie, fie! methinks I am not where I should be;
Or at the least I am not where I would be.

Longsh. What wants my queen to perfect her content?
But ask and have, the king will not repent.

Q. Elinor. Thanks, gentle Edward.—Lords, have at you, then!
Have at you all, long-bearded Englishmen!
Have at you, lords and ladies! when I crave
To give your English pride a Spanish brave.

Longsh. What means my queen?

Glocester[2] [*aside*]. This is a Spanish fit.

Q. Elinor. Ned, thou hast granted, and canst not revoke it.

Longsh. Sweet queen, say on: my word shall be my deed.

Q. Elinor. Then shall thy word[3] make many a bosom bleed.

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[1] So Dyce.—Old. eds. "honor."

[2] So Dyce.—In old eds. this prefix is printed as part of the text, and the "aside" is not marked.

[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "my wordes."

Read, Ned, thy queen's request lapt up in rhyme,
And say thy Nell had skill to choose her time.

Longsh. [*reads*].[1] *The pride of Englishmen's long hair*
Is more than England's Queen can bear:
Women's right breast, cut them off all;
And let the great tree perish with the small.

What means my lovely Elinor by this?

Q. Elinor. Not [to] be denied, for my request it is.
[*The rhyme is that men's beards and women's breasts be cut off, &c.*

Lancaster. Glocester, an old said saying,—He that grants all is ask'd,
Is much harder than Hercules task'd.[2]

Glocester [*aside*].[3] Were the king so mad as the queen is wood,[4]
Here were an end of England's good.

Longsh. My word is pass'd,—I am well agreed;
Let men's beards milt[5] and women's bosoms bleed.—
Call forth my barbers! Lords, we'll first begin.

Enter two Barbers.

Come, sirrah, cut me close unto the chin,
And round me even, see'st thou, by a dish;
Leave not a lock: my queen shall have her wish.

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[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "*Read the paper, Rice.*"
[2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "taske."
[3] The "aside" is not marked in old eds.
[4] Mad.
[5] Collier suggested "moult."

Q. Elinor. What, Ned, those locks that ever pleased thy Nell,
W[h]ere her desire, where her delight doth dwell!
Wilt thou deface that silver labyrinth,
More orient than purpled [1] hyacinth?
Sweet Ned, thy sacred person ought not droop,
Though my command make other gallants stoop.
Longsh. Madam, pardon me and pardon all;
No justice but the great runs with the small.—
Tell me, good Glocester, art thou not afeard?
Glocester. No, my lord, but resolv'd to lose my beard.
Longsh. Now, madam, if you purpose to proceed
To make so many guiltless ladies bleed,
Here must the law begin, sweet Elinor, at thy breast,
And stretch itself with violence to the rest.
Else princes ought no other do,
Fair lady, than they would be done unto.
Q. Elinor. What logic call you this? Doth Edward mock his love?
Longsh. No, Nell; he doth as best in honour doth behove.
And prays thee, gentle queen,—and let my prayers [2] move,—
Leave these ungentle thoughts, put on a milder mind;
Sweet looks, not lofty, civil mood become a woman's kind: [3]

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[1] So Collier.—Old eds. "pimpilde."
[2] Ed. 1593 "praies."
[3] Nature.

And live, as, being dead and buried in the ground,
Thou mayst for affability and honour be renown'd.
Q. Elinor. Nay, and you preach, I pray, my lord, be gone:
The child will cry and trouble you anon.
[*The*[1] Nurse *closeth the tent.*
Mayoress [*aside*]. *Quo*[2] *semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem*
Testa diu.
Proud,[3] infect in the cradle with disdain.
Bred up in court of pride, brought up in Spain,
Dost thou command him coyly from thy sight,
That is thy[4] star, the glory of thy light?[5]
Longsh. O, could I with the riches of my crown
Buy better thoughts for my renownèd Nell,
Thy mind, sweet queen, should be as beautiful
As is thy face, as is thy features all,
Fraught with pure honour's treasure,[6] and enrich'd
With virtues and glory incomparable.—
Ladies about her majesty, see that the queen your

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[1] Dyce removes this stage-direction to the end of the scene. At Mr. P. A. Daniel's suggestion I have followed the old copies, for "from this point it seems obvious that no portion of the dialogue is spoken in the Queen's presence."

[2] This quotation from Horace (*Epist. I.* II, 69) is without any prefix in old eds. Collier supposes that it was intended as a side-note. Dyce gives it to the Mayoress.

[3] Old eds. "Proud *incest* in the cradle *of*." It is tolerably clear that these lines are spoken aside.

[4] Old eds. "the." [5] Ed. 1593 "sight."

[6] Ed. 1593 "pure honor, treasure"; ed. 1599 "true honor, treasure."

mistress[1] know not so much; but at any hand our pleasure is that our young son be in this mantle borne to his christening, for special reasons are thereto moving; from the church, as best it please your women's wits to devise. [*Exeunt*[2] Mayoress *and* Ladies *into the tent.*] You,[3] sweet Joan, see this faithfully performed; and, hear you, daughter, look you be not last up when this day comes, lest Glocester find another bride in your stead.—David, go with me. [*Exit with* SIR DAVID.]

Glocester. She riseth early, Joan, that beguileth thee of a Glocester. 281

Lancaster. Believe him not, sweet niece: we men can speak smooth for advantage.

Joan. Women,[4] do you mean, my good uncle? Well, be the accent where it will, women are women.—I will believe you for as great a matter as this comes to, my lord.

Glocester. Gramercies, sweet lady, *et habebis fidei mercedem contrà.* [*Exeunt.*

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[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "mother."

[2] Stage-direction added by P. A. Daniel.

[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "Yet."

[4] Old writers are fond of playing on the words, *we men* and *women*. Cf. Robert Jones' *First Book of Airs*, 1601—

> "*Women*, what are they? virtue's stumbling blocks,
> Whereat weak fools do fall, the wiser spurn.
> *We men*, what are we? fools and idle boys
> To spend our time in sporting in such toys."

[SCENE XI.]

Enter [JACK] *the* Novice *and his company, to give the* QUEEN *music at her tent.*

Jack. Come, fellows, cast yourselves even round in a string—a ring I would say: come, merrily on my word, for the queen is most liberal, and if you will please her well, she will pay you royally: so, lawful to brave well thy British lustily to solace our good queen: God save her grace, and give our young prince a carpell in their kind![1] Come on, come on, set your crowds,[2] and beat your heads together, and behave you handsomely.

[*Here they sing* [*and then exeunt*].

[SCENE XII.]

Enter the Friar DAVID *alone.*

Friar. I have a budget in my nose this gay morning, and now will I try how clerkly the friar can behave himself. 'Tis a common fashion to get gold with "Stand: deliver your purses!" Friar Davies will once in his days get money by wit. There is a rich farmer should pass this ways to receive a round sum of money: if he come to me, the money is mine, and the law shall take no vantage; I will cut off the law as the hangman would cut a man down when he hath shaken his heels

[1] "'*Lawful to brave well . . . a carpell in their kind.*' Of this I can make nothing satisfactory."—*Dyce.* For "brave" I would read "brawl." [2] Fiddles.

half-an-hour under the gallows. Well, I must take some pains for this gold; and have at it!

[*The* Friar *spreads the lappet of his gown, and falls to dice.*

Enter a Farmer.

Farmer. 'Tis an old said saying, I remember I read it in Cato's[1] *Pueriles*, that *Cantabit*[2] *vacuus coram latrone viator;* a man 's purse-penniless[3] may sing before a thief: true, as I have not one penny, which makes me so pertly pass through these thickets. But indeed I am to[4] receive a hundred marks; and all the care is how I shall pass again. Well, I am[5] resolved either to ride twenty miles about, or else to be so well accompanied that I will not care for these rufflers.

Friar. Did ever man play with such uncircumcised hands? size-ace to eleven and lose the chance!

Farmer. God speed, good fellow! why chafest thou so fast? there's nobody will win thy money from thee.

Friar. Zounds, you offer me injury, sir, to speak in my cast.

Farmer [*aside*]. The friar undoubtedly is lunatic.—I pray thee, good fellow, leave chafing, and get some warm drink to comfort thy brains.

[1] Dionysius Cato's *Disticha Moralia* was a famous old school-book; and there was another school-book *Pueriles Confabiatiunculæ*. But Cato's *Disticha* was also known as *Sententiæ Pueriles*.

[2] Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 22.

[3] Old eds. "purse pennilesse" (without hyphen). The meaning is, "A man who is without a penny in his purse may sing," &c.

[4] So Dyce.—Old eds. omit "am to."

[5] So Collier.—Old eds. omit "am."

Friar. Alas, sir, I am not lunatic: 'tis not so well, for I have lost my money, which is far worse. I have lost five gold nobles to Saint Francis; and if I knew where to meet with his receiver, I would pay him presently.

Farmer. Wouldst thou speak with Saint Francis' receiver?

Friar. O Lord, ay, sir, full gladly.

Farmer. Why, man, I am Saint Francis' receiver, if you would have anything with him.

Friar. Are you Saint Francis' receiver? Jesus, Jesus! are you Saint Francis' receiver? and how does all?

Farmer. I am his receiver, and am now going to him: 'a bids Saint Thomas a' Waterings to breakfast this morning to a calf's-head and bacon.

Friar. Good Lord, sir, I beseech you carry[1] him these five nobles, and tell him I deal honestly with him as if he were here present. [*Gives money.*]

Farmer. I will of my word and honesty, friar; and so farewell.

Friar. Farewell, Saint Francis' receiver, even heartily. [*Exit*[2] Farmer.] Well, now the friar is out of cash five nobles, God knows how he shall come into cash again: but I must to it again. There's nine for your holiness and six for me.

Enter LLUELLEN, RICE AP MEREDITH *and* [MORTIMER, *disguised as a*] *Potter with their* Prisoners.

Lluellen. Come on, my hearts: bring forth your

[1] Ed. 1599 "*you* to *carrie.*"

[2] There is no stage-direction in old eds.

prisoners, and let us see what store of fish is there in their purse-nets.—Friar, why chafest thou, man? here's nobody will offer thee any foul play, I warrant thee.

Friar. O, good master, give me leave: my hand is in a little; I trust I shall recover my losses.

Lluellen. The friar is mad; but let him alone with his device.—And now to you, my masters, Pedler, Priest, and Piper: throw down your budgets in the meanwhile, and when the friar is at leisure he shall tell you what you shall trust to. 64

Pedler. Alas, Sir, I have but three pence in the corner of my shoe.

Rice ap Mer. Never a shoulder of mutton, Piper, in your tabor?—But soft! here comes company.

Enter LONGSHANKS, DAVID, Farmer.

Farmer. Alas, gentlemen, if you love yourselves, do not venter through this mountain: here's such a coil with Robin Hood and his rabble, that every cross[1] in my purse trembles for fear. 72

Longsh. Honest man, as I said to thee before, conduct us through this wood, and if thou beest robbed or have any violence offered thee, as I am a gentleman, I will repay it thee again.

Sir David. How much money hast thou about thee?

Farmer. Faith, sir, a hundred marks; I received it even now at Brecknock. But, out alas, we are undone! yonder is Robin Hood and all the strong thieves in the

[1] Piece of money marked with a cross.

mountain. I have no hope left but your honour's assurance.

Longsh. Fear not; I will be my word's master.

Friar. Good [1] master, and if you love the friar,
Give [2] aim a while, I you desire,
And as you like of my device,
So love him that holds the dice.

Farmer. What, friar, art thou still labouring so hard? Will you have anything more to Saint Francis?

Friar. Good Lord, are you here, sweet Saint Francis' receiver? How doth his holiness, and all his good family?

Farmer. In good health, faith, friar: hast thou any nobles for him?

Friar. You know the dice are not partial: and Saint Francis were ten saints, they will favour him no more than they would favour the devil, if he play at dice. In very truth, my friend, they have favoured the friar, and I have won a hundred marks of Saint Francis. Come, sir; I pray, sirrah, draw it over: I know, sirrah, he is a good man, and never deceives none.

Farmer. Draw it over! what meanest thou by that?

Friar. Why, *in numeratis pecuniis legem pone;* [3] pay me my winnings.

Farmer. What ass is this! should I pay thee thy winnings?

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[1] This speech is printed as prose in old eds.

[2] *Give aim*—stand near the target and mark where the arrows fall.

[3] "*Legem pone*" was a cant term for ready money. See Halliwell's *Dictionary of Arch. and Prov. Words.*

Friar. Why, art not thou, sirrah, Saint Francis' receiver?

Farmer. Indeed, I do receive for Saint Francis.

Friar. Then I'll make you pay for Saint Francis, that's flat.

Farmer. Help, help! I am robbed, I am robbed!

[*Bustling on both sides.*

Longsh. Villain, you wrong the man: hands off!

Friar. Masters, I beseech you leave this brawling, and give me leave to speak. So it is, I went to dice with Saint Francis, and lost five nobles: by good fortune his cashier came by, and[1] received it of me in ready cash. I, being very desirous to try my fortune further, played still; and as the dice, not being bound prentice to him or any man, favoured me, I drew a hand and won a hundred marks. Now I refer it to your judgments, whether the friar is to seek his winnings.

Longsh. Marry, friar, the farmer must and shall pay thee honestly ere he pass.

Farmer. Shall I, sir? Why, will you be content to pay half as you promised me?

Longsh. Ay, farmer, if you had been robbed of it; but if you be a gamester, I'll take no charge of you, I.

Farmer. Alas, I am undone! [*Gives*[2] *money and exit.*]

Lluellen. So, Sir Friar, now you have gathered up your winnings, I pray you stand up and give the passengers[3] their charge, that Robin Hood may receive his toll.

[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. omit "and."

[2] Stage-direction added by Dyce.

[3] So Dyce (from a suggestion of Collier).—Old eds. "messengers."

Friar. And shall, my lord. Our thrice-renowmed Lluellen, Prince of Wales and Robin Hood of the great mountain, doth will and command all passengers, at the sight of Richard,[1] servant unto me Friar David ap Tuck, to lay down their weapons, and quietly to yield, for custom towards the maintenance of his highness' wars, the half of all such gold, silver, money, and money-worth, as the said passenger[2] hath then about him; but if he conceal any part or parcel of the same, then shall he forfeit all that he possesseth at that present. And this sentence is irrevocable, confirmed by our lord Lluellen Prince of Wales and Robin Hood of the great mountain.[3]

Lluellen. So vail[4] your budgets to Robin of the mountain.—But what art thou that disdainest to pay this custom, as if thou scornest the greatness of the Prince of Wales? 147

Longsh. Faith, Robin, thou seemest to be a good fellow: there's my bag; half is mine, and half is thine. But let's to it, if thou darest, man for man, to try who shall have the whole.

Lluellen. Why, thou speakest as thou shouldst speak. —My masters, on pain of my displeasure, depart the place, and leave us two to ourselves. I must lop his longshanks, 'fore I'll ear[5] to a pair of longshanks.

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[1] The friar's staff. See note 3, p. 104.
[2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "messenger."
[3] So Collier.—Old eds. "mountaines."
[4] Lower.
[5] This word cannot be right. Dr. Nicholson proposes "lower." (Old eds. "for ile eare.")

Longsh. They are fair marks, sir, and I must defend as I may.—Davy, be gone.—Hold here, my hearts: long-legs gives you this amongst you to spend blows one with another.

[*Exeunt* Friar, *and* MEREDITH *with* Prisoners.

Sir David[1] [*aside*]. Now Davy's days are almost come at end. [*Retires*].

Mortimer [*aside*]. But, Mortimer, this sight is strange. Stay thou in some corner to see what will befall in this battle. [*Retires*].

Longsh. Now, Robin of the Wood, alias Robin Hood, be it known to your worship by these presents, that the longshanks which you aim at have brought the King of England into these mountains to visit[2] Lluellen, and to crack a blade with his man that supposeth himself Prince of Wales.

Lluellen. What, Sir King! welcome to Cambria.[3] What, foolish Edward, darest thou endanger thyself to travel these mountains? Art thou so foolish-hardy as to combat with the Prince of Wales?

Longsh. What I dare, thou seest; what I can perform, thou shalt shortly know. I think thee a gentleman, and therefore hold no scorn to fight with thee.

Lluellen. No, Edward; I am as good a man as thyself.

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[1] "Both 4tos (making this a portion of the preceding speech) 'Dauie *now* Dauie *daies*,' &c."—*Dyce* (adopting Collier's conjecture).

[2] Suggested by Dyce.—Old eds. "vse."

[3] So Collier.—Old eds. "Cambrias."

Longsh. That shall I try.

[*They fight, and* DAVID *takes his brother's part, and* MORTIMER *the* KING'S.

Hallo, Edward! how are thy senses confounded!—What, Davy, is it possible thou shouldst be false to England?

Sir David. Edward, I am true to Wales, and so have been friends since my birth, and that shall the King of England know to his cost.

Lluellen. What, potter, did not I charge you to be gone with your fellows?

Mortimer. No traitor, no potter I, but Mortimer, the Earl of March; whose coming to these woods is to deceive thee of thy love, and reserved to save my sovereign's life.

Sir David. Upon them, brother! let them not breathe.

[*The* KING *hath* LLUELLEN *down, and* DAVID *hath* MORTIMER *down.*

Longsh. Villain, thou diest! God and my right have prevailed.

Sir David. Base earl! now doth David triumph in thine overthrow.—Ay is me! Lluellen at the feet of Longshanks!

Longsh. What, Mortimer under the sword of such a traitor!

Mortimer. Brave king, run thy sword up to the hilts into the blood of the rebel.

Longsh. O, Mortimer, thy life is dearer to me than millions of rebels

Sir David. Edward, release[1] my brother, and Mortimer lives.

Longsh. Ay, villain, thou knowest too well how dear I hold my Mortimer. [*To* LLUELLEN.] Rise, man, and assure thee that[2] the hate I bear to thee is love[3] in respect of the deadly hatred I bear to that notorious rebel.

Mortimer. Away! his sight to me is like the sight of a cockatrice.—Villain, I go to revenge me on thy treason, and to make thee pattern to the world of monstrous[4] treason, falsehood, and ingratitude. 214

[*Exeunt*[5] KING EDWARD *and* MORTIMER.

Sir David. Brother, 'a chafes; but hard was your hap to be overmastered by the coward.

Lluellen. No coward, David: his courage is like to the lion, and were it not that rule and sovereignty set us at jar, I could love and honour the man for his valour.

Sir David. But the potter,—O, the villain will never out of my mind whilst I live! and I will lay[6] to be revenged on his villany. 223

Lluellen. Well, David, what will be shall be; therefore casting these matters out of our heads, David, thou art welcome to Cambria. Let us in and be merry after this cold cooling, and to[7] prepare to strengthen ourselves against the last threatenings. [*Exeunt ambo.*

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[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "relieue." [2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "and."
[3] Collier's emendation.—Old eds. "long."
[4] Colliers's emendation. (Cf. scene xix, l. 3. "monstrous treason.") Old eds. "mountains."
[5] Old eds. "*Exit* MORTIMER." [6] Devise, scheme.
[7] Collier omits "to."—Dyce conjectures "so."

[SCENE XIII.]

After the christening and marriage done, the Harrolds *having attended, they pass over; the* Bride *is led by two* Noblemen, EDMUND of Lancaster *and the* EARL OF SUSSEX; *and the* Bishop.

Glocester. Welcome, Joan, Countess of Glocester, to Gilbert de Clare for ever!

Sussex.[1] God give them joy!—Cousin Glocester, let us now go visit the king and queen, and present their majesties with their young son, Edward Prince of Wales.

Then all pass in their order to the KING'S *pavilion; the* KING *sits in his tent, with his* Pages *about him.*

Bishop. We here present[2] your highness most humbly with your young son, Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales. [*Sound trumpets.*

Omnes. God save Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales!

Longsh. [*kisses them both*]. Edward, Prince of Wales, God bless thee with long life and honour!—Welcome, Joan, Countess of Glocester! God bless thee and thine for ever!—Lords, let us visit my queen and wife, whom

[1] So Collier.—Old eds. make this speech a continuation of the preceding.

[2] Old eds. "represent," the two last letters of the previous word having been repeated (a very common mistake).

we will at once present with a son and daughter honoured to her desire.

Sound trumpets: they all march to the chamber; Bishop *speaks to her in her bed.*

Bishop. We humbly present your majesty with your young son, Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales! [*Sound trumpets.*

All. God save Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales.

Elinor [*she kisses him*]. Gramercies, bishop: hold, take that to buy thee a rochet.[1]—[*Gives purse*].[2]—Welcome, Welshman!—Here, nurse, open him and have him to the fire, for God's[3] sake; they have touzed him, and washed him[4] throughly, and that be good.—And welcome, Joan, Countess of Glocester! God bless thee with long life, honour, and heart's-ease!—I am now as good as my word, Glocester; she is thine: make much of her, gentle earl.

Longsh. Now, my sweet Nell, what more commandeth my queen, that nothing may want to perfect her contentment?

Elinor. Nothing, sweet Ned; but pray my king to feast the lords and ladies royally: and thanks a thousand times, good men and women, to you all for this duty and honour done to your prince.

Longsh. Master bridegroom, by old custom this is

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[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "rochell."
[2] Not marked in old eds.
[3] Ed. 1593 "God."
[4] Ed. 1593 "wash thim."—Ed. 1599 "wash him."

your waiting-day.[1]—Sir David,[2] you may command all ample welcome in our court for your countrymen.—Brother Edmund, revel it now or never for honour of your England's son.—Glocester, now, like a brave bridegroom, marshal this meny,[3] and set these lords and ladies to dancing; so shall you fulfil the old English proverb, "'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all." 43

After the show, and the KING *and* QUEEN, *with all the* Lords *and* Ladies, *in place,* LONGSHANKS *speaketh.*

Longsh. What tidings brings [Lord] Versses to our court?

Enter in VERSSES *with a halter about his neck.*

Versses. Tidings to make thee tremble, English king.

Longsh. Me[4] tremble, boy! must not be news from Scotland
Can once make English Edward stand aghast.

---

[1] "*Waiting-day.* Was it not the custom for the bridegroom on the wedding-day to wait on his bride and guests? Can't refer you to any authority, but I think there's an allusion to it in *A Cure for a Cuckold.* Webster, ed. Dyce, I. ii., p. 291, col. 1, 'This day I am your servant'—'True this day . . . Only this day a groom to do her service.'"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[2] It is evident that "Sir David" is not the person addressed; for in the last scene Longshanks had parted from him in high dudgeon. The king is addressing the leading Welsh representative, whoever he may be. (An unusually bold critic might suggest that the MS. read "S.D.," which was intended for "Salutem dico," addressed to the bridegroom. A less violent emendation would be "By St. David.")

[3] Company.—Old eds. "many."

[4] This line and the next are printed as prose in old eds.

Versses. Baliol hath chosen at this time to stir;
To rouse him lion-like, and cast the yoke
That Scots ingloriously have borne from thee
And all the predecessors of thy line;
And make[s] his roads[1] to re-obtain his right,[2]
And for his homage sends thee this despite.[3]

Lancaster. Why, how now, princox![4] prat'st thou to a king?

Versses. I do my message truly from my king:
This sword and target chide in louder terms.
I bring defiance from King John Baliol
To English Edward and his barons all.

Longsh. Marry, so, methinks, thou defiest me with a witness.

Versses. Baliol, my king, in Barwick makes his court:
His camp he spreads upon the sandy plain,
And dares thee to the battle in his right.

Lancaster. What, court and camp in Englishmen's despite?

Longsh. Hold, messenger: commend me to thy king:
Wear thou my chain, and carry this[5] to him.
Greet all his rout of rebels more or less;
Tell them such shameful end will hit them all:
And wend with this as resolutely back
As thou to England brought'st thy Scottish braves.[6]

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[1] Inroads. (Old eds. "roddes.")
[2] So Collier.—Old eds. "rights."
[3] Old eds. "al [*and* all] this despight."
[4] Saucy fellow.
[5] *I.e.* the halter.
[6] Bravadoes.

Tell, then, disdainfully[1] Baliol from us,
We'll rouse him from his hold, and make him soon
Dislodge his camp and take[2] his wallèd town.
Say what I bid thee, Versses, to his teeth,
And earn this favour and a better thing.

Versses. Yes, King of England, whom my heart beloves:
Think, as I promised him to brave thee here,
So shall I bid John Baliol base[3] from thee.

Longsh. So shalt thou earn my chain and favour, Versses,
And carry him this token that 'a sends.[4]

[*Exit* VERSSES.]

Why, now is England's harvest ripe:
Barons, now may you reap the rich renown
That under warlike colours springs in field,
And grows where ensigns wave[5] upon the plains.
False Baliol, Barwick[6] is no hold of proof
To shroud thee from the strength of Edward's arm:
No, Scot; thy treason's fear shall make the breach
For England's pure renown to enter in.[7]

All. Amain, amain, upon these treacherous Scots!
Amain, say all, upon these treacherous Scots!

Longsh. While we with Edmund, Glocester, and the rest,

---

[1] "Qy. 'disdainful'?"—*P. A. Daniel.* [2] *I.e.* betake him to.
[3] *Bid base*—challenge to an encounter. A term in the game of Prisoner's Base.
[4] Old eds. "that thou sendst."
[5] So Collier.—Old eds. "wan." [6] Ed. 1593 "Warwicke."
[7] So Collier.—Old eds. "one" and "on."

With speedy journeys gather up our forces,
And beat these braving Scots from England's bounds,
Mortimer, thou shalt take the rout in task
That revel here and spoil fair Cambria.
My queen, when she is strong and well a-foot,
Shall post to London and repose[1] her there.
Then God shall send us haply all to meet,
And joy the honours of our victories.
Take vantage of our foes and see the time,
Keep still our hold, our fight yet on the plain.
Baliol, I come,—proud Baliol and ingrate,—
Prepared[2] to chase thy men from England's gate.
[*Exit* EDWARD KING [*with his train*].

[SCENE XIV.]

Enter BALIOL *with his train.*

Baliol. Princes of Scotland and my loving friends,
Whose necks are overwearied with the yoke
And servile bondage of these Englishmen,
Lift up your horns, and with your brazen hoofs
Spurn[3] at the honour of your enemies.
'Tis not ambitious thoughts of private rule
Have forced your king to take on him these arms;

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[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "repaste."
[2] So Dyce, following a conjecture of Collier.—Old eds. "Perswaded."
[3] So Collier.—Old eds. "Spurre."

'Tis country's cause; it is the common[1] good
Of[2] us and of our brave posterity.
To arms, to arms!
Versses by this hath told the king our minds,
And he hath braved proud England to the proof:
We will remunerate his resolution
With gold, with glory, and with kingly gifts.
First Lord. By sweet Saint Jerome, Versses will not spare
To tell his message to the English king,
And beard the jolly Longshanks to his face,
Were he the greatest monarch in the world.
And here he comes: his halter makes him haste.

Enter VERSSES.

Versses. Long live my lord, the rightful king of Scots!
Baliol. Welcome, Versses! what news from England?
Like to the messenger[3] of Scotland's king?
Versses. Versses, my lord, in terms like to himself,
Like to the messenger of Scottish king,
Defied the peers of England and their swords,[4]
That all his barons trembles at my threats,
And Longshanks' self,[5] as daunted and amazed,
Gazed on my face, not witting what to say;
Till rousing up he shaked his threatening hair:

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[1] So Collier.—Old eds. "commons."
[2] "Of us . . . to arms!"—one line in old eds.
[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "measure."
[4] Old eds. "lords." [5] So Dyce.—Old eds. "himselfe."

"Versses," quoth he, "take thou King Edward's chain,
Upon condition thou a message do
To Baliol, false perjured Baliol;"
For in these terms he bade me greet your grace,
And give[1] this halter to your excellence.[2]
I took the chain, and give[3] your grace the rope.

Baliol. You took the chain, and give my grace the rope!—
Lay hold on him.—Why, miscreate recreant,
And darest thou bring a halter to thy king?
But I will quite thy pain, and in that chain,
Upon a silver gallows shalt thou hang,
That honour'd with a golden rope of England,
And a silver gibbet of Scotland, thou mayst[4]
Hang in the air for fowls to feed upon,
And men to wonder at.—Away with him!
Away![5] [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XV.]

After the sight of JOHN BALIOL *is done, enter* MORTIMER *pursuing of the rebels.*

Mortimer. Strike up that drum! follow, pursue, and chase!

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[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "gaue."
[2] So Collier.—Old eds. "excellcenes."
[3] So Collier.—Old eds. "gaue."
[4] In old eds. the last two words of this line are printed at the beginning of the next. The text is again corrupt.
[5] Printed at the end of the previous line in old eds.

Follow, pursue! spare not the proudest he
That havocks England's sacred royalty!

[*Exit* MORTIMER.

Then make the proclamation upon the walls. Sound trumpets.

[SCENE XVI.]

Enter QUEEN ELINOR.

Q. Elinor. Now[1] fits the time to purge our melancholy,
And be revenged upon this London dame.—
Katherina!

Enter KATHERINA.

Katherina. At hand, madam.
Q. Elinor. Bring forth our London Mayoress here.
Katherina. I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Q. Elinor. Now,[2] Nell,
Bethink thee of some tortures for the dame,
And purge thy choler to the uttermost.

Enter Mayoress *and* KATHERINA.

Now, Mistress Mayoress, you have attendance urged,
And therefore to requite your courtesy,
Our mind is to bestow an office on you straight.

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[1] This speech is printed as prose in old eds.
[2] "Now . . . dame"—one line in old eds.

Mayoress. Myself, my life, and service, mighty queen,
Are humbly at your majesty's command.

Q. Elinor. Then,[1] Mistress Mayoress, say whether will you be
Our nurse or laundress?

Mayoress. Then[1] may it please your majesty
To entertain your handmaid for your nurse,
She will attend the cradle carefully.

Q. Elinor. O, no, nurse; the babe needs no great rocking; it can lull itself.—Katherina, bind her in the chair, and let me see how she'll become a nurse. [*The* Mayoress[2] *is bound to the chair.*] So: now, Katherina, draw forth her breast, and let the serpent suck his fill. [*The*[2] *serpent is applied to her breast.*] Why, so; now she is a nurse.—Suck on, sweet babe.

Mayoress. Ah, queen, sweet queen, seek not my blood to spill,
For I shall die before this adder have his fill!

Q. Elinor. Die or die not, my mind is fully pleased.—
Come, Katherina: to London now will we,
And leave our Mayoress with her nursery.

Katherina. Farewell, sweet Mayoress, look unto the babe. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* KATH.

Mayoress. Farewell, proud queen, the author of my death,
The scourge of England and to English dames!—
Ah, husband, sweet John Bearmber, Mayor of London,

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[1] This speech is printed as prose in old eds.
[2] This stage-direction is not in old eds.

Ah, didst thou know how Mary is perplex'd,
Soon wouldst thou come to Wales, and rid me of this pain;
But, O, I die! my wish is all in vain. [*Here she dies.*

[SCENE XVII.]

Enter LLUELLEN *running out before, and* DAVID *with a halter ready to hang himself.*

Lluellen. The angry heavens frown'd on Britain's face
To eclipse the glory of fair Cambria:
With sour[1] aspects the dreadful planets lower.
Lluellen, basely turn thy back and fly?
No, Welshmen fight it to the last and die;
For if my men safely have got the bride,
Careless of chance I'll reck no sour event.
England's broad womb hath not that armèd band
That can expel Lluellen from his land.

Enter DAVID.

Sir David. Fly, Lord of Cambria! fly, Prince of Wales!
Sweet brother, fly! the field is won and lost: 11
Thou art beset with England's furious troops,
And cursèd Mortimer, like a lion, leads.
Our men have got the bride, but all in vain:
The Englishmen are come upon our backs.

---

[1] I follow Dyce's conjecture.—Old eds. "soror" and "sorar."—Collier has "sore."

Either flee or die, for Edward hath the day.
For me, I have my rescue in my hand:
England on me no torments shall inflict.
Farewell, Lluellen, while[1] we meet in heaven.
[*Exit* DAVID.

Enter Soldiers.

[*First Soldier.*] Follow, pursue!—Lie there, whate'er thou be. [LLUELLEN *is slain with a pike-staff.*
Yet soft, my hearts! let us his countenance see.
This is the prince; I know him by his face:
O gracious fortune, that me happy made
To spoil the weed that chokes fair Cambria!
Hale him from hence, and in this busky[2] wood
Bury his corpse; but for his head, I vowed
I will present our governor with the same.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE XVIII.]

Enter the Friar *with a halter about his neck.*

Friar. Come, my gentle Richard,[3] my true servant,[4] that in some storms have stood thy[5] master; hang thee, I pray thee, lest I hang for thee; and down on thy marrowbones, like a foolish fellow that have gone far astray, and ask forgiveness of God and King Edward for

---

[1] Till. [2] Bushy.
[3] He is addressing his staff. See note 3, p. 104.
[4] So Dyce.—Old eds. "master seruant." (Qy. "thy master's true servant"?) [5] So Dyce.—"Old eds. "my."

playing the rake-hell and the rebel here in Wales. Ah, gentle Richard, many a hot breakfast have we been at together! and now since, like one of Mars his frozen[1] knights, I must hang up my weapon upon this tree, and come *per misericordiam* to the mad potter Mortimer, wring thy hands, friar, and sing a pitiful farewell to thy pike-staff at parting.

[*The* Friar *having sung his farewell to his pike-staff, 'a takes his leave of Cambria, and exit the* Friar.

[SCENE XIX.]

Enter MORTIMER *with his* Soldiers [DAVID *led captive*] *and the* LADY ELINOR.

Mortimer. Bind fast the traitor, and bring him away, that the law may justly pass upon him, and he[2] receive the reward of monstrous treasons and villany, stain to the name and honour of his noble country!—For you that slew Lluellen and presented us with his head, the king shall reward your fortune and chivalry.—Sweet lady, abate[3] not thy looks so heavenly to the earth: God and

---

[1] "Qy. 'chosen,' says the editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* But perhaps Peele alludes to some incident in some romance."—*Dyce.* There may be an allusion to the gladiators' custom of hanging up their weapons, when they retired from their profession, as a votive offering to the patron deity. "Frozen" = numbed with age.

[2] So Collier.—Old eds. omit "he."

[3] Dyce adopts Sidney Walker's reading "abase not thy looks so heavily." There is no need to change "abate," which has the meaning "deject, cast down"; and "heavily" is a doubtful improvement.

the King of England hath honour for thee in store, and Mortimer's heart is at thy[1] service and at thy commandment.

Elinor. Thanks, gentle lord; but, alas, who can blame Elinor to accuse her stars, that in one hour hath lost honour and contentment?

Mortimer. And in one hour may your ladyship recover both, if you vouchsafe to be advised by your friends.—[*Enter the* Friar, *and kneels*].[2]—But what makes the friar here upon his marrowbones?

Friar. O, potter, potter, the friar doth sue,
Now his old master is slain and gone, to have a new!

Elinor [*aside*].[2] Ah, sweet Lluellen, how thy death I rue!

Mortimer. Well said, friar! better once than never. Give me thy hand [*raising him*[2]]: my cunning shall fail me but we will be fellows yet; and now Robin Hood is gone, it shall cost me hot water but thou shalt be King Edward's man: only I enjoin thee this—come not too near the fire;[3] but, good friar, be at my hand.

Friar. O, sir; no, sir, not so, sir; 'a was warned[4] too lately; none of that flesh I love.

Mortimer. Come on: and for those that have made their submission and given their names, in the king's name I pronounce their pardons; and so God save King Edward! [*Exeunt.*[5]

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. omit "is" and "thy."
[2] This stage-direction is not in old eds.
[3] So Collier.—Ed. 1593 "the Frier"; ed. 1599 "her Friar."
[4] Qy. "warmed"?
[5] Old eds. "*Exeunt ambo from Wales.*"

[SCENE XX.]

Here's thunder and lightning when the QUEEN *comes in.*
Enter QUEEN ELINOR *and* JOAN.

Q. Elinor. Why, Joan,[1]
Is this the welcome that the clouds affords?
How dare these disturb our thoughts, knowing
That I am Edward's wife and England's Queen,
Here thus on Charing-Green to threaten me?[2]
Joan. Ah, mother,[1] blaspheme not so!
Your blaspheming and other wicked deeds
Hath caused our God to terrify your thoughts.
And call to mind your sinful fact committed
Against the Mayoress here of lovely London,
And better Mayoress London never bred,
So full of ruth and pity to the poor:
Her have you made away,
That London cries for vengeance on your head.
Q. Elinor. I rid[1] her not; I made her not away:
By heaven I swear, traitors
They are to Edward and to England's Queen
That say I made away the Mayoress.
Joan. Take heed,[1] sweet lady-mother, swear not so:
A field of prize-corn will not stop their mouths
That say[3] you have made away that virtuous woman.

---

[1] This speech is printed as prose in old eds.
[2] I suspect the speech ended with a rhyme,—"to threaten me on Charing-Green."
[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "said."

Q. Elinor. Gape, earth,[1] and swallow me, and let my soul
Sink down to hell, if I were autor[2] of
That woman's tragedy! O, Joan, help, Joan,
Thy mother sinks!

[*The*[3] *earth opens and swallows her up.*

Joan. O, mother,[1] my help is nothing!—O, she is sunk,
And here the earth is new-closed up again!
Ah, Charing-Green, for ever change thy hue,
And never may the grass grow green again,
But wither and return to stones, because
That beauteous Elinor sunk[4] on thee! Well, I
Will send unto the king my father's grace,
And satisfy him of this strange mishap. [*Exit* JOAN.

[SCENE XXI.]

Alarum; a charge: after long skirmish, assault; flourish. Enter KING EDWARD *with his train, and* BALIOL *prisoner.* EDWARD *speaketh.*

Longsh. Now, trothless king, what fruits have braving boasts?
What end hath treason but a sudden fall?
Such as have known thy life and bringing up,

---

[1] This speech is printed as prose in old eds.
[2] Old form of "author."
[3] There is no stage-direction in old eds.
[4] So Collier and Dyce.—Old eds. "sincke.

Have praised thee for thy learning and thy art:
How comes it, then, that thou forgett'st thy books
That school'd thee to forget ingratitude?
Unkind! this hand hath 'nointed thee a king;
This tongue pronounced the sentence of thy ruth:
If thou, in lieu of mine unfeignèd love,
Hast levied arms for to attempt my crown,
Now see thy fruits: thy glories are dispersed;
And heifer-like,[1] sith thou hast pass'd thy bounds,
Thy sturdy neck must stoop to bear this yoke.

Baliol. I took this lesson, Edward, from my book,—
To keep a just equality of mind,
Content with every fortune as it comes:
So canst thou threat no more than I expect.

Longsh. So, sir: your moderation is enforced;
Your goodly glosses cannot make it good.

Baliol. Then will I keep in silence what I mean,
Since Edward thinks my meaning is not good.

Longsh.[2] Nay, Baliol, speak forth, if there yet remain
A little remnant of persuading art.

Baliol. If cunning may[3] have power to win the king,
Let those employ it that can flatter him;
If honour'd deed may reconcile the king,
It lies in me to give and him to take.

Longsh. Why, what remains for Baliol now to give?

Baliol. Allegiance, as becomes a royal king.

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[1] Dyce's correction.—Old eds. "his, for like."
[2] Old eds. "Edmund."
[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. omit "may."

Longsh. What league of faith where league is broken once?

Baliol. The greater hope in them that once have fall'n.

Longsh. But foolish are those monarchs that do yield
A conquered realm upon submissive vows.

Baliol. There, take my crown, and so redeem my life.

Longsh. Ay, sir; that was the choicest plea of both;
For whoso quells the pomp of haughty minds,
And breaks their staff whereon they build their trust,
Is sure in wanting power they cannot[1] harm.
Baliol shall live; but yet within such bounds
That, if his wings grow flig,[2] they may be clipt.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XXII.]

Enter[3] *the* Potter's Wife *and* JOHN *her man, near the* Potter's *dwelling, called the* Potter's Hive.

Potter's Wife. John, come away: you go as though you slept. A great knave and be afraid of a little thundering and lightening!

John. Call you this a little thundering? I am sure my breeches find it a great deal, for I am sure they are stuft with thunder.

Potter's Wife. They are stuft with a fool, are they not? Will it please you to carry the lantern a little

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[1] Collier's correction.—Old eds. "carrie not."

[2] Fledged.

[3] Old eds. "Enter the Potter and the Potters wife, called the Potters hiue dwelling there, and John her man."

handsomer, and not to carry it with your hands in your slops?

John. Slops, quoth you! Would I had tarried at home by the fire, and then I should not have need to put my hands in my pockets! But I'll lay my life I know the reason of this foul weather.

Potter's Wife. Do you know the reason? I pray thee, John, tell me, and let me hear this reason.

John. I lay my life some of your gossips be cross-legged[1] that we came from: but you are wise, mistress, for you come now away, and will not stay a-gossipping in a dry house all night.

Potter's Wife. Would it please you to walk and leave off your knavery? [QUEEN[2] ELINOR *slowly rises out of the earth.*] But stay, John: what's that riseth out of the ground? Jesus bless us, John! look how it riseth higher and higher!

John. By my troth, mistress, 'tis a woman. Good Lord, do women grow? I never saw none grow before.

Potter's Wife. Hold thy tongue, thou foolish knave; it is the spirit of some woman.

Q. Elinor. Ha, let me see; where am I? On Charing-Green? Ay, on Charing-Green here, hard by Westminster, where I was crowned, and Edward there made king. Ay, 'tis true; so it is: and therefore, Edward, kiss not me, unless you will straight perfume your lips, Edward.

---

[1] John suggests that the storm has been raised by some witches of his mistress' acquaintance.

[2] This stage-direction is not in old eds.

Potter's Wife. Ora pro nobis! John, I pray, fall to your prayers. For my life, it is the queen that chafes thus, who sunk this day on Charing-Green, and now is risen up on Potter's Hive; and therefore truly, John, I'll go to her. [*Here let the* Potter's Wife *go to the* QUEEN.

Q. Elinor. Welcome, good woman. What place is this? sea or land? I pray show to me.

Potter's Wife. Your grace need not to fear; you are on firm ground: it is the Potter's Hive: and therefore cheer your majesty, for I will see you safe conducted to the court, if case your highness be therewithal pleased.

Q. Elinor. Ay,[1] good woman, conduct me to the court,
That there I may bewail my sinful life,
And call to God to save my wretched soul.
[*Make a noise*—"Westward, ho!"[2]
Woman, what noise is this I hear?

Potter's Wife. And like your grace, it is the watermen that calls for passengers to go westward now.

Q. Elinor. That[3] fits my turn, for I will straight with them
To King's-town to the court,
And there repose me till the king come home.
And therefore, sweet woman, conceal what thou hast seen,
And lead me to those watermen, for here
Doth Elinor droop.

John. Come, come; here's a goodly leading of you, is

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[1] This speech is printed as prose in old eds.
[2] The cry of the watermen on the Thames.
[3] This speech is printed as prose in old eds.

there not? first, you must make us afeard, and now I must be troubled in carrying of you. I would you were honestly laid in your bed, so that I were not troubled with you. [*Exeunt.*[1]

[SCENE XXIII.]

[*Enter* LONGSHANKS, LANCASTER, *and* Lords. *To them*] *Enter Two* Messengers, *the one that* DAVID *shall be hanged, the other* [SIR THOMAS SPENCER] *of the* QUEEN'S *sinking.*

Messenger.[2] Honour and fortune wait upon the crown
Of princely Edward, England's valiant king!

Longsh. Thanks, messenger; and if my God vouchsafe
That wingèd Honour wait upon my throne,
I'll make her spread her plumes upon their heads
Whose true allegiance doth confirm the crown.
What news in Wales? how wends our business there?

Messenger.[3] The false disturber of that wasted soil,
With his adherents, is surprised, my king;
And in assurance he shall start no more,
Breathless he lies, and headless too, my lords.
The circumstance these lines shall here unfold.
[*Gives letter.*[4]

Longsh. A harmful weed, by wisdom rooted out,
Can never hurt the true engrafted plant.
But what's the news Sir Thomas Spencer brings?

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[1] Old eds. "*Exeunt ambo.*"
[2] Old eds. "1. *Mes.*"
[3] Old eds. "2. *Messeng.*"
[4] There is no stage-direction in old eds.

Spencer. Wonders, my lord, wrapt up in homely words,
And letters to inform your majesty.
Longsh. O heavens, what may these miracles portend?
Nobles, my queen is sick; but what is more—
Read, brother Edmund, read a wondrous chance.
[EDMUND *reads a line of the* QUEEN'S *sinking.*
Lancaster. And I not heard nor read so strange a thing!
Longsh. Sweet queen, this sinking is a surfeit ta'en
Of pride, wherewith thy woman's heart did swell;
A dangerous malady in the heart to dwell.—
Lords, march we towards London now in haste:
I will go see my lovely Elinor,
And comfort her after this strange affright.
And where she is importune to have talk
And secret conference with some friars of France,
Mun, thou with me, and I with thee will go,
And take the sweet confession of my Nell;
We'll[1] have French enough to parle with the queen.
Lancaster. Might I advise your royal majesty,
I would not go for millions of gold.
What knows your grace, disguisèd if you wend,
What you may hear, in secrecy revealed,
That may appal[2] and discontent your highness?
A goodly creature is your Elinor,
Brought up in niceness and in delicacy:
Then listen not to her confession, lord,

[1] Old eds. "We will."
[2] "So I read with the MS. annotator on the first edition in the Garrick collection. Both 4tos 'appeale.'"—*Dyce.*

To wound thy heart with some unkind conceit.
But as for Lancaster, he may not go.
Longsh. Brother, I am resolv'd, and go I will,
If God give life, and cheer my dying queen.
Why, Mun, why, man, whate'er King Edward hears,
It lies in God and him to pardon all.
I'll have no ghostly fathers[1] out of France:
England hath learnèd clerks and confessors
To comfort and absolve, as men may do;
And I'll be ghostly father for this once.
Lancaster [*aside*]. Edmund, thou mayst not go, although thou die:
And yet how mayst thou here thy king deny?
Edward is gracious, merciful, meek, and mild;
But furious when he finds he is beguiled.
Longsh. Messenger, hie thee back to Shrewsbury;
Bid Mortimer, thy master, speed him fast,
And with his fortune welcome us to London.
I long to see my beauteous lovely queen.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE XXIV.]

Enter DAVID *drawn on a hurdle, with* MORTIMER *and* Officers, *accompanied with the* Friar, *the* Novice, *the* Harper, *and* LLUELLEN'S *head on a spear.*

Friar. On afore, on afore!
Jack. Hold up your torches for dropping.
Friar. A fair procession.—Sir David, be of good

[1] Ed. 1599 "father."

cheer: you cannot go out of the way, having so many guides at hand.

Jack. Be sure of that; for we go all the highway to the gallows, I warrant you.

Sir David. I go where my star leads me, and die in my country's just cause and quarrel.

Harper. The star that twinkled at thy birth,
Good brother mine, hath marred thy mirth:
An old said saw, earth must to earth.
Next year will be a piteous dearth
Of hemp, I dare lay a penny,
This year is hang'd so many.

Friar. Well said, Morgan Pigot, harper and prophet for the king's own mouth.

Jack. "Tum date[1] dite dote dum,"
This is the day, the time is come;
Morgan Pigot's prophecy,
And Lord Lluellen's tragedy.

Friar. Who[2] saith the prophet is an ass
Whose prophecies come so to pass?
Said he not oft, and sung it too,
Lluellen, after much ado,
Should in spite heave up his chin
And be the highest of his kin?
And see, aloft Lluellen's head,
Empalèd with a crown of lead!—

---

[1] See scene ii., l. 201.—Old eds. "Tunda tedi tedo dote dum." (Printed as prose in old eds.)

[2] "Who saith . . . pass," "Said he . . . ado," "Should . . . kin"—printed as single lines in old eds.

My lord, let not this sooth sayer lack,
That hath such cunning in his jack.[1]
Harper. David, hold [you] still your clack,
Lest your heels make your neck crack.
Friar. Gentle prophet, and ye[2] love me, forspeak me not: 'tis the worst luck in the world to stir a witch or anger a wise man.—Master Sheriff, have we any haste? Best give my horses some more hay. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE XXV.]

ELINOR *in child-bed,*[3] *with her daughter* JOAN *and other* Ladies.

Q. Elinor. Call forth those renowmed friars come from France; [*Exit a* Lady.[4]
And raise me, gentle ladies, in my bed,
That while this faltering engine of my speech
I learn[5] to utter my concealèd guilt,
I may repeat[6] and so repent my sins.
Joan. What plague afflicts your royal majesty?
Q. Elinor. Ah, Joan, I perish through a double war![7]
First in this painful prison of my soul,

---

[1] Jerkin. [2] Ed. 1599 "you."
[3] So the old eds. [4] There is no stage-direction in old eds.
[5] Dyce's emendation. ("Learn"=teach.) Old eds. "leane." Collier reads "I leave," but suggests "Gives leave."
[6] Dyce's emendation.—Old eds. "respect."
[7] So Collier.—Old. eds. "warres."

A world of dreadful sins holp thee[1] to fight,
And nature, having lost her working power,
Yields up her earthly fortunes unto death.
Next of a war[2] my soul is over-preased,
In that[3] my conscience loaded with misdeeds,
Sits seeing my confusion[4] to ensue,
Without especial favour from above.
Joan. Your grace must account it a warrior's cross,
To make resist where danger there is none.
Subdue[5] your fever by precious[6] art,
And help you still through hope of heavenly aid.
Q. Elinor. The careless shepherds[7] on the mountain's tops,
That see the seaman floating on the surge,
The threatening winds conspiring[8] with the floods
To overwhelm and drown his crazèd keel,
His tack[l]es torn, his sails borne overboard,
How pale, like mallow[9] flowers, the master[10] stands

---

[1] The unintelligible reading of the old eds. Collier has "holp here" Dyce reads "holp there." Qy. "hale me to fight"? (In the previous line "this painful prison of my soul"=my body. In contrast with l. 12, "Next of a war my *soul* is over-preased.")

[2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "Next ouer War." [3] Old eds. "thee."

[4] Old eds. "conscience."—Collier and Dyce "condition."

[5] So Collier.—Old eds. "Superdewe."

[6] Qy. "religious" or "religion's"?

[7] This speech is hideously corrupt. "Shepherds" is Collier's emendation; old eds. read "sleepe rule."—Dr. Nicholson proposes "sheep-ruler."

[8] So Dyce.—Old eds. "comes springing."—Collier "up-springing."

[9] Dr. Nicholson's emendation.—Old eds. "Vallowe."—Collier "yellow."

[10] So Dr. Nicholson.—Old eds. "mountaine."—Collier and Dyce "captain."

Upon his hatches, waiting for his jerk,
Wringing his hands that ought to play the pump,
May blame his fear that laboureth not for life:
So thou, poor soul, may tell a servile [1] tale,
May counsel me; but I that prove the [2] pain
May hear thee talk but not redress my harm.
But ghastly death already is address'd
To glean the latest blossom of my life:
My spirit fails me. Are these friars come?

Enter [Lady *with*] *the* KING *and his* Brother *in Friars' weeds.*[3]

Longsh. Dominus vobiscum!

Lancaster. Et cum spiritu tuo!

Q. Elinor. Draw near, grave fathers, and approach my bed.—
Forbear our presence, ladies, for a while,
And leave us to our secret conference.

[*Exeunt*[4] JOAN *and* Ladies.

Longsh. What cause hath moved your royal majesty

---

[1] Qy. "suasive," or "soothing"?

[2] So Collier.—Old eds. "thy."

[3] "'For a husband in the disguise of a Friar to take his wife's confession was not an uncommon incident in Italian novels, and from these it is perhaps borrowed in the play. A number of instances are pointed out in Dunlop's *Hist. of Fiction*, ii. 305.'—*Editor of Dodsley's* O. P. Compare the ballad entitled *Queen Eleanor's Confession. Shewing how King Henry [the Second], with the Earl Marshal, in Fryars' habits came to her, instead of two Fryars from France, which she sent for* (Utterson's *Little Book of Ballads*, 1836, p. 22). See it also in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, &c., 1723, vol. i. p. 18.'—*Dyce.*

[4] Not marked in old eds.

To call your servants from their country's bounds,
For to attend your pleasure here in England's court?
Q. Elinor. See you not, holy friars, mine estate,
My body weak, inclining to my grave?
Lancaster. We see and sorrow for thy pain, fair queen.
Q. Elinor. By these external[1] signs of my defects,
Friars, conceive ye[2] mine internal[3] grief.
My soul, ah, wretched soul, within this breast,
Faint for to mount the heavens with wings of grace,
Is hinderèd[4] by flocking troops of sin,
That stop my passage to my wishèd bowers.[5]
Longsh. The nearer,[6] so the greatest hope of health:
And deign to us for to impart your grief,[7]
Who by our prayers and counsel ought to arm
Aspiring souls to scale the heavenly grace.
Q. Elinor. Shame and remorse doth stop my course of speech.
Longsh. Madam, you need not dread our conference,
Who, by the order of the holy church,
Are all enjoined[8] to sacred secrecy.
Q. Elinor. Did I not think, nay, were I not assured,
Your wisdoms[9] would be silent in that cause,

[1] So Collier.—Old eds. "this eternall."
[2] Old eds. "Friers, consecrate." (Collier "conceit of"; Dyce, following Mitford, "conjecture.")
[3] So Collier.—Old eds. "in eternall."
[4] Old eds. "A hundred."
[5] So Collier.—Old eds "howres."
[6] Old eds. "The nearer, Elinor, so," &c.
[7] So Collier.—Old eds. "quiet."
[8] So Collier.—Old eds. "annoynted." (Dr. Nicholson would read "anoint"=anointed.)
[9] Ed. 1599 "wisedome."

No fear could make me to bewray myself.
But, gentle fathers, I have thought it good
Not to rely upon these Englishmen,
But on your troths, you holy men of France:
Then, as you love your life and England's weal,
Keep secret my confession from the king;
Fo why[1] my story nearly toucheth him,
Whose love comparèd with my loose[2] delights,
With many sorrows that my heart affrights.
Lancaster. My heart misgives.
Longsh. Be silent, fellow friar.
Q. Elinor. In pride of youth, when I was young and fair,
And gracious in the King of England's sight,
The day before that night his highness should
Possess the pleasure of my wedlock's bed,
Caitiff, accursèd monster as I was,
His brother Edmund, beautiful and young,
Upon my bridal couch[3] by my consent
Enjoys the flower and favour of my love,
[*The* KING *beholdeth his* Brother *woefully.*
And I became a traitress to my lord.
Longsh. Facinus, scelus, infandum nefas!
Lancaster. Madam, through sickness, weakness of[4] your wits, 'twere very good to bethink yourself before you speak.

[1] "For why"=because.
[2] So Collier.—"Both 4tos 'losse.' But the couplet, as it now stands, is nonsense."—*Dyce.*
[3] Ed. 1599 "touch."
[4] So Collier.—Old eds. "and." The passage has been corrupted; it was doubtless verse as Peele wrote it.

Q. Elinor. Good father, not so weak, but that, I wot,
My heart doth rent to think upon the time.
But why exclaims this holy friar so?
O, pray, then, for my faults, religious man!
Longsh. 'Tis charity in men of my degree
To sorrow for our neighbours' heinous sins:
And madam, though some promise love to you,
And zeal to Edmund, brother to the king,
I pray the heavens you both may soon repent.
But might it please your highness to proceed?
Q. Elinor.[1] Unto this sin a worser doth succeed;
For, Joan of Acon, the supposèd child
And daughter of my lord the English king,
Is basely born, begotten of a friar,
Such time as I was there arrived[2] in France.
His only true and lawful son, my friends,
He is my hope, his son that should succeed,
Is Edward of Carnarvon, lately born.
Now all the scruples of my troubled mind
I sighing sound within your reverent[3] ears.
O, pray, for pity! pray, for I must die.
Remit, my God, the folly of my youth!
My grievèd[4] spirits attends thy mercy-seat.[5]
Fathers, farewell; commend me to my king,

---

[1] So Collier.—Old eds. give this line to Longshanks.
[2] Old eds. "their anued." I have followed Collier's reading; but the line is doubtless corrupt.
[3] Old form of "reverend."
[4] So Dyce.—Old eds. "groaned."
[5] Old eds. "mercies seate."

Commend me to my children and my friends,
And close mine eyes, for death will have his due.
[QUEEN ELINOR *dies.*

Longsh. Blushing I shut these thine enticing lamps,
The wanton baits that made[1] me suck my bane.
Pyropus'[2] harden'd flames did ne'er reflect
More hideous flames than from my breast arise.
What fault more vild unto thy dearest lord!
Our daughter base-begotten of a priest,
And Ned, my brother, partner of my love!
O, that those eyes that lighten'd Cæsar's brain,
O, that those looks that master'd Phœbus'[3] brand,
Or else those looks that stain Medusa's[4] far,
Should shrine deceit,[5] desire, and lawless lust!
Unhappy king, dishonour'd in thy stock!
Hence, feignèd weeds! unfeignèd is my grief.

Lancaster. Dread prince, my brother, if my vows avail,
I call to witness heaven in my behalf;
If zealous prayer might drive you from suspect,
I bend my knees, and humbly crave this boon,
That you will drive misdeeds[6] out of your mind.
May never good betide my life, my lord,
If once I dream'd upon this damnèd deed!
But my deceasèd sister and your queen,
Afflicted with recureless maladies,
Impatient of her pain, grew lunatic,

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "make." [2] So Dyce.—Old eds. "Pirpus."
[3] So Collier.—Old eds. "Phucebus."
[4] So Collier.—Old eds. "Melisaes."
[5] So Collier.—Old eds. "discreet." [6] "Qy. 'mistrust'?"—*Dyce.*

Discovering errors never dreamed upon.
To prove this true, the greatest men of all
Within their learnèd volumes do record[1]
That[2] all extremes end in naught but extremes.
Then think, O king, her agony in death
Bereaves her sense and memory at once,
So that she spoke she knew nor[3] how or what.
Longsh. Sir, sir, fain would your highness hide your faults
By cunning vows and glozing terms of art;
And well thou mayst delude these listening ears,
Yet never assuage by proof this jealous heart.
Traitor, thy head shall raunsom my disgrace.
Daughter of darkness, whose accursèd bower
The poet feigned to lie[4] upon Avernus,
Whereas Cimmerian[5] darkness checks the sun,
Dread[6] Jealousy, afflict me not so sore!
Fair Queen[7] Elinor could never be so false:—
Ay, but she 'vowed these treasons at her death,
A time not fit to fashion monstrous lies.
Ah, my ungrateful brother as thou art,
Could not my love, nay, more, could not the law,
Nay, further, could not nature thee allure

---

[1] So Collier. Old eds. "discord." (Qy. 'discourse'?)
[2] "So the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for February 1833, p. 102. Both 4tos—
'*That all extreames*, and al and *in naught but extreames.*'"—*Dyce.*
[3] Ed. 1599 "not."
[4] So Collier. Old eds. "liue."
[5] So Collier. Old eds. "Cimerians."
[6] So Collier. Old eds. "Dauids." [7] Probably an interpolation.

For to refrain from this incestuous sin?
Haste from my sight! [*Exit* EDMUND.
[*To those within.*[1]] Call Joan of Acon here!—
The lukewarm spring distilling from his eyes,
His oaths, his vows, his reasons wrested with remorse
From forth his breast,—impoison'd with suspect,
Fain would I deem that false I find too true.

Enter JOAN *of* ACON.

[*Joan.*] I come to know what England's king commands.
I wonder why your highness greets me thus,
With strange regard and unacquainted terms.[2]
Longsh. Ah, Joan, this wonder needs must wound thy breast,
For it hath well-nigh slain my wretched heart.
Joan. What, is the queen, my sovereign mother, dead?
Woe's me,[3] unhappy lady, woe-begone![4]
Longsh. The queen is dead; yet, Joan, lament not thou:
Poor soul, guiltless art thou of this deceit,
That hath more cause to curse than to complain.
Joan. My dreadful soul, assailed with doleful speech,
'Joins me to bow my knees unto the ground,
Beseeching your most royal majesty
To rid your woeful daughter of suspect.

[1] There is no stage-direction in old eds.
[2] We must suppose that the King utters frantic exclamations of grief at the sight of Joan. ("Qy. for 'terms' read 'tears'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*)
[3] Ed. 1593 "in."
[4] Ed. 1593 "we begonne."

Longsh. Ay,[1] daughter! Joan, poor soul, thou art deceived!
The king of England is no scornèd priest.
Joan. Was not the Lady Elinor your spouse,
And am not I the offspring of your loins?
Longsh. Ay, but when ladies list to run astray,
The poor supposèd father wears the horn,
And pleating leave their liege in princes' laps.[2]
Joan, thou art daughter to a lecherous friar;
A friar was thy father, hapless Joan;
Thy mother in confession,[3] vows no less,
And I, vild wretch, with[4] sorrow heard no less.
Joan. What, am I, then, a friar's base-born brat?
Presumptuous wretch, why prease I 'fore my king?
How can I look my husband in the face?
Why should I live since my renown is lost?
Away, thou wanton weed! hence, world's delight
[*She falls grovelling on the ground.*
Longsh. L'orecchie abbassa,[5] *come vinto e stanco*
Destrier c' ha in bocca il fren, gli sproni al fianco.—

[1] Dr. Nicholson proposes to read "My." (Old eds. "I.")

[2] Mitford proposed—

"Ay, but when ladies list to run astray,
And leave their plighted liege in princes' laps,
The poor supposèd father wears the horn."

But the text would still be wretchedly unintelligible. The transposition of lines 181–2 is, I think, right. For "pleating" I would read "fleeting"; but the rest of the verse is unmanageable. Quy. "And fleeting leave their liege lords' princely bed"? (Very unsatisfactory.)

[3] So Collier. Old eds. "profession."

[4] So Collier. Old eds. "which sorrowed."

[5] "The two first of these Italian lines (which both 4tos make a portion of Joan's speech) are from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, c. xx. 131,

O sommo Dio, come i giudicii umani
Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro !—
Hapless and wretched, lift up thy heavy head;
Curse [1] not so much at [2] this unhappy chance;
Unconstant Fortune still will have her course.
Joan. My king, my king, let Fortune have her course :—
Fly thou, my soul, and take a better course.
Ay's me, from royal state I now am fall'n !
You purple springs that wander in my veins,
And whilom wont [3] to feed my heavy heart,
Now all at once make haste, and pity me,
And stop your powers, and change your native course;
Dissolve to air, you [4] lukewarm bloody streams,
And cease to be, that I may be no more.
You [5] curled locks, draw from this cursèd head :
Abase her pomp, for Joan is basely born !—
Ah, Glocester, thou, poor Glocester, hast the wrong !—
Die, wretch ! haste [6] death, for Joan hath lived too long.
[*She suddenly dies* [7] *at the* QUEEN'S *bed's feet.*
Longsh. Revive thee, hapless lady; grieve not thus.—

---

the two second from the same poem, c. x. 15. Both 4tos give them thus :—

' Porce ine *abbassa come vinto et stanco.*
Defluer *chain* bocea *il fren gli sproni* [4to of 1599 "sprons"] *al fianco.*
King. O sommo Dio come i guidneo humans,
Spesse offuscan *son* danu membo oscunro.' "—*Dyce*, after *Collier.*

[1] Ed. 1593 "Nurse."
[2] Old eds "as."
[3] Old eds. "wants."
[4] Old eds. "your."
[5] Old eds. "Your."
[6] Old eds. "hate."
[7] "Joan died 1307, in the first year of Edward II."—*P. A. Daniel.*

In vain speak I, for she revives no more.
Poor hapless soul, thy own espected[1] moans
Have wrought thy[2] sudden and untimely death.—
Lords, ladies, haste!

Enter GLOCESTER[3] *running with* Ladies.[4]

Ah, Glocester, art thou come?
Then must I now present a tragedy.
Thy Joan is dead: yet grieve thou not her fall;
She was too base a spouse for such a prince.

Glocester. Conspire you, then, with heavens to work my harms?
O sweet assuager of our mortal 'miss,[5]
Desirèd death, deprive me of my life,
That I in death may end my life and love!

Longsh. Glocester, thy king is partner of thy heaviness,
Although nor tongue nor eyes bewray his mean;[6]
For I have lost a flower as fair as thine,
A love more dear, for Elinor is dead.
But since the heavenly ordinance decrees
That all things change in their prefixèd time,
Be thou content, and bear it in thy breast,
Thy swelling grief, as needs I must [bear] mine.

---

[1] The text is again corrupt. Collier and Dyce read "repeated." Quy. "thine unexpected woes"?

[2] Old eds. "her." [3] Old eds. "*Edmund, Glocester.*"

[4] Old eds. add "*and conuaies Ione of Acon awaie.*"

[5] "*Assuager . . . mortal 'miss—miss, i.e.* misfortune, suffering. Both 4tos 'asswagers . . . martiall *misse.*'"—*Dyce.*

[6] *I.e.* "moan."—*Dyce.* I suspect that "mean" (a north-country form) is here a misprint for "moan." Collier printed "moan."

Thy Joan of Acon, and my queen deceased,
Shall have that honour as beseems their state.
You peers of England, see in royal pomp
These breathless bodies be entombèd straight,
With 'tirèd [1] colours cover'd all with black.
Let Spanish steeds, as swift as fleeting wind,
Convey these princes to their funeral:
Before them let a hundred mourners ride.
In every time of their enforced abode,
Rear up a cross in token of their worth,[2]
Whereon fair Elinores picture shall be placed.
Arrived at London near our palace-bounds,
Inter my lovely Elinor, late deceased;
And, in remembrance of her royalty,
Erect a rich and stately carvèd cross,
Whereon her stature [3] shall with glory shine,
And henceforth see you call it Charing-cross;
For why [4] the chariest [5] and the choicest queen,
That ever did delight my royal eyes,
There dwell[s] in darkness whilst I die in grief.
But, soft! what tidings with these pursuivants?

---

[1] So Collier. Old eds. "tried." (Dr. Nicholson suggests "tied.")
[2] So Collier. Old eds. "worke."
[3] An old form of "statue." [4] "For why"=because.
[5] "Both 4tos. 'chancest.' There is an absurd and vulgar tradition that *Charing*-cross was so named because the body of Edward's *chere reine* rested there: does Peele allude to it here?

'And henceforth see you call it *Charing*-cross;
For why the chariest,' &c.

The Editor of Dodsley's *O. P.* reads 'chastest.'"—*Dyce.*

Messenger *approaches from* MORTIMER.[1]

Mess. Sir Roger Mortimer, with all success,[2]
As erst your grace by message did command,
Is here at hand, in purpose to present
Your highness with his signs of victory.
And[3] trothless Baliol, their accursèd king,
With fire and sword doth threat Northumberland.
Longsh. How one affliction calls another over!
First death torments me, then I feel disgrace!
Again, Lluellen[4] he rebels in Wales;
And false Baliol means to brave me too;
But I will find provision for them all:
My constancy shall conquer death and shame.[5]
[*Exeunt all except* GLOCESTER.

---

[1] Old eds. "*Enter* Messenger *approch*," &c.

[2] So Collier. Old eds. "Sussex." (This speech is printed as prose in old eds.)

[3] We have above (l. 252) "what tidings with these pursuivants?" The old stage-direction marks the entrance of only one messenger; but it is clear that two messengers—one from Wales and the other from the North—should enter, and that the lines "And trothless Baliol . . . Northumberland" (which doubtless formed part of a longer speech) belong to the second messenger. The amount of confusion towards the close of this play is terrible. The lines "Sir Roger Mortimer . . . his signs of victory" might well be placed at the beginning of the messenger's speech in Scene xxiii.

"The false disturber of that wasted soil," &c.

[4] Lluellen was slain long ago: see stage-direction at beginning of scene xxiv.

[5] Old eds. proceed—

"And Mortimor tis thou must hast to Wales,
And rouse that Rebel from his starting holes,

Glocester. Now, Joan of Acon, let me mourn thy fall.
Sole, here alone, now set thee down and sigh,
Sigh, hapless Glocester, for thy sudden loss:
Pale death, alas, hath banish'd all thy pride,
Thy wedlock-vows![1] How oft have I beheld
Thy eyes, thy looks, thy lips, and every part,
How nature strove in them to show her art,[2]
In shine, in shape, in colour, and compare!
But now hath death, the enemy of love,
Stain'd and deform'd the shine, the shape, the red,
With pale and dimness, and my love is dead.
Ah, dead, my love! vile wretch, why[3] am I living?
So willeth fates, and I must be contented:
All pomp in time must fade, and grow to nothing.

And rid thy King of his contentious foe,
Whilst I with *Elinor*, *Gloster*, and the rest,
With speedie iourney gather vp our force,
And beat these brauing Scots from out our bounds.
Courage braue Soldiers fates hath done their worst,
Now Vertue let me triumphe in thine aide.
[*Exite Edward.*

Gloster solus.

Gloster. Now Ione of Acon," &c.

[1] "More corruption, and past cure. Both 4tos—

'*Thy wedlocke vowes how* ought *haue I beheld?*

Enter Mortimor with the head [*of Lluellen*]

Thy eies, thy lookes,' &c.

Quy. is '*looks*' a misprint for 'locks'?"—*Dyce.*

[2] So Collier. Old eds. "store in them to shew their Art."
[3] Ed. 1599 "while."

Wept I like Niobe, yet it profits nothing:
Then cease, my sighs, since I may not regain her,
And woe to wretched death that thus hath slain her!
[*Exit.*

Yours. *By* GEORGE PEELE, *Master of Arts in Oxenford.*

THE BATTLE OF ALCAZAR.

The Battell Of Alcazar, Fought in Barbarie, betweene Sebastian king of Portugall, and Abdelmelec king of Marocco. With the death of Captaine Stukeley. As it was sundrie times plaid by the Lord high Admirall his seruants. Imprinted at London by Edward Allde for Richard Bankworth, and are to be solde at his shoppe in Pouls Churchyard at the signe of the Sunne. 1594. 4to.

Dr. Brinsley Nicholson points out the dramatist drew some of the materials for his play from a tract entitled *Historia de Bello Africano: In quo Sebastianus, Serenissimus Portugalliæ Rex, periit. . . .Ex Lusitano sermone primo in Gallicum: inde in Latinum translata per Ioannem Thomam Freigium D. Noribergæ, CIↃDXXC.*

"So far as I have looked," he observes, "the author of the play had read the Latin version; there are, however, one or two discrepancies as to the numbers, and it may be remarked that where these occur both Latin and French versions differ from him and from one another.

Act iv. Sc. 1. *Cel.* In the original we find that Sebastian had 14,000 foot and 2000 horse, 3 millia fossorum, more than 1 mille aurigæ, et infinita fere multitudo lixarum, calonum, servorum, aliorumque mancipiorum Maurorum, mulionum, mulierum et Amazonum (quas Galli per jocũ filles de joye, &c). The French has 'une multitude infinie de pages, laquais, gojats, serviteurs, et plusieurs esclaves Mores, force mulletiers, et des femmes pour servir, et grãde multitude de filles de joye.'

Then there is mention of 36 tormenta campestria, which *Celybin* afterwards mentions in the same scene, and then come 1100 (unze cent vingt, Fr.) currus plenos storeis, vasis et suppellectile pro nobilibus, the play giving '1500 waggons full of stuff For noblemen brought up in delicate.'

The book, followed by *Cel.* in the play, has, 'et harum copiarum major pars parce et maligne stipendia accipiebat, inopiaq. et aliis multis malis laborabat. Jam enim commeatus deficere incipiebat, qui tam parce illis distribuebatur, ut multi fame extincti sint.'

Ch. xi. 'Nam totum exercitum [*Seb*] divisit in quatuor acies quadratas. In dextro latere [he gives references to B.C., &c., on a plate which

accompanies the booklet] * * primum agmen erat velitum et militum Tingitanorū, eosq. ductabat Alvarus Peresius de Tavora. Sinistram aciem seu mediam [note how exactly the play follows the words] tenebant Germani et Itali, quibus imperabat Marchio Irlandiæ [Stukely]. Tertiam subsidiariam aciem (C., &c.) occuparant Hispani et aliquot Itali quorum dux erat Alonzo Aquilarius. Quartam aciem (D., &c.) tenebant milites Lusitani, sub imperio cujusdam nobilis ejus nationis, cui nomen Ludovicus [Lewis, Fr.] Cæsar. Singulæ acies habebant fere tria millia militum, sed aliæ plures, aliæ pauciores. . . Ultra has copias habebat decem millia equitum optime instructa et per quingenos divisa, tam in primo agmine et subsidiaria acie quam in utroq. cornu [B., &c.].'

Abdelmelec's disposal of his forces is given in the book, before Sebastian's.

'Dextrum cornu [Q., &c.] ducebat princeps frater Abdelmeleci [Hamet] qui secum habebat mille sclopetarios equites lectissimos, numero binario notatos. Habuit autem etiam decem millia equitum hastatorum et scutatorum [O in engraving] sinistrum lunulæ cornu [P.] tenuerunt duo millia Argoletorum et decem millia equitum hastatorum, eodem ordine quo in dextro cornu. Hos ducebat prorex Mahametus Zareo. Tertia acies numero quaternario signata (quæ princeps acies erat, et in qua Rex Abdelmelecus constiterat) peditibus sclopetariis munita erat. Hos sequebatur rex prætoria cohorte ducentorū abjuratæ religionis militum circumdatus, qui omnes Alabardis seu bipennibus armati erant. [No mention of these renegades in play.] In subsidiaria vero acie habebat viginti millia equitum, per bina millia divisorum.'

Act iv. 2. The Moor. The original has 'quod multi Mauri equites ad se ab Abdelmeleco transiissent, quodque, reliquas exercitus idem facere conaretur.' But the playwriter seems to have applied to the opposing forces a sentence spoken by the Moor of Sebastian's army, 'Quod si ipse Lerissam iret, fore ut quasi timidus et in fuga salutem ponens,' &c.

Where (iv. 1) Cel says,

> 'And twice three thousand needless armed pikes,'

the original has 'octo millia * * quæ hastis prælongis erant armata: quo genere militum ad bellum in Barbaria gerendum nihil est inutilius aut ineptius, ut eventus postea docuit.'

Act v. Sc. 1. 'The heathens * * || give onset,' Ch. xii. 'Mauri quidē primi tormenta in Christianos ejaculari cœperunt: sed vix tres globos miserant, cum ecce Christiani eosdem suis quoq. pilis excipiunt.

Statimq. sclopetarii milites ab utraq. acie parvas pilas instar nimbi aut grandinis effuderunt.' 'Our Moors with smaller shot as thick as hail.'

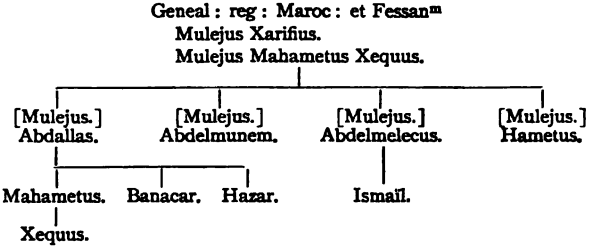
Afterwards the book gives the Duke of Avero's charge with 500 horse, and the mistake of the Christians in not following it up with their other forces—a mistake which led to their overthrow.

As to the arrival of Stukeley in Portugal, the book says, ch. vii., 'Venerunt . . etiam sexcenti Itali quos Papa subministrarat Comiti Irlandiæ: qui cum Ulysbonæ tribus instructis navibus appulisset, regi operam suam condixit, eumq. in bellum sequi promisit.' The 600 are in the play increased to 6000, and the three ships to seven ships and two pinnaces, evidently to magnify Stukeley, in whose fate the English audiences were chiefly concerned.

So the book tells us of the conferences with Spain, but says nothing of the king waiting vainly at Cadiz for the Spanish troops. Indeed there were in the force 2000 Spaniards, and many others would have joined, but that Sebastian 'exautoravit.' The difference probably arose from the English national feeling against Spain—the same that caused Eleanor in Edward I. to be so defamed.

I had forgotten to say that the drowning of the Moor in the river when on a horse that he had taken, on which to escape, and the recovery of the body are also given.

The following genealogical table, given in the Latin book on Sebastian, might be useful.



In the *Adventure Admirable*, &c., MDCI., a book in favour of the pretended Sebastian, who made his appearance after Alkazar, we have at its commencement—'de Muley Mahamet Xarife, et Muley Maluco surnommé Abdelmelech ([=] Serviteur de Tres Hault).'"

The late Mr. Richard Simpson reprinted *The Famous History of the*

Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley, 1605, in the first volume of his *School of Shakspere*, prefacing the play with an elaborate memoir of Stukeley. It has not been discovered from what source Peele drew his information about this extravagant and erring spirit. Anthony a Wood, giving a brief notice of Thomas Stukeley, remarks, "I have by me a little book[1] printed in an English character, entitled *The famous History of Stout Stucly: or, his Valiant Life and Death.*"

Peele certainly made no use of this chap-book; but there may have been other popular narratives, long ago thumbed out of existence, of Stukeley's adventures.

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1 Wood's copy is preserved in the Bodleian Library. No other copy is known.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

The Moor, MULY MAHAMET.
MULY MAHAMET, *his son.*
ABDELMELEC, *uncle to the Moor*, MULY MAHAMET.
MULY MAHAMET SETH, *brother to* ABDELMELEC.
Son of RUBIN ARCHIS.
ABDEL RAYES.
CELYBIN.
ARGERD ZAREO.
ZAREO.
PISANO, *a captain to the Moor*, MULY MAHAMET.
CALSEPIUS BASSA.
SEBASTIAN, *King of Portugal.*
DUKE OF AVERO.
DUKE OF BARCELES.
LORD LODOWICK.
LEWES DE SILVA.
CHRISTOPHERO DE TAVERA.
DON DIEGO LOPEZ, *Governor of Lisbon.*
DON DE MENYSIS, *Governor of Tangier.*
STUKELEY.
Irish Bishop.
HERCULES.
JONAS.
Moorish Ambassadors, Spanish Ambassadors and Legate, Boy, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

CALIPOLIS, *wife to the Moor*, MULY MAHAMET.
RUBIN ARCHIS, *widow of* ABDELMUNEN.
A Queen.
Ladies.

The Presenter.
ABDELMUNEN.
Two young Brothers of the Moor, MULY MAHAMET.
Two Murderers.
Fame.
} *In the Dumb-shows.*

[1] There is no list of characters in the old ed.

THE

TRAGICAL BATTLE OF ALCAZAR IN BARBARY,

WITH THE DEATH OF THREE KINGS AND [OF] CAPTAIN STUKELEY AN ENGLISHMAN.

[ACT I.]

Enter the Presenter.

HONOUR, the spur that pricks the princely mind
To follow rule and climb the stately chair,
With great desire inflames the Portingal,
An honourable and courageous king,
To undertake a dangerous dreadful war,
And aid with Christian arms the barbarous Moor,
The negro Muly Hamet, that withholds
The kingdom from his uncle Abdelmelec,
Whom proud Abdallas wrong'd,
And in his throne installs his cruel son,
That now usurps upon this prince,
This brave Barbarian lord, Muly Mollocco.
The passage to the crown by murder made,

Abdallas dies, and leaves[1] this tyrant king;
Of whom we treat, sprung from th' Arabian Moor,
Black in his look, and bloody in his deeds;
And in his shirt, stain'd with a cloud of gore,
Presents himself, with naked sword in hand,
Accompanied, as now you may behold,
With devils coated in the shapes of men.

The First Dumb-show.

Enter MULY MAHAMET *and his Son, and his two young Brethren. The* Moor *showeth them the bed, and then takes his leave of them, and they betake them to their rest. And then the* Presenter *speaketh.*

Like those that were by kind of murder mumm'd,[2]
Sit down[3] and see what heinous stratagems
These damnèd wits contrive; and, lo, alas,
How like poor lambs prepared for sacrifice,
This traitor-king hales to their longest home
These tender lords, his younger brethren both!

The Second Dumb-show.

Enter the Moor *and two* Murderers, *bringing in his uncle* ABDELMUNEN: *then they draw the curtains, and*

[1] So Dyce. Old ed. "deisnes."

[2] If this word, spelt in the 4to. "mumd," is retained it must mean "struck dumb," but Mr. P. A. Daniel plausibly suggests "numb'd." The Presenter is addressing the audience. (The words "*kind* of murder" are awkward: quy. "*sight* of murder"?)

[3] Quy. "Sit dumb"?

smother the young Princes in the bed; which done in sight of the uncle, they strangle him in his chair, and then go forth. Then the Presenter *saith—*

His brethren thus in fatal bed behearsed,
His father's brother, of too light belief,
This negro puts to death by proud command.
Say not these things are feign'd, for true they are;
And understand how, eager to enjoy
His father's crown, this unbelieving Moor,
Murdering his uncle and his brethren,
Triumphs in his ambitious tyranny;
Till Nemesis, high mistress of revenge,
That with her scourge keeps all the world in awe,
With thundering drums awakes the God of War,
And calls the Furies from Avernus' crags,
To range and rage, and vengeance to inflict,
Vengeance on this accursèd Moor for sin.
And now behold how Abdelmelec comes,
Uncle to this unhappy[1] traitor-king,
Arm'd with great aid that Amurath hath[2] sent,
Great Amurath, [great] Emperor of the East,
For service done to Sultan Solimon,
Under whose colours he had served in field,
Flying the fury of this negro's father,
That wrong'd his brethren to install his son.
Sit you, and see this true and tragic war,
A modern matter full of blood and ruth,

[1] Wicked. [2] Old ed. "had."

Where three bold kings, confounded in their height,
Fell to the earth, contending for a crown;
And call this war *The battle of Alcazar.* [*Exit.*

[SCENE I.]

Sound drums and trumpets, and enter ABDELMELEC, CALSEPIUS BASSA *and his* Guard, *and* ZAREO, *a Moor, with* Soldiers.

Abdelm. All hail, Argerd Zareo; and, ye Moors,
Salute the frontiers of your native home:
Cease, rattling drums; and, Abdelmelec, here
Throw up thy trembling hands to heaven's throne,
Pay to thy God due thanks, and thanks to him
That strengthens thee with mighty gracious arms
Against the proud usurper of thy right,
The royal seat and crown of Barbary,
Great Amurath, great Emperor of the East:[1]
The world bear witness how I do adore
The sacred name of Amurath the Great.
Calsepius Bassa, Bassa Calsepius,
To thee, and to thy trusty band of men
That carefully attend us in our camp,
Pick'd soldiers, comparable to the guard
Of Myrmidons that kept Achilles' tent,
Such thanks we give to thee and to them all,

[1] "The 4to 'world'—the transcriber's or compositor's eye having caught that word in the next line."—*Dyce.*

As may concern a poor distressèd king,
In honour and in princely courtesy.
Cal. Bas. Courteous and honourable Abdelmelec,
We are not come, at Amurath's command,
As mercenary men, to serve for pay,
But as sure friends, by our great master sent
To gratify and to remunerate
Thy love, thy loyalty, and forwardness,
Thy service in his father's dangerous war;
And to perform, in view of all the world,
The true office of right and royalty;
To see thee in thy kingly chair enthroned,
To settle and to seat thee in the same,
To make thee Emperor of this Barbary,
Are come the viceroys and sturdy janizaries
Of Amurath, son to Sultan Solimon.

Enter MULY MAHAMET SETH,[1] RUBIN ARCHIS, ABDEL RAYES, *with others.*

Abd. Rayes. Long live my lord, the sovereign of my heart,
Lord Abdelmelec, whom the god of kings,
The mighty Amurath hath happy made!
And long live Amurath for this good deed!
Muly Mah. Seth. Our Moors have seen the silver moons to wave
In banners bravely spreading o'er the plain,

[1] Old ed. "Xeque"—only in this scene. In *Historia de Bello Africano* we have "Xequus" as the name of the usurper's son.

And in these[1] semicircles have descried,
All in a golden field, a star to rise,
A glorious comet that begins to blaze,
Promising happy sorting to us all.
Rub. Ar. Brave man-at-arms, whom Amurath hath sent
To sow the lawful true-succeeding seed
In Barbary, that bows and groans withal
Under a proud usurping tyrant's mace,
Right thou the wrongs this rightful king hath borne.
Abdelm. Distressèd ladies, and ye dames of Fess,
Sprung from the true Arabian Muly Xarif,
The loadstar and the honour of our line,
Now clear your watery eyes, wipe tears away,
And cheerfully give welcome to these arms:
Amurath hath sent scourges by his men,
To whip that tyrant traitor-king from hence,
That hath usurp'd from us, and maim'd you all,
Soldiers, sith rightful quarrels [by heaven's] aid
Successful are, and men that manage them
Fight not in fear as traitors and their pheres;[2]
That you may understand what arms we bear,
What lawful arms against our brother's son,
In sight of heaven, even of mine honour's worth,
Truly I will deliver and discourse
The sum of all. Descended from the line
Of Mahomet, our grandsire Muly Xarif
With store of gold and treasure leaves Arabia,

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "this."

[2] Companions.

And strongly plants himself in Barbary;
And of the Moors that now with us do wend
Our grandsire Muly Xarif was the first.
From him well wot ye Muly Mahamet Xeque,
Who in his lifetime made a perfect law,
Confirm'd with general voice of all his peers,
That in his kingdom should successively
His sons succeed. Abdallas was the first,
Eldest of four,[1] Abdelmunen the second,
And we the rest, my brother and myself.
Abdallas reign'd his time: but see the change!
He labours to invest his son in all,
To disannul the law our father made,
And disinherit us his brethren;
And in his lifetime wrongfully proclaims
His son for king that now contends with us.
Therefore I crave to re-obtain my right,
That Muly Mahamet the traitor holds,
Traitor and bloody tyrant both at once,
That murderèd his younger brethren both:
But on this damnèd wretch, this traitor-king,
The gods shall pour down showers of sharp revenge.
And thus a matter not to you unknown
I have deliver'd; yet for no distrust
Of loyalty, my well-belovèd friends,[2]
But that th' occasions fresh in memory
Of these encumbers so may move your minds,
As for the lawful true-succeeding prince

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "faire." [2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "friend."

Ye neither think your lives nor honours dear,
Spent in a quarrel just and honourable.
Cal. Bas. Such and no other we repute the cause
That forwardly for thee we undertake,
Thrice-puissant and renowmèd[1] Abdelmelec,
And for thine honour, safety,[2] and crown,
Our lives and honours frankly to[3] expose
To all the dangers that on[4] war attends,
As freely and as resolutely all
As any Moor whom thou commandest most.
Muly Mah. Seth. And why is Abdelmelec, then, so slow
To châstise him with fury of the sword
Whose pride doth swell to sway beyond his reach?
Follow this pride[5] with fury of revenge.
Rub. Ar. Of death, of blood, of wreak, and deep revenge,
Shall Rubin Archis frame her tragic songs:
In blood, in death, in murder, and misdeed,
This heaven's malice did begin and end.
Abdelm. Rubin, these rites to Abdelmunen's ghost
Have pierced by this to Pluto's cave[6] below;
The bells of Pluto ring revenge amain,
The Furies and the fiends conspire with thee;
War bids me draw my weapons for revenge
Of my deep wrongs and my dear brother's death.

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[1] Old form of "renowned."
[2] A trisyllable (like "brethren" in l. 80).
[3] "Qy. 'we'?"—*P. A. Daniel.* [4] So Dyce.—Old ed. "our."
[5] After "pride" old ed. adds "then." [6] Old ed. "graue."

Muly Mah. Seth. Sheath not your swords, you soldiers of Amurath,
Sheath not your swords, you Moors of Barbary,
That fight in right of your anointed king,
But follow to the gates of death and hell,
Pale death and hell, to entertain his soul;
Follow, I say, to burning Phlegethon,
This traitor-tyrant and his companies.
Cal. Bas. Heave up your swords against these stony holds,
Wherein these barbarous rebels are enclosed:
Call'd for is Abdelmelec by the gods
To sit upon the throne of Barbary.
Abd. Rayes. Bassa, great thanks, the[1] honour of the Turks.—
Forward, brave lords, unto this rightful war!
How can this battle but successful be,
Where courage meeteth with a rightful cause?
Rub. Ar. Go in good time, my best-belovèd lord,
Successful in thy work thou undertakes! [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

Enter the Moor *in his chariot, attended with* [CALIPOLIS?]; *his* Son; PISANO, *his captain, with his* Guard *and treasure.*

The Moor. Pisano, take a cornet of our horse,
As many argolets[2] and armèd pikes,

[1] *I.e.* thou who art the honour. Dyce reads "thou honour."
[2] Light horsemen.

And with our carriage march away before
By Scyras, and those plots of ground
That to Moroccus lead the lower way:
Our enemies keep upon the mountain-tops,
And have encamp'd themselves not far from Fess.—
Madam, gold[1] is the glue, sinews, and strength of war,
And we must see our treasure may go safe.—
Away! [*Exit*[2] PISANO *with the treasure and some of the* Guard.] Now, boy, what's the news!
The Moor's Son.[3] The news, my lord, is war, war and revenge;
And, if I shall declare the circumstance,
'Tis thus.
Rubin, our uncle's wife, that wrings her hands
For Abdelmunen's death, accompanied
With many dames of Fess in mourning weeds,
Near to Argier encounter'd Abdelmelec,
That bends his force, puff'd up with Amurath's aid,
Against your holds and castles of defence.
The younger brother, Muly Mahamet Seth,
Greets the great Bassa that the King of Turks
Sends to invade your right and royal realm;

---

[1] If we retain the comma after "Madam," we must suppose that the Moor is addressing his wife Calipolis (whose presence is not marked). But qy. "Madam Gold"="Lady Pecunia"?

[2] There is no stage-direction in the 4to. It was added by Dyce.

[3] "The 4to '*Muly Mah.*': but to his speech in the Third Act the 4to prefixes '*The Moores sonne*'—which prefix, to avoid the confusion caused by the family name, I have adopted throughout."—*Dyce.*

And basely beg revenge, arch-rebels all,
To be inflict upon our progeny.[1]
The Moor. Why, boy, is Amurath's Bassa such a bug[2]
That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?
Then, Bassa, lock the winds in wards of brass,
Thunder from heaven, damn wretched men to death,
Bear[3] all the offices of Saturn's sons,
Be Pluto, then, in hell, and bar the fiends,
Take Neptune's force to thee and calm the seas,
And execute Jove's justice on the world;
Convey Tamburlaine into our Afric here,
To châstise and to menace lawful kings:
Tamburlaine, triumph not, for thou must die,[4]
As Philip did, Cæsar, and Cæsar's peers.
The Moor's Son. The Bassa grossly flatter'd[5] to his face,
And Amurath's praise advanced above the clouds;[6]
Upon the plains, the soldiers being spread,
And that brave guard of sturdy janizaries
That Amurath to Abdelmelec gave,
And bade him boldly be with[7] them as safe

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[1] Race. [2] Bugbear.
[3] So Sidney Walker.—Old ed. "Barre."
[4] "In the Second Part of the celebrated tragedy that bears his name, the last words of Tamburlaine are—

'For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.'"—*Dyce.*

[5] *I.e.* Muly Mahamet Seth grossly flatter'd the Bassa?
[6] Old ed. "sound."
[7] So Dyce.—Old ed. "to."

As if he slept within a wallèd town;
Who take them to their weapons, threatening revenge,
Bloody revenge, bloody revengeful war.
The Moor. Away, and let me hear no more of this.
Why, boy,[1]
Are we successors to the great Abdallas[2]
Descended from th' Arabian Muly Xarif,
And shall we be afraid of Bassas and of bugs,
Raw-head and Bloody-bone?
Boy, seest here this scimitar[3] by my side?
Sith they begin to bathe [their swords] in blood,
Blood be the theme whereon our time shall tread;[4]
Such slaughter with my weapon shall I make
As through the stream and bloody channels deep
Our Moors shall sail in ships and pinnaces
From Tangier-shore unto the gates of Fess.
The Moor's Son. And of those slaughter'd bodies shall thy son
A hugy[5] tower erect like Nimrod's frame,
To threaten those unjust and partial gods
That to Abdallas' lawful seed deny
A long, a happy, and triumphant reign.

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[1] "Why, boy"—printed in old ed. as part of the following line.

[2] So P. A. Daniel.—Old ed. "Abdilmelec."

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "semitarie."

[4] This line is very corrupt. Quy. "Blood be the theme *whereof our stile shall treat*"? The emendation would give a grimly jocular turn to the line. The "stile" (Lat. stilus) would be cold steel.

[5] "*I.e.* huge. The 4to 'huge': but in Act IV. Sc. 2 it has 'A *hugie* company of invading Moores'; and in the Prologue to our author's *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes* we find '*hugy* heaps of care.'"—*Dyce.*

An alarum within, and enter a Messenger.

Mess. Fly, King of Fess, King of Moroccus, fly,
Fly with thy friends, Emperor of Barbary;
O, fly the sword and fury of the foe,
That rageth as the ramping lioness
In rescue of her younglings from the bear!
Thy towns and holds by numbers basely yield,
Thy land to Abdelmelec's rule resigns,
Thy carriage and thy treasure taken is
By Amurath's soldiers, that have sworn thy death:
Fly Amurath's power and Abdelmelec's threats,
Or thou and thine look here to breathe your last.

The Moor. Villain, what dreadful sound of death and flight
Is this wherewith thou dost afflict our ears?
But if there be no safety to abide
The favour, fortune, and success of war,
Away in haste! roll on, my chariot-wheels,
Restless till I be safely set in shade
Of some unhaunted[1] place, some blasted grove

---

[1] An uncommon word. In one of Campion's delightful songs (*Fourth Book of Airs*, circ. 1617) we have—

"O then we both will sit in some *unhaunted* shade,
And heal each other's wound which Love hath justly made."

Campion has the word again in *A Book of Airs*, 1601—

"Have I seized my heavenly delight
In this *unhaunted* grove?"

Of deadly yew[1] or dismal cypress-tree,
Far from the light or comfort of the sun,
There to curse heaven and he that heaves me hence;
To sick[2] as Envy at Cecropia's gate,
And pine with thought and terror of mishaps:
Away! [*Exeunt.*

---

1 So Dyce.—Old ed. "hue."

2 "*Sick, i.e.* sicken (so in Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, Part Second, Act IV. Sc. 4—

'A little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, *sick'd* and died').

'*Cecropia's Gate*,' *i.e.* the gate of Athens. The allusion is to a story in the Second Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. The 4to—

'*To* seeke *as Enuie at* Cecropes *gate*,
And pine the *thought*,' &c."—*Dyce.*

[ACT II.[1]]

Alarum, and then the Presenter *speaketh.*

Now war begins his rage and ruthless reign,
And Nemesis, with bloody whip in hand,
Thunders for vengeance on this Negro-Moor;
Nor may the silence of the speechless night,
Dire architect[2] of murders and misdeeds,
Of tragedies and tragic tyrannies,
Hide or contain the[3] barbarous cruelty
Of this usurper to his progeny.
[Three Ghosts *crying* "Vindicta!"[4]
Hark, lords, as in a hollow place afar,

---

[1] Old eds. "Actus Secunda. Scæna prima."
[2] So Dyce. Old ed. "Diuine architects."
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "this."
[4] It was the stage-practice of ghosts to cry "Vindicta." Cf. Induction to *Warning for Fair Women*—

> "Then too a filthy whining ghost,
> Lapt in some foul sheet or a leather pilch,
> Comes screaming like a pig half stick'd,
> And cries, *Vindicta!*"

So in Heywood's *The Captives*—

> "Help, help! his murder'd ghost is come from Hell
> On earth to cry *Vindicta!*"

The dreadful shrieks and clamours that resound,
And sound revenge upon this traitor's soul,
Traitor to kin and kind, to gods and men!
Now Nemesis upon her doubling drum,
Moved with this ghastly moan, this sad complaint,
'Larums aloud into Alecto's ears,
And with her thundering wakes, whereas they lie
In cave as dark as hell and[1] beds of steel,
The Furies, just imps of dire revenge.
"Revenge!" cries Abdelmunen's[2] grievèd ghost,
And rouseth with the terror of this noise
These nymphs of Erebus; "Wreak and revenge!"
Ring out the souls of his unhappy brethren.
And now start up these torments of the world,
Waked with the thunder of Rhamnusia's[3] drum
And fearful echoes of these grievèd ghosts,—
Alecto with her brand and bloody torch,
Megæra with her whip and snaky hair,
Tisiphone with her fatal murdering iron:
These three conspire, these three complain and moan.
Thus, Muly Mahamet, is a council held
To wreak the wrongs and murders thou hast done.
By this imagine was this barbarous Moor
Chased from his dignity and his diadem,
And lives forlorn among the mountain-shrubs,
And makes his food the flesh of savage beasts.

---

[1] "Qy. 'on'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Abdilmelecs."
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Ramuisans," ("Rhamnusia"=Nemesis).

Amurath's soldiers have by this install'd
Good Abdelmelec in his royal seat.
The dames of Fess and ladies of the land,
In honour of the son of Soliman,
Erect a statue made of beaten gold,
And sing to Amurath songs of lasting praise.
Muly Mahamet's fury over-ruled,
His cruelty controll'd, and pride rebuked,
Now[1] at last when sober thoughts renew'd
Care of his kingdom and desirèd crown,
The aid that once was offer'd and refused
By messengers he furiously implores,[2]
Sebastian's aid, brave King of Portugal.
He, forward in all arms and chivalry,
Hearkens to his ambassadors, and grants
What they in letters and by words entreat.
Now listen, lordings, now begins the game,
Sebastian's tragedy in this tragic war. [*Exit.*

[SCENE I.]

Alarum within, and then enter ABDELMELEC, MULY MAHAMET SETH, CALSEPIUS BASSA, *with* Moors *and* Janizaries.[3]

Abdelm. Now hath the sun display'd his golden beams,

---

[1] Emphatic monosyllable followed by pause,—equivalent to a dissyllable.

[2] So Dyce. Old ed. "imployes."

[3] The old stage-direction adds "*and the* Ladies."

And, dusky clouds dispersed, the welkin clears,
Wherein the twenty-colour'd rainbow shows.
After this fight happy and fortunate,
Wherein our Moors have lost the day,
And Victory, adorn'd with Fortune's plumes,
Alights on Abdelmelec's glorious crest,
Here find we time to breathe, and now begin
To pay thy due and duties thou dost owe
To heaven and earth, to gods and Amurath.
[*Sound trumpets.*
And now draw near, and heaven and earth give ear,
Give ear and record, heaven and earth, with me;
Ye lords of Barbary, hearken and attend,
Hark to the words I speak, and vow I make
To plant the true succession of the crown:
Lo, lords, in our seat royal to succeed
Our only brother here we do install,
And by the name of Muly Mahamet Seth
Intitle him true heir unto the crown.
Ye gods of heaven gratulate this deed,
That men on earth may therewith stand content!
Lo, thus my due and duty is done, I pay[1]
To heaven and earth, to gods and Amurath!
[*Sound trumpets.*

Muly Mah. Seth. Renowmèd Bassa, to remunerate
Thy worthiness and magnanimity,
Behold, the noblest ladies of the land
Bring present tokens of their gratitude.

[1] Dyce's emendation "due and duties do I pay" is perhaps correct.

[*Enter* RUBIN ARCHIS, *her* Son, *a* Queen, *and* Ladies.]

Rub. Ar. Rubin, that breathes but for revenge,
Bassa, by this commends herself to thee,
Resign[s] the token of her thankfulness:
To Amurath the god of earthly kings
Doth Rubin give and sacrifice her son:
Not with sweet smoke of fire or sweet perfume,
But with his father's sword, his mother's thanks,
Doth Rubin give her son to Amurath.
Queen. As Rubin gives her son, so we ourselves
To Amurath give, and fall before his face.
Bassa, wear thou the gold of Barbary,
And glister like the palace of the Sun,[1]
In honour of the deed that thou hast done.
Cal. Bas. Well worthy of the aid of Amurath
Is Abdelmelec, and these noble dames.—
Rubin, thy son I shall ere long bestow,
Where thou dost him bequeath in honour's fee,
On Amurath mighty Emperor of the East,
That shall receive the imp of royal race
With cheerful looks and gleams of princely grace.—
This chosen guard of Amurath's janizaries
I leave to honour and attend on thee,
King of Morocco, conqueror of thy foes,
True King of Fess, Emperor of Barbary;

[1] "An allusion to the story of Phaeton in Ovid, as Walker remarks, *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, &c., vol. i. p. 155."—*Dyce.*

Muly Molocco, live and keep thy seat,
In spite of fortune's spite or enemies' threats.—
Ride, Bassa, now, bold Bassa, homeward ride,
As glorious as great Pompey in his pride.
[*Exeunt*[1] *omnes.*

[SCENE II.]

Enter DIEGO LOPEZ, *Governor of Lisbon, the* Irish Bishop, STUKELEY, JONAS, *and* HERCULES.

Die. Welcome to Lisbon,[2] valiant Catholics,
Welcome, brave Englishmen, to Portugal:
Most reverent[3] primate of the Irish church,
And, noble Stukeley, famous by thy name,
Welcome, thrice-welcome to Sebastian's town;
And welcome, English captains, to you all:
It joyeth us to see his Holiness' fleet
Cast anchor happily upon our coast.
Bish. These welcomes, worthy governor of Lisbon,
Argue an honourable mind in thee,
But treat of our misfortune therewithal.
To Ireland by Pope Gregory's command
Were we all bound, and therefore thus embark'd,
To land our forces there at unawares,
Conquering the island[4] for his Holiness,

[1] Old ed. "*Exit.*"
[2] Old ed. gives sometimes "Lisborne," sometimes "Lisbon."
[3] An old form of "reverend."
[4] So Dyce.—Old ed. "land."

And so restore it to the Roman faith:
This was the cause of our expedition,
And Ireland long ere this had been subdued,
Had not foul weather brought us to this bay.
Die. Under correction, are ye not all Englishmen,
And 'longs not Ireland to that kingdom, lords?
Then, may I speak my conscience in the cause
Sans scandal to the holy see of Rome,
Unhonourable is this expedition,
And misbeseeming you to meddle in.
Stuke. Lord governor of Lisbon, understand,
As we are Englishmen, so are we men,
And I am Stukeley so resolved in all
To follow rule, honour, and empery,
Not to be bent so strictly to the place
Wherein at first I blew the fire of life,
But that I may at liberty make choice
Of all the continents that bounds the world;
For why[1] I make it not so great desert
To be begot or born in any place,
Sith that's a thing of pleasure and of ease
That might have been perform'd elsewhere as well.
Die. Follow what your good pleasure will,
Good Captain Stukeley: be it far from me
To take exceptions beyond my privilege.
Bish. Yet, captain, give me leave to speak;
We must affect our country as our parents,
And if at any time we alienate

[1] "For why"—because.

Our love or industry from doing it honour,
It must respect effects [1] and touch the soul,
Matter of conscience and religion,
And not desire of rule or benefit.
Stuke. Well said, bishop! spoken like yourself,
The reverent, lordly Bishop of Saint Asses.
Herc. The bishop talks according to his coat,
And takes not measure of it by his mind:
You see he hath it made thus large and wide,
Because he may convert it, as he list,
To any form may fit the fashion best.
Bish. Captain, you do me wrong to descant thus
Upon my coat or double conscience,
And cannot answer it in another place.
Dic. 'Tis but in jest, lord bishop; put it up:
And all as friends deign to be entertain'd
As my ability here can make provision.
Shortly shall I conduct you to the king,
Whose welcomes evermore to strangers are
Princely and honourable, as his state becomes.
Stuke. Thanks, worthy governor.—Come, bishop, come,
Will you show fruits of quarrel and of wrath?
Come, let's in with my Lord of Lisbon here,
And put all conscience into one carouse,

[1] The word "effects" seems unintelligible. The bishop says that a man is justified in alienating himself from his country only where matters of conscience and religion are concerned. Should we therefore read "respect [=concern] our faiths"?

Letting it out again as we may live.[1]

[*Exeunt all except* STUKELEY.

There shall no action pass my hand or sword,
That cannot make a step to gain a crown;
No word shall pass the office of my tongue,
That sounds not of affection to a crown;
No thought have being in my lordly breast,
That works not every way to win a crown:
Deeds, words, and thoughts, shall all be as a king's;
My chiefest company shall be with kings;
And my deserts shall counterpoise a king's:
Why should not I, then, look to be a king?
I am the Marquis now of Ireland[2] made,
And will be shortly King of Ireland:
King[3] of a mole-hill had I rather be,
Than the richest subject of a monarchy.
Huff it, brave mind, and never cease t'aspire,
Before thou reign sole king of thy desire. [*Exit.*

---

[1] "*I.e.* as we may be live or lief—*i.e.* willing, inclined."—*Dyce.*

[2] He had received this title from the Pope.

[3] Dyce in his prefatory note to this play extracts from Fuller's *Worthies* (ed. 1672, pp. 258–9) an account of Stukeley. Fuller writes:—"So confident his ambition that he blushed not to tell Queen Elizabeth, that he preferred rather to be soveraign of a mole-hill than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendome; adding, moreover, that he was assured he should be a prince before his death. I hope (said Queen Elizabeth) I shall hear from you, when you are stated in your principality. I will write unto you (quoth Stukeley). In what language? (said the Queen). He returned, In the stile of Princes; *To our dear sister.*"

[SCENE III.]

Enter the Moor, *with* CALIPOLIS *his wife,* MULY MAHAMET *his son, and two others.*

The Moor. Where[1] art thou, boy? Where is Calipolis?
O deadly wound that passeth by mine eye,
The fatal poison[2] of my swelling heart!
O fortune constant in unconstancy!
Fight earthquakes in the intrails of the earth,
And eastern whirlwinds in the hellish shades!
Some foul contagion of th' infected heaven
Blast all the trees, and in their cursèd tops
The dismal night-raven and tragic owl
Breed, and become foretellers[3] of my fall,
The fatal ruin of my name and me!
Adders and serpents hiss at my disgrace,
And wound the earth with anguish of their stings!
Now, Abdelmelec, now triúmph in Fess;
Fortune hath made thee King of Barbary.

Calip. Alas, my lord, what boot these huge exclaims
T' advantage us in this distress'd estate?
O, pity our perplex'd estate, my lord,
And turn all curses to submiss complaints,
And those complaints to actions of relief!

[1] Some lines from this speech are selected for ridicule by Ben Jonson in the Third Act of *The Poetaster.*
[2] So Dyce. Old ed. "prison."
[3] In *The Poetaster,* act iii., the reading is "forerunners."

I faint, my lord; and naught may cursing plaints
Refresh the fading substance of my life.
The Moor. Faint all the world, consume and be accursed,
Since my state faints, [consumes,] and is accursed.
Calip. Yet patience, lord, to conquer sorrows so.[1]
The Moor. What patience is for him that lacks his crown?
There is no patience where the loss is such:
The shame of my disgrace hath put on wings,
And swiftly flies about this earthly ball.
Carest thou to live, then, fond Calipolis,
When he that should give essence to thy soul,
He on whose glory all thy joy should stay,
Is soulless, gloryless, and desperate,
Crying for battle, famine, sword, and fire,
Rather than calling for relief or life?
But be content, thy hunger shall have end;
Famine shall pine to death, and thou shalt live:
I will go hunt these cursèd solitaries,[2]
And make the sword and target here my hound
To pull down lions and untamèd beasts. [*Exit.*
The Moor's Son. Tush, mother, cherish your unhearty soul,
And feed with hope of happiness and ease;
For if by valour or by policy
My kingly father can be fortunate,

[1] Quy. "to conquer sorrows *owe*"? (The meaning would be "Own patience—have patience—to conquer sorrows." *Owe* was an old form of *own*.)

[2] "*I.e.* deserts."—*Dyce.*

We shall be Jove's commanders once again,
And flourish in a threefold happiness.
Zareo. His majesty hath sent Sebastian,
The good and harmless King of Portugal,
A promise to resign the royalty
And kingdom of Morocco to his hands;
And when this haughty[1] offer takes effect,
And works affiance in Sebastian,
My gracious lord, warn'd wisely to advise,
I doubt not but will watch occasion,
And take her fore-top by the slenderest hair,
To rid us of this miserable life.
The Moor's Son. Good madam, cheer yourself: my father's wise;[2]
He can submit himself and live below,[3]
Make show of friendship, promise, vow, and swear,
Till, by the virtue of his fair pretence,
Sebastian trusting his integrity,
He makes himself possessor of such fruits
As grow upon such great advantages.
Calip. But more dishonour hangs on such misdeeds
Than all the profit their return can bear:
Such secret judgments have the heavens imposed
Upon the drooping state of Barbary,
As public merits in such lewd attempts
Have drawn with violence upon our heads.

---

[1] If the text is correct, "haughty" must have the sense of "magnanimous." [2] Walker's correction. Old ed. "wife."
[3] The text may be right, but "live below" is a very strange expression. For "*live* below" I would read "*dive* below."

Enter MULY MAHAMET *with flesh*[1] *upon his sword.*

The Moor. Hold thee, Calipolis, feed, and faint no more;
This flesh I forcèd from a lioness,
Meat of a princess, for a princess meet:
Learn by her noble stomach to esteem
Penury plenty in extremest dearth;
Who, when she saw her foragement bereft,
Pined not in melancholy or childish fear,
But as brave minds are strongest in extremes,
So she, redoubling[2] her former force,
Ranged through[3] the woods, and rent the breeding vaults
Of proudest savages to save[4] herself.
Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis;[5]
For rather than fierce Famine shall prevail
To gnaw thy intrails with her thorny teeth,
The conquering lioness shall attend on thee,
And lay huge heaps of slaughter'd carcasses,
As bulwarks in her way, to keep her back.
I will provide thee of a princely osprey,

---

[1] Old ed. "lyons flesh."
[2] Equivalent to a quadrisyllable.
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "thorough."
[4] "Qy. 'serve'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*
[5] Parodied by Pistol in 2 *Henry IV*—
"Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis."—Cf. Marston (ed. Bullen), ii. 404.

That as she flieth over fish in pools,[1]
The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all:
Jove's stately bird with wide-commanding wings
Shall hover still about thy princely head,
And beat down fowl by shoals into thy lap:
Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis.

Calip. Thanks, good my lord, and though my stomach be
Too queasy to disgest[2] such bloody meat,
Yet, strength I it with virtue of my mind,
I doubt no whit but I shall live, my lord.

The Moor. Into the shades, then, fair Calipolis,
And make thy son and negroes here good cheer:
Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe
With strength and terror, to revenge our wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.]

Enter SEBASTIAN, *King of Portugal, the* DUKE of AVERO, *the* DUKE OF BARCELES, LEWES DE SILVA, CHRISTOPHERO DE TAVERA, [*and* Attendants].

K. Seb. Call forth those Moors, those men of Barbary,
That came with letters from the King of Fess.

[*Exit one.*

---

[1] Cf. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. :—
"The osprey, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner doth espy,
But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie to stuff his gluttonous maw."

[2] Old form of "digest."

[*The* Moorish Ambassadors *are brought in.*]

Ye warlike lords, and men of chivalry,
Honourable ambassadors of this high regent,
Hark to Sebastian King of Portugal.
These letters sent from your distressèd lord,
Torn from his throne by Abdelmelec's hand,
Strengthen'd and raised by furious Amurath,
Import a kingly favour at our hands,
For aid to re-obtain his royal seat,
And place his fortunes in their former height.
For 'quital of which honourable arms,
By these his letters he doth firmly vow
Wholly to yield and to surrender up
The kingdom of Moroccus to our hands,
And to become to us contributary;
And to content himself with th'[1] realm of Fess,
These lines, my lords, writ in extremity,
Contain therefore but[2] during fortune's date;
How shall Sebastian, then, believe the same?

First Amb. Viceroys,[3] and most Christian king of Portugal,
To satisfy thy doubtful mind herein,
Command forthwith a blazing brand of fire
Be brought in presence of thy majesty;
Then shalt thou see, by our religious vows

[1] Old ed. "the."

[2] There must be some corruption here. Quy. "Contain *their force* but"?

[3] Corruption again, seemingly. Quy. "*Thrice royal* and most Christian King"?

And ceremonies most inviolate,
How firm our sovereign's protestations are.

[*A brand is brought in.*]

Behold, my lord, this binds our faith to thee:
In token that great Muly Mahamet's hand
Hath writ no more than his stout heart allows,
And will perform to thee and to thine heirs,
We offer here our hands into this flame;
And as this flame doth fasten on this flesh,
So from our souls we wish it may consume
The heart of our great lord and sovereign,
Muly Mahamet King of Barbary,
If his intent agree not with his words!

K. Seb. These ceremonies and protestations
Sufficeth us, ye lords of Barbary,
Therefore return this answer to your king:
Assure him by the honour of my crown,
And by Sebastian's true unfeignèd faith,
He shall have aid and succour to recover,
And seat him in, his former empery.
Let him rely upon our princely word:
Tell him by August we will come to him
With such a power of brave impatient minds,
As Abdelmelec and great Amurath
Shall tremble at the strength of Portugal.

First Amb. Thanks to th'[1] renowmèd King of Portugal,
On whose stout promises our state depend[s].

[1] Old ed. "the."

K. Seb. Barbarians, go; glad your distressèd king,
And say Sebastian lives to right his wrong.
[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.
Duke of Avero, call in those Englishmen,
Don Stukeley, and those captains of the fleet,
That lately landed in our bay of Lisbon.
Now breathe, Sebastian, and in breathing blow
Some gentle gale of thy new-formèd joys.
Duke of Avero, it shall be your charge
To take the muster of the Portugals,
And bravest bloods of all our country.
[*Exit* DUKE OF AVERO.
Lewes de Silva, you shall be despatch'd
With letters unto Philip King of Spain:
Tell him we crave his aid in this behalf;
I know our brother Philip nill[1] deny
His furtherance in this holy Christian war.
Duke of Barceles, as thy ancestors
Have always loyal been to Portugal,
So now, in honour of thy toward youth,
Thy charge shall be to Antwerp speedily,
To hire us mercenary men-at-arms:
Promise them princely pay; and be thou sure
Thy word is ours,—Sebastian speaks the word.

Christo. I beseech your majesty, employ me in this war.

K. Seb. Christopher de Tavera, next unto myself,
My good Hephæstion,[2] and my bedfellow,

[1] Will not.
[2] Old ed. "Efestian."

Thy cares and mine shall be alike in this,
And thou and I will live and die together.

Re-enter[1] *the* DUKE OF AVERO, *with the* Irish Bishop, STUKELEY, JONAS, HERCULES, *and others.*

And now, brave Englishmen, to you [I turn]
Whom angry storms have put into our bay;
Hold not your fortune e'er the worse in this:
We hold our stranger's honours in our hand,
And for distressèd frank and free relief.
Tell me, then, Stukeley, for that's thy name I trow,
Wilt thou, in honour of thy country's fame,
Hazard thy person in this brave exploit,
And follow us to fruitful Barbary,
With these six thousand soldiers thou hast brought,
And choicely pick'd through wanton Italy?
Thou art a man of gallant personage,
Proud in thy looks, and famous every way:
Frankly tell me, wilt thou go with me?

Stuke. Courageous king, the wonder of my thoughts!
And yet, my lord, with pardon understand,
Myself and these whom weather hath enforced
To lie at road upon thy gracious coast,
Did bend our course and made amain for Ireland.

K. Seb. For Ireland, Stukeley, thou mistak'st[2] wondrous much!

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "*Enter* STUKELEY *and the rest.*"

[2] Old ed. "thou mistakst *me* wonderous much." But Dyce's emendation "thou mak'st me wonder much" is very plausible.

With seven ships, two pinnaces, and six thousand men?
I tell thee, Stukeley, they are far too weak
To violate the Queen of Ireland's right;
For Ireland's Queen commandeth England's force.
Were every ship ten thousand on the seas,
Mann'd with the strength of all the eastern kings,
Conveying all the monarchs of the world,
T' invade the island where her highness reigns,
'Twere all in vain, for heavens and destinies
Attend and wait upon her majesty.
Sacred, imperial, and holy is her seat,
Shining with wisdom, love, and mightiness:
Nature that everything imperfect made,
Fortune that never yet was constant found,
Time that defaceth every golden show,
Dare not decay, remove, or her impair;[1]
Both nature, time, and fortune, all agree,
To bless and serve her royal majesty.
The wallowing ocean hems her round about;
Whose raging floods do swallow up her foes,
And on the rocks their ships in pieces split,
And[2] even in Spain, where all the traitors dance

[1] So Dyce. Old ed. "or be impure."

[2] Dyce makes no comment here; but it is plain that this line and the next are hideously corrupt. We should put a full stop after "split" (l. 119); and some reckless emendator might then propose—

> "Th' Atlantic main, where gayly dolphins dance
> And 'joy themselves upon the sunny wave,
> Securely guards," &c.

Very far from the original; but the original is nonsense.

And play themselves upon a sunny day,
Securely guard the west part of her isle;
The south the narrow Britain-sea begirts,
Where Neptune sits in triumph to direct
Their course to hell that aim at her disgrace;
The German seas alongst the east do run,
Where Venus banquets all her water-nymphs,
That with her beauty glancing on the waves
Distains the cheek[1] of fair Proserpina.
Advise thee, then, proud Stukeley, ere thou pass
To wrong the wonder of the highest God;
Sith danger, death, and hell do follow thee,
Thee, and them all, that seek to danger her.
If honour be the mark whereat thou aim'st,
Then follow me in holy Christian wars,
And leave to seek thy country's overthrow.

Stuke. Rather, my lord, let me admire these words,
Than answer to your firm objections.
His Holiness Pope Gregory the Seventh
Hath made us four the leaders of the rest:
Amongst the rest, my lord, I am but one;
If they agree, Stukeley will be the first
To die with honour for Sebastian.

K. Seb. Tell me, lord bishop, captains, tell me all,
Are you content to leave this enterprise
Against your country and your countrymen,
To aid Mahamet King of Barbary?

---

[1] This is Dyce's excellent emendation. Old ed. "Disdaines the checke." (*Distains*=excels, outshines.)

Bish. To aid Mahamet King of Barbary!
'Tis 'gainst our vows, great King of Portugal.
K. Seb. Then, captains, what say you?
Jon. I say, my lord,[1] as the bishop said,
We may not turn from conquering Ireland.
Herc. Our country and our countrymen will condemn
Us[2] worthy of death, if we neglect our vows.
K. Seb. Consider, lords, you are now in Portugal,
And I may now dispose of you and yours:
Hath not the wind and weather given you up,
And made you captives at our royal will?
Jon. It hath, my lord, and willingly we yield
To be commanded by your majesty;
But if you make us voluntary men,
Our course is then direct for Ireland.
K. Seb. That course will we direct for Barbary.—
Follow me, lords: Sebastian leads the way
To plant the Christian faith in Africa.
Stuke. Saint George for England! and Ireland now adieu,
For here Tom Stukeley shapes his course anew.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Equivalent to a dissyllable.
[2] This word should probably stand at the end of the previous line, unless we adopt Dyce's suggested reading, "Us worthy death."

[ACT III.]

Enter the Presenter *and speaks.*

Lo, thus into a lake of blood and gore
The brave courageous King of Portugal
Hath drench'd himself, and now prepares amain
With sails and oars to cross the swelling seas,
With men and ships, courage and cannon-shot,
To plant this cursèd Moor in fatal hour;
And in this Catholic case the King of Spain
Is call'd upon by sweet Sebastian,
Who surfeiting in prime time[1] of his youth
Upon ambition's[2] poison, dies thereon.
By this time is the Moor to Tangier come,
A city 'longing to the Portugal;
And now doth Spain promise with holy face,
As favouring the honour of the cause,
His aid of arms, and levies men apace:

---

[1] For the use of "prime time" (where to-day, as did the Elizabethans generally, we should say simply "prime") cf. a song in Robert Jones' *Muses' Garden of Delights*, 1610—

> "For hopes revealed may thy hopes prolong,
> Or cut them off in *prime time* of desire."

[2] Old ed. "ambitious."

But nothing less than King Sebastian's good
He means; yet at Sucor de Tupea
He met, some say, in person with the Portugal,
And treateth of a marriage with the king:
But 'ware ambitious wiles and poison'd eyes!
There was nor aid of arms nor marriage,
For[1] on his way without those Spaniards
King Sebastian went. [*Exit.*

[SCENE I.]

Enter the KING OF PORTUGAL *and his* Lords, LEWES DE SILVA, *and the* Ambassadors [*and* Legate] *of Spain.*

K. Seb. Honourable lords, ambassadors of Spain,
The many favours by our meetings done
From our belovèd and renowmèd brother,
Philip the Catholic King of Spain,[2]
Say therefore, good my lord ambassador,
Say how your mighty master minded is
To propagate the fame of Portugal.

First Amb. To propagate the fame of Portugal,
And plant religious truth in Africa,
Philip the great and puissant king of Spain,
For love and honour of Sebastian's name,
Promiseth aid of arms, and swears by us
To do your majesty all the good he can,

[1] "For . . . went"—one line in old ed.
[2] "Something has dropt out here."—*Dyce.*

With men, munition, and supply of war,
Of Spaniards proud, in king Sebastian's aid,
To spend their bloods in honour of their Christ.
Legate. And farther, to manifest unto your majesty
How much the Catholic king of Spain affects
This war with Moors and men of little faith,
The honour of your everlasting praise,
Behold, to honour and enlarge thy name,
He maketh offer of his daughter Isabel
To link in marriage with the brave Sebastian;
And to enrich Sebastian's noble wife,
His majesty doth [1] promise to resign
The titles of the Islands of Moloccus,[2]
That by his royalty in India [3] he commands.
These favours with unfeignèd love and zeal
Voweth King Philip to King Sebastian.
K. Seb. And God so deal with King Sebastian's soul
As justly he intends to fight for Christ!
Nobles of Spain, sith our renowmèd brother,
Philip the king of honour and of zeal,
By you the chosen orators of Spain
The offer of the holds [4] he makes
Are not so precious in our account,
As is the peerless dame whom we adore,

---

[1] Old ed. "with."

[2] This may be a recognised old form of "Moluccas;" but I have not met it elsewhere.

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Iudah."

[4] There has been no mention of any "holds." From the next scene

His daughter, in whose loyalty consists
The life and honour of Sebastian.
As for the aid of arms he promiseth,
We will expect and thankfully receive,
At Cardis,[1] as we sail alongst the coast.—
Sebastian, clap thy hands for joy,
Honourèd by this meeting and this match.—
Go, lords, and follow to the famous war
Your king; and be his fortune such in all
As he intends to manage arms in right.

[*Exeunt.* *Mane*[*n*]*t* STUKELEY *and another.*

Stuke. Sit fast, Sebastian, and in this work
God and good men labour for Portugal!
For Spain, disguising with a double face,
Flatters thy youth and forwardness, good king.
Philip, whom some call the Catholic king,
I fear me much thy faith will not be firm,
But disagree with thy profession.

The other. What, then, shall of those[2] men of war become,
Those numbers that do multiply in Spain?

Stuke. Spain hath a vent for them and their supplies:
The Spaniard ready to embark himself,
Here gathers to a head; but all too sure
Flanders, I fear, shall feel the force of Spain.

---

we learn that Abdelmelec offered "seven holds" (l. 18) to Philip; but that is another matter. It is impossible to suggest any tolerable emendation; for a line or more seems to have been dropped.

[1] A corruption of "Cadiz."

[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "these."

Let Portugal fare as he may or can,
Spain means to spend no powder on the Moors.
The other. If kings do dally so with holy oaths,
The heavens will right the wrongs that they sustain.
Philip, if these forgeries be in thee,
Assure thee, king, 'twill light on thee at last;
And when proud Spain hopes soundly to prevail,
The time may come that thou and thine shall fail.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

Enter ABDELMELEC, MULY MAHAMET SETH, ZAREO, *and their train.*

Abdelm. The Portugal, led with deceiving hope,
Hath raised his power, and received our foe
With honourable welcomes and regard,
And left his country-bounds, and hither bends
In hope to help Mahamet to a crown,
And chase us hence, and plant this Negro-Moor,
That clads himself in coat of hammer'd steel
To heave us from the honour we possess.
But, for I have myself a soldier been,
I have, in pity to the Portugal,
Sent secret messengers to counsel him.
As for the aid of Spain, whereof they hoped,
We have despatch'd our letters to their prince,
To crave that in a quarrel so unjust,
He that entitlèd is the Catholic king,
Would not assist a careless Christian prince.

And, as by letters we are let to know,
Our offer of the seven holds we made
He thankfully receives with all conditions,
Differing in mind [as] far from all his words
And promises to King Sebastian,
As we would wish, or you, my lords, desire.
Ar. Zareo. What resteth, then, but Abdelmelec may
Beat back this proud invading Portugal,
And châstise this ambitious Negro-Moor
With thousand deaths for thousand damnèd deeds?
Abdelm. Forward, Zareo, and ye manly Moors!—
Sebastian, see in time unto thyself:
If thou and thine misled do thrive amiss,
Guiltless is Abdelmelec of thy blood. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.]

Enter DON DE MENYSIS, *Governor of Tangier, speaking to the* Captain[s].

De Men. Captain[s], we have receivèd letters from the king,
That with such signs and arguments of love
We entertain the King of Barbary,
That marcheth toward Tangier with his men,
The poor remainders[1] of those that fled from Fess,
When Abdelmelec got the glorious day,
And stall'd himself in his imperial throne.

[1] "Qy. 'remains'?"—*Dyce.*

First Cap. Lord governor, we are in readiness
To welcome and receive this hapless king,
Chased from his land by angry Amurath;
And if the right rest in this lusty Moor,
Bearing a princely heart unvanquishable,
A noble resolution then it is
In brave Sebastian our Christian king,
To aid this Moor with his victorious arms,
Thereby to propagate religious truth,
And plant his springing praise in Africa.
Sec. Cap. But when arrives this brave Sebastian,
To knit his forces with this manly Moor,
That both in one, and one in both, may join
In this attempt of noble consequence?
Our men of Tangier long to see their king,
His[1] princely face, that like the summer's sun,
Glads all these hither parts of Barbary.
De Men. Captains, he cometh hitherward amain,
Top and top-gallant, all in brave array:
The[2] six-and-twentieth day of June he left
The bay of Lisbon, and with all his fleet
At Cardis happily he arrived in Spain
The eighth of July, tarrying for the aid
That Philip King of Spain had promisèd:
And fifteen days he there remain'd aboard,

[1] Old ed. "Whose."
[2] Lines 27–30 are arranged thus in old ed.—
"The 26. daie of June he lefte the bay of Lisborne,
And with all his fleete at Cardis happily he
Ariu'de in Spain the eight of July, tarrying for the aide."

Expecting when this Spanish force would come,
Nor stept ashore, as he were going still.
But Spain, that meant and minded nothing less,
Pretends a sudden fear and care to keep
His own from Amurath's fierce invasion,
And to excuse his promise to our king;
For which he storms as great Achilles erst
Lying for want of wind in Aulis'[1] gulf,
And hoiseth up his sails and anchors weighs,
And hitherward he comes, and looks to meet
This manly Moor whose case he undertakes.
Therefore go we to welcome and receive,[2]
With cannon-shot and shouts of young and old,
This fleet of Portugals and troop of Moors. [*Exeunt.*[3]

[SCENE IV.]

The trumpets sound, the chambers are discharged. Then enter the KING OF PORTUGAL *and the* MOOR, *with all their train.*

K. Seb. Muly Mahamet, King of Barbary,
Well met, and welcome to our town of Tangier,
After this sudden shock and hapless war.—
Welcome, brave Queen of Moors: repose thee here,
Thou and thy noble son.—And, soldiers all,

---

[1] So Dyce—Old ed. "Aldest."
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "rescue." (Cf. l. 9.)
[3] Old ed. "*Exit.*"

Repose you here in King Sebastian's town.—
Thus far in honour of thy name and aid,
Lord Mahamet, we have adventurèd,
To win for thee a kingdom, for ourselves
Fame, and performance of those promises
That in thy faith and royalty thou hast
Sworn to Sebastian King of Portugal;
And thrive it so with thee as thou dost mean,
And mean thou so as thou dost wish to thrive!
And if our Christ, for whom in chief we fight,
Hereby t' enlarge the bounds of Christendom,
Favour this war, and, as I do not doubt,
Send victory to light upon my crest,
Brave Moor, I will advance thy kingly son,
And with a diadem of pearl and gold
Adorn thy temples and enrich thy head.

The Moor. O brave Sebastian, noble Portugal,
Renowm'd and honour'd ever mayst thou be,
Triúmpher over those that menace thee!
The hellish prince, grim Pluto, with his mace
Ding[1] down my soul to hell, and with this soul
This son of mine, the honour of my house,
But I perform religiously to thee
That I have holily erst underta'en!
And that thy lords and captains may perceive
My mind in this single and pure to be,—
As pure as is the water of the brook,—
My dearest son to thee I do engage:

[1] Dash.

Receive him, lord, in hostage of my vow;
For even my mind presageth to myself,
That in some slavish sort I shall behold
Him[1] dragg'd along this running river shore,
A spectacle to daunt the pride of those
That climb aloft by force, and not by right.

The Moor's Son. Nor can it otherwise befall the man
That keeps his seat and sceptre all in fear;
That wears his crown in eye of all the world,
Reputed theft and not inheritance.
What title, then, hath Abdelmelec here
To bar our father or his progeny?
Right royal prince, hereof you make no doubt,
Agreeing with your wholesome Christian laws:
Help, then, courageous lord, with hand and sword,
To clear his way, whose lets are lawless men;
And for this deed ye all shall be renowm'd,
Renowm'd and chronicled in books of fame,
In books of fame, and characters of brass,
Of brass, nay, beaten gold: fight, then, for fame,
And find th' Arabian Muly Hamet here
Adventurous, bold, and full of rich reward.

Stuke. Brave boy, how plain this princely mind in thee
Argues the height and honour of thy birth!
And well have I observed thy forwardness;—
Which being tender'd by your majesty,

[1] "Abdelmelec, it is to be supposed."—*P. A. Daniel.*

No doubt the quarrel, open'd by the mouth
Of this young prince unpartially to us,
May animate and hearten all the host
To fight against the devil for Lord Mahamet.
K. Seb. True, Stukeley; and so freshly to my mind
Hath this young prince reduced[1] his father's wrong,
That in good time I hope this honour's fire,
Kindled already with regard of right,
Bursts into open flames, and calls for wars,
Wars, wars, to plant the true-succeeding prince.—
Lord Mahamet, I take thy noble son
A pledge of honour, and shall use him so.—
Lord Lodowick, and my good Lord of Avero,
See this young prince convey'd safe to Messegon,
And there accompanied as him fitteth best:
And to this war prepare ye more and less,
This rightful war, that Christians' God will bless.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] Brought back.

[ACT IV.]

Enter the Presenter.

Now harden'd is this hapless heathen prince,
And strengthen'd by the arms of Portugal,
This Moor, this murderer of his progeny;
And war and weapons now, and blood and death,
Wait on the counsels of this cursèd king;
And to a bloody banket he invites
The brave Sebastian and his noble peers.

Enter to the bloody banket.

In fatal hour arrived this peerless prince,
To lose his life, his life, and many lives
Of lusty men, courageous Portugals,
Drawn by [proud] ambition's[1] golden hooks.[2]
Let fame of him no wrongful censure sound;
Honour was object of his thoughts, ambition was his ground. [*Exit.*

[1] Old ed. "ambitious." The same misprint has occurred earlier in the play (p. 262, l. 10). *Drawn* (old ed. "Drawen") has the value of a dissyllable.

[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "looks."

[SCENE I.]

Enter ABDELMELEC *and his train.*

Abdelm. Now tell me, Celybin, what doth the enemy?
Cel. The enemy, dread lord, hath left the town
Of Arzil with a thousand soldiers arm'd,
To guard his fleet of thirteen hundred sail;
And mustering of his men before the walls,
He found he had two thousand armèd horse,
And fourteen thousand men that serve on foot,
Three thousand pioners,[1] and a thousand coachmen,
Besides a number almost numberless
Of drudges, negroes, slaves, and muleters,[2]
Horse-boys, laundresses, and courtezans,
And fifteen hundred waggons full of stuff
For noblemen brought up in delicate.
Abdelm. Alas, good king, thy foresight hath been small,
To come with women into Barbary,
With laundresse[s], with baggage, and with trash,
Numbers unfit to multiply thy host.
Cel. Their payment in the camp is passing slow,
And victuals scarce, that many faint and die.
Abdelm. But whither marcheth he in all this haste?
Cel. Some think, my lord,[3] he marcheth hitherward,
And means to take this city of Alcazar.

[1] Old form of *pioneers.* [2] Old form of *muleteers.*
[3] "My lord"—not in old ed.; suggested by Dyce.

Abdelm. Unto Alcazar? O unconstant chance!
Cel. The brave and valiant King of Portugal
Quarters his power in four battalions,
Afront the which, to welcome us withal,
Are six and thirty roaring-pieces[1] placed:
The first, consisting of light-armèd horse
And of the garrisons from Tangier brought,
Is led by Alvaro Peres de Tavero;
The left or middle battle, of Italians
And German horsemen, Stukeley doth command,
A warlike Englishman sent by the Pope,
That vainly calls himself Marquis of Ireland;
Alonso Aquilaz conducts the third,—
That wing of German soldiers most consists;
The fourth legion is none but Portugals,
Of whom Lodevico Cæsar hath the chiefest charge:
Besides there stand six thousand horse
Bravely attired, prest[2] where need requires.
Thus have I told your royal majesty
How he is placed to brave us in the fight.[3]
Abdelm. But where's our nephew, Muly Mahamet?
Cel. He marcheth in the middle, guarded about
With full five hundred harquebuze on foot,
And twice three thousand needless armèd pikes.
Ar. Zareo. Great sovereign, vouchsafe to hear me speak,
And let Zareo's counsel now prevail:
Whilst time doth serve, and that these Christians dare

[1] Pieces of ordnance. [2] Ready.
[3] So Dyce. Old ed. "to braue his fight."

Approach the field with warlike ensigns spread,
Let us in haste with all our forces meet,
And hem them in, that not a man escape;
So will they be advised another time
How they do touch the shore of Barbary.
Abdelm. Zareo, hear our resolution:
And thus our forces we will first dispose.
Hamet, my brother, with a thousand shot[1]
On horseback, and choice harquebuziers all,
Having ten thousand foot[2] with spear and shield,
Shall make the right wing of the battle up;
Zareo, you shall have in charge the left,
Two thousand argolets and ten thousand horse;
The main battle of harquebuze on foot,
And twenty thousand horsemen in their troops;
Myself, environ'd with my trusty guard
Of janizaries, fortunate in war;
And toward Arzil will we take our way.
If, then, our enemy will balk our force,
In God's name let him, it will be his best;
But if he level at Alcazar walls,
Then beat him back with bullets as thick as hail,
And make him know and rue his oversight,
That rashly seeks the ruin of this land. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Armed soldiers (usually foot-soldiers). *Cf.* Lord Vaux's *Assault of Cupid*:—

"Good Will, the master of the *shot*,
Stood in the rampire brave and proud."

[2] "Foot"—not in old ed.; suggested by Dyce.

[SCENE II.]

Enter SEBASTIAN, *King of Portugal, the* DUKE OF AVERO, STUKELEY, [HERCULES], *and others.*

K. Seb. Why, tell me, lords, why left ye Portugal,
And cross'd the seas with us to Barbary?
Was it to see the country and no more,
Or else to fly[1] before ye were assail'd?
I am ashamed to think that such as you,
Whose deeds have been renowmèd heretofore,
Should slack in such an act of consequence:
We come to fight, and fighting vow to die,
Or else to win the thing for which we came.
Because Abdelmelec, as pitying us,
Sends messages to counsel quietness,
You stand amazed, and think it sound advice,
As if our enemy would wish us any good:
No, let him know we scorn his courtesy,
And will resist his forces whatsoe'er.
Cast fear aside: myself will lead the way,
And make a passage with my conquering sword,
Knee-deep in blood of these accursèd Moors;
And they that love my honour, follow me.[2]
Were you as resolute as is your king,

[1] So Dyce. Old ed. "slay."

[2] "Resembles a line in Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, Act III. Sc. 4—'The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.'"—*Dyce.*

Alcazar walls should fall before your face,
And all the force of this Barbarian lord
Should be confounded, were it ten times more.
Avero. So well become these words a kingly mouth,
That are of force to make a coward fight;
But when advice and prudent[1] foresight
Is joinèd with such magnanimity,
Trophies[2] of victory and kingly spoils
Adorn his crown, his kingdom, and his fame.
Herc. We have descried upon the mountain-tops
A hugy company of invading Moors;
And they, my lord, as thick as winter's hail,
Will fall upon our heads at unawares:
Best, then, betimes t' avoid this gloomy storm;
It is in vain to strive with such a stream.

Enter MULY MAHAMET.

The Moor. Behold, thrice-noble lord, uncall'd I come
To counsel where necessity commands;
And honour of undoubted victory
Makes me exclaim upon this dastard flight.
Why, King Sebastian, wilt thou now foreslow,[3]
And let so great a glory slip thy hands?
Say you do march unto Tarissa now,
The forces of the foe are come so nigh,

[1] Perhaps a misprint for "provident."
[2] So Dyce. Old ed. "Troupes."
[3] Hang back, be negligent.

That he will let[1] the passage of the river;
So unawares you will be forced to fight.
But know, O king, and you, thrice-valiant lords,
Few blows will serve. I ask but only this,
That with your power you march into the field;
For now is all the army resolute
To leave the traitor helpless in the fight,
And fly to me as to their rightful prince.
Some horsemen have already led the way,
And vow the like for their companions:
The host is full of tumult and of fear.
Then as you come to plant me in my seat,
And to enlarge your fame in Africa,
Now, now or never, bravely execute
Your resolution sound and honourable,
And end this war together with his life
That doth usurp the crown with tyranny.

K. Seb. Captains, you hear the reasons of the king,
Which so effectually have pierced mine ears,
That I am fully resolute to fight;
And who refuseth now to follow me,
Let him be ever counted cowardly.

Avero. Shame be his share that flies when kings do fight!
Avero lays his life before your feet.

Stuke. For my part, lords, I cannot sell my blood
Dearer than in the company of kings.

[*Exeunt.* *Manet* MULY MAHAMET.

[1] Hinder.

The Moor. Now have I set these Portugals a-work
To hew a way for me unto the crown,
Or with their[1] weapons here to dig their[1] graves.
You bastards[2] of the Night and Erebus,
Fiends, Fairies,[3] hags that fight in beds of steel,[4]
Range through this army with your iron whips,
Drive forward to this deed this Christian crew,
And let me triumph in the tragedy,
Though it be seal'd and honour'd with the[5] blood
Both of the Portugal and barbarous Moor.
Ride, Nemesis, ride in thy fiery cart,
And sprinkle gore amongst these men of war,
That either party, eager of revenge,
May honour thee with sacrifice of death;
And having bathed thy chariot-wheels in blood,
Descend and take to thy tormenting hell
The mangled body of that traitor-king
That scorns the power and force of Portugal:
Then let the earth discover to his ghost

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "your."

[2] "The 4to '*You* dastards *of*,' &c. One of the passages which may be cited as going far to prove that, in the opening of Milton's *L'Allegro*—

> 'Hence, loathed Melancholy,
> Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,'—

'Cerberus' is a misprint for '*Erebus.*'"—*Dyce.*

[3] Dyce reads "Furies"—perhaps rightly. But we often find "fairy" where we should expect "fury."

[4] Mitford proposed "fight *with bats* of steel;" but the suspicious word is "fight," for in ii. 1, l. 17, we have had the "beds of steel" mentioned.

[5] So Dyce.—Old ed. "my."

Such tortures as usurpers feel below;
Rack'd let him be in proud Ixion's wheel,
Pined let him be with Tantalus'[1] endless thirst,
Prey let him be to Tityus'[2] greedy bird,
Wearied with Sisyphus' immortal toil:
And lastly for revenge, for deep revenge,
Whereof thou goddess and deviser art,
Damn'd let him be, damn'd, and condemn'd to bear
All torments, tortures, plagues, and pains of hell. [*Exit.*

[1] Perhaps Peele wrote "Tantal's." (*Tantalus* was often shortened to *Tantal.*)
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Tisons."

[ACT V.]

Enter the Presenter *before the last Dumb-show, and speaketh.*

Ill be to him that so much ill bethinks;
And ill betide this foul ambitious Moor,
Whose wily trains with smoothest course of speech
Have tied and tangled in a dangerous war
The fierce and manly King of Portugal.
[*Lightning and thunder.*
Now throw the heavens forth their lightning-flames,
And thunder over Afric's fatal fields:
Blood will have blood, foul murder scape no scourge.

Enter FAME, *like an angel, and hangs the crowns upon a tree.*

At last descendeth Fame, as Iris [did]
To finish fainting Dido's dying life;
Fame from her stately bower doth descend,
And on the tree, as fruit new-ripe to fall,
Placeth the crowns of these unhappy kings,
That erst she kept in eye of all the world.
[*Here the blazing star.*

Now fiery stars, and streaming comets blaze,
That threat the earth and princes of the same.
[*Fireworks.*
Fire, fire about the axletree of heaven
Whirls round, and from the foot of Cassiope,
In fatal hour, consumes these fatal crowns.
[*One falls.*
Down falls the diadem of Portugal.
[*The other falls.*
The crowns of Barbary and kingdoms fall;[1]
Ay me, that kingdoms may not stable stand!
And now approaching near the dismal day,
The bloody day wherein the battles join,
Monday the fourth of August, seventy-eight,
The sun shines wholly on the parchèd earth,
The brightest planet in the highest heaven.
The heathens, eager bent against their foe,
Give onset with great ordnance to the war;
The Christians with great noise of cannon-shot
Sound[2] angry onsets to the enemy.
Give ear, and hear how war begins his song
With dreadful clamours, noise, and trumpets' sound.
[*Exit.*

---

1 "Quy. '*The* crown *of Barbary and* Morocco falls' (the word '*kingdoms*' having crept in here from the next line)?"—*Dyce.*

2 Old ed. "Send"—which Dyce retained, suggesting that we should read "answers" for "onsets."

[SCENE I.]

Alarums within; let the chambers be discharged: then enter to the battle; and the Moors *fly.*
Skirmish still: then enter ABDELMELEC *in his chair,* ZAREO, *and their train.*

Abdelm. Say on, Zareo, tell me all the news,
Tell me what Fury rangeth in our camp,
That hath enforced our Moors to turn their backs;
Zareo, say what chance did bode this ill,
What ill enforced this dastard cowardice?
Ar. Zareo. My lord, such chance as wilful war affords;
Such chances and misfortunes as attend
On him, the god of battle and of arms.
My lord, when with our ordnance fierce we sent[1]
Our Moors with smaller shot, as thick as hail
Follows apace, to charge the Portugal;
The valiant duke, the devil of Avero,
The bane of Barbary, fraughted full of ire,
Breaks through the ranks, and with five hundred horse,
All men-at-arms, forward and full of might,
Assaults the middle wing, and puts to flight
Eight thousand harquebuze that served on foot,

[1] The text is corrupt. I suggest the following emendation :—
"My lord, when *we our ordnance' force had spent,*
Our Moors with smaller shot, as thick as hail,
Follows [*i.e.*, Follow] apace."

And twenty thousand Moors with spear and shield,
And therewithal the[1] honour of the day.
Abdelm. Ah, Abdelmelec, dost thou live to hear
This bitter process of this first attempt?—
Labour, my lords, to renew our force
Of fainting Moors, and fight it to the last.—
My horse, Zareo!—O, the goal is lost,
The goal is lost!—Thou King of Portugal.
Thrice-happy chance it is for thee and thine
That heavens abates my strength and calls me hence.—
My sight doth fail; my soul, my feeble soul
Shall be released from prison on this earth:
Farewell, vain world! for I have play'd my part.
[*He dieth.*

A long skirmish; and then enter his brother MULY MAHAMET SETH.

Muly Mah. Seth. Brave Abdelmelec, thou thrice-noble lord!
Not such a wound was given to Barbary,
Had twenty hosts of men been put to sword,
As death, pale death, with fatal shaft hath given.
Lo, dead is he, my brother and my king,
Whom I might have revived with news I bring!
Zareo. His honours and his types he hath resign'd

[1] We could restore the sense by reading "gains th' honour;" but probably, as Dyce suggests, a line has been omitted at the end of the speech (unless we suppose that Abdelmelec does not allow Zareo to finish his narration).

Unto the world, and of a manly man,
Lo, in a twinkling,[1] a senseless stock we see!
Muly Mah. Seth. You trusty soldiers of this warlike king,
Be counsell'd now by us in this advice;
Let not his death be bruited in the camp,
Lest with the sudden sorrow of the news
The army wholly be discomfited.
My Lord Zareo, thus I comfort you;
Our Moors have bravely borne themselves in fight,
Likely to get the honour of the day,
If aught may gotten be where loss is such.
Therefore, in this apparel as he died,
My noble brother will we here advance,
And set him in his chair with cunning props,
That our Barbarians may behold their king,
And think he doth repose him in his tent.
Zareo. Right politic and good is your advice.
Muly Mah. Seth.[2] Go, then, to see it speedily perform'd.—
Brave lord, if Barbary recover this,
Thy soul with joy will sit and see the fight. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] "Qy. 'twink'?"—*Dyce.*
[2] "*Muly Mah. Seth.*"—not in old ed.; added by Dyce.

Alarums: enter to the battle; and the Christians *fly: the* DUKE OF AVERO *slain. Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* STUKELEY.

K. Seb. Seest thou not, Stukeley, O Stukeley, seest thou not
The great dishonour done to Christendom!
Our cheerful onset cross'd in springing hope;
The brave and mighty prince, Duke of Avero,
Slain in my sight: now joy betide his ghost,
For like a lion did he bear himself!
Our battles are all now disorderèd,
And by our horses' strange retiring-back
Our middle wing of footmen overrode.
Stukeley, alas, I see my oversight!
False-hearted Mahamet, now, to my cost,
I see thy treachery, warn'd to beware
A face so full of fraud and villany.

Alarums within, and they run out, and two set upon STUKELEY, *and he driveth them in. Then enter the* Moor *and his* Boy, *flying.*

The Moor. Villain, a horse!
Boy. O, my lord, if you return, you die!
The Moor. Villain, I say, give me a horse to fly,
To swim the river, villain, and to fly. [*Exit* Boy.
Where shall I find some unfrequented place,

Some uncouth[1] walk, where I may curse my fill,
My stars, my dam, my planets, and my nurse,
The fire, the air, the water, and the earth,
All causes that have thus conspired in one,
To nourish and preserve me to this shame?
Thou that wert at my birth predominate,
Thou fatal star, what planet e'er thou be,
Spit out thy poison bad, and all the ill
That fortune, fate, or heaven, may bode a man.
Thou nurse infortunate, guilty of all,
Thou mother of my life, that brought'st me forth,
Cursed mayst thou be for such a cursèd son!
Cursed be thy son with every curse thou hast!
Ye elements of whom consists this clay,
This mass of flesh, this cursèd crazèd corpse,
Destroy, dissolve, disturb, and dissipate,
What water, earth, and air congeal'd.[2]

Alarums, and enter the Boy.

Boy. O, my lord,
These ruthless Moors pursue you at the heels,[3]
And come amain to put you to the sword!

---

[1] Solitary, remote.

[2] The line is imperfect; and there is no mention of the element "fire."

Quy. "What fire and water, earth and air congeal'd?"
Dyce reads "What water, [fire,], earth," &c.

[3] "O, my lord . . . at the heels"—one line in old ed.

The Moor. A horse, a horse, villain, a horse!
That I may take the river straight and fly.
Boy. Here is a horse, my lord,
As swiftly paced as Pegasus;
Mount thee thereon, and save thyself by flight.
The Moor. Mount me I will:
But may I never pass the river, till I be
Revenged upon thy soul, accursèd Abdelmelec![1]
If not on earth, yet when we meet in hell,
Before grim Minos, Rhadamanth, and Æacus,
The combat will I crave upon thy ghost,
And drag thee thorough the loathsome pools
Of Lethes,[2] Styx, and fiery Phlegethon. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. *Enter* STUKELEY *with two Italians,* HERCULES *and* JONAS.

Herc. Stand, traitor, stand, ambitious Englishman,
Proud Stukeley, stand, and stir not ere thou die.
Thy forwardness to follow wrongful arms,
And leave our famous expedition erst
Intended by his Holiness for Ireland,
Foully hath here betray'd and tied us all
To ruthless fury of our heathen foe;
For which, as we are [here] sure to die,
Thou shalt pay satisfaction with thy blood.
Stuke. Avaunt, base villains! twit ye me with shame
Or infamy of this injurious war,

[1] The metrical arrangement of lines 98–100 is unsatisfactory: I have followed the old copy.
[2] An old form of "Lethe."

When he that is the judge of right and wrong
Determines battle as him pleaseth best?
But sith my stars bode me this tragic end,
That I must perish by these barbarous Moors,
Whose weapons have made passage for my soul
That breaks from out the prison of my breast;
Ye proud malicious dogs of Italy,
Strike on, strike down this body to the earth,
Whose mounting mind stoops to no feeble stroke.
[*Stabs him.*

Jon. Why suffer we this Englishman to live?—
Villain, bleed on; thy blood in channels run,
And meet with those whom thou to death hast done.
[*Exeunt* HERCULES *and* JONAS.

Stuke. Thus Stukeley, slain with many a deadly stab,
Dies in these desert fields of Africa.
Hark, friends; and with the story of my life
Let me beguile the torment of my death.
In England's London, lordings, was I born,
On that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts the Thames.[1]
My golden days, my younger careless years,
Were when I touch'd the height of Fortune's wheel,
And lived in affluence of wealth and ease.
Thus in my country carried long aloft,
A discontented humour drave me thence
To cross the seas to Ireland, then to Spain.

---

[1] By parentage Stukeley was a Devonian,—third son of Sir Hugh Stucley of Affton, near Ilfracombe. See the Memoir in Simpson's *School of Shakspere*, vol. i.

There had I welcome and right royal pay
Of Philip, whom some call the Catholic King:
There did Tom Stukeley glitter all in gold,
Mounted upon his jennet white as snow,
Shining as Phœbus in King Philip's court:
There, like a lord, famous Don Stukeley lived,
For so they call'd me in the court of Spain,
Till, for a blow I gave a bishop's man,
A strife gan rise between his lord and me,
For which we both were banish'd by the king.
From thence to Rome rides Stukeley all aflaunt:
Received with royal welcomes of the Pope,
There was I graced by Gregory the Great,
That then created me Marquis of Ireland.
Short be my tale, because my life is short.
The coast of Italy and Rome I left:
Then was I made lieutenant-general
Of those small forces that for Ireland went,
And with my companies embark'd at Ostia.[1]
My sails I spread, and with these men of war
In fatal hour at Lisbon we arrived.
From thence to this, to this hard exigent,
Was Stukeley driven, to fight or else to die,
Dared to the field, that never could endure
To hear God Mars his drum but he must march.
Ah, sweet Sebastian, hadst thou been well advised,
Thou mightst have managed arms successfully!
But from our cradles we were markèd all

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Austria."

And destinate to die in Afric here.
Stukeley, the story of thy life is told;
Here breathe thy last, and bid thy friends farewell:
And if thy country's kindness be so much,
Then let thy country kindly ring thy knell.
Now go and in that bed of honour die,
Where brave Sebastian's breathless corse doth lie.
Here endeth Fortune['s] rule and bitter rage;
Here ends Tom Stukeley's earthly[1] pilgrimage.
[*He dieth.*

Re-enter MULY MAHAMET SETH *and his train, with drums and trumpets.*

Muly Mah. Seth. Retreat is sounded through our camp, and now
From battle's fury cease our conquering Moors.
Pay thanks to heaven with sacrificing fire,
Alcazar, and ye towns of Barbary.—
Now hast thou sit[2] as in a trance, and seen,
To thy soul's joy and honour of thy house,
The trophies and the triumphs of thy men,
Great Abdelmelec; and the god of kings
Hath made thy war successful by thy right,
His[3] friends, whom death and fates hath ta'en from thee.

---

[1] Not in old ed.—Suggested by Dyce.

[2] Qy. "sat"?—Addressed to Abdelmelec's lifeless body, which is propped up in a chair: see l. 48.

[3] Either this line is misplaced or some previous lines have been omitted. It is just possible that the line should follow l. 207, "From him to thee," &c. (the sense being, "We, the friends of him whom death," &c.)

Lo, this was he that was the people's pride,
And cheerful sunshine to his subjects all!
Now have him hence, that royally he may
Be buried and embalmèd as is meet.
Zareo, have you through the camp proclaim'd
As erst we gave in charge?
Ar. Zareo. We have, my lord, and rich rewards proposed
For them that find the body of the king;
For by those guard[s] that had him in their charge
We understand that he was done to death,
And for his search two prisoners, Portugals,
Are set at large to find their royal king.
Muly Mah. Seth. But of the traitorous Moor you hear no news
That fled the field and sought to swim the ford?
Ar. Zareo. Not yet, my lord; but doubtless God will tell
And with his finger point out where he haunts.
Muly Mah. Seth. So let it rest, and on this earth bestow
This princely corse,
Till further for his funerals[1] we provide.
Ar. Zareo. From him to thee as true-succeeding prince,
With all allegiance and with honour's types,
In name of all thy people and thy land,
We give this kingly crown and diadem.

[1] Funeral rites, obsequies.

Muly Mah. Seth. We thank you all, and as my lawful right,
With God's defence and yours, shall I it[1] keep.

Enter two Portugals *with the body of the* King.

First Port. As gave your grace in charge, right royal prince,
The fields and sandy plains we have survey'd,
And even among the thickest of his lords
The noble King of Portugal we found,
Wrapt in his colours coldly on the earth,
And done to death with many a mortal wound.
Muly Mah. Seth. Lo, here, my lords, this is the earth and clay
Of him that erst was mighty King of Portugal!—
There let him lie, and you for this be free
To make return from hence to Christendom.

Enter two Peasants *bringing in* [*the body of*] *the* Moor.

First Peas. Long live the mighty king of Barbary!
Muly Mah. Seth. Welcome, my friend: what body hast thou there?
First Peas. The body of th' ambitious enemy
That squander'd all this blood in Africa,
Whose malice sent so many souls to hell,

[1] Not in old ed.—Added by Dyce.

The traitor Muly Mahamet do I bring,
And for thy slave I throw him at thy feet.
Muly Mah. Seth. Zareo, give this man a rich reward;
And thankèd be the god of just revenge,
That he hath given our foe into our hands,
Beastly, unarmèd, slavish, full of shame.—
But say, how came this traitor to his end?
First Peas. Seeking to save his life by shameful flight,
He mounteth on a hot Barbarian horse,
And so in purpose to have pass'd the stream,
His headstrong steed throws him from out his seat;
Where, diving oft for lack of skill to swim,
It was my chance alone to see him drown'd,
Whom by the heels I dragg'd from out the pool,
And hither have him brought thus filed with mud.
Muly Mah. Seth. A death too good for such a damnèd wretch:
But sith our rage and rigour of revenge
By violence of his end prevented is,
That all the world may learn by him t' avoid
To hale on princes to injurious war,
His skin we will[1] be parted from his flesh,
And being stiffen'd out and stuff'd with straw,[2]
So to deter and fear the lookers-on
From any such foul fact or bad attempt:
Away with him!
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with the body of the* Moor.]

---

1 *I.e.* "We command that his skin be parted," &c.

2 "After these words a line (about the stuffed skin being set up in some conspicuous place) is certainly wanting."—*Dyce.*

And now, my lords, for this Christian king:
My Lord Zareo, let it be your charge
To see the soldiers tread a solemn march,
Trailing their pikes and ensigns on the ground,
So to perform the prince's funerals.

Here endeth the tragical battle of Alcazar.

THE OLD WIVES' TALE.

The Old Wiues Tale. A pleasant conceited Comedie, played by the Queenes Maiesties players. Written by G. P. Printed at London by John Danter, and are to be sold by Raph Hancocke, and John Hardie. 1595. 4to. The imprint at the end is—

Printed at London by John Danter, for Raph Hancocke, and John Hardie, and are to be solde at the shop ouer against Saint Giles his Church without Criplegate. 1595.

"'This very scarce and curious piece exhibits, among other parallel incidents [to Milton's *Comus*], two Brothers wandering in quest of their Sister, whom an Enchanter had imprisoned. This magician had learned his art from his mother Meroe, as Comus had been instructed by his mother Circe. The Brothers call out on the Lady's name, and Echo replies. The Enchanter had given her a potion which suspends the powers of reason, and superinduces oblivion of herself. The Brothers afterwards meet with an Old Man who is also skilled in magic; and by listening to his soothsayings, they recover their lost Sister. But not till the Enchanter's wreath had been torn from his head, his sword wrested from his hand, a glass broken, and a light extinguished. The names of some of the characters, as Sacrapant, Chorebus, and others, are taken from the Orlando Furioso. The history of Meroe a witch may be seen in 'The xi. Bookes of the Golden Asse, containing the Metamorphosie of Lucius Apuleius interlaced with sundrie pleasant and delectable Tales, &c. Translated out of Latin into English by William Adlington, Lond. 1566.' See Chap. iii. 'How Socrates in his returne from Macedony to Larissa was spoyled and robbed, and how he fell acquainted with one Meroe a witch.' And Chap. iv. 'How Meroe the witch turned divers persons into miserable beasts.' Of this book there were other editions in 1571, 1596, 1600, and 1639. All in quarto and the black letter. The translator was of University College. See also Apuleius in the original. A Meroe is mentioned by Ausonius, Epigr. xix.'—*T. Warton: Milton's Poems upon several occasions*, &c., pp. 135-6, ed. 1791. 'There is another circumstance in this play taken from the old English

Apuleius. It is where the *Old Man* every night is transformed by our magician into a bear, recovering in the daytime his natural shape. *Ib.* p. 576.

An incident similar to that in this play of the two sisters going to the well and meeting with the golden head, is to be found (as Mr. T. Rodd, one of the best-informed of booksellers, observes to me) in a penny history called the *Tales of the Three Kings of Colchester.*"—*Dyce.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

SACRAPANT.[2]
First Brother, *named* CALYPHA.
Second Brother, *named* THELEA.
EUMENIDES.
ERESTUS.
LAMPRISCUS.
HUANEBANGO.
COREBUS.
WIGGEN.
Churchwarden.
Sexton.
Ghost of JACK.
Friar, Harvest-men, Furies, Fiddlers, &c.

DELIA, *sister to* CALYPHA *and* THELEA.
VENELIA, *betrothed to* ERESTUS.
ZANTIPPA, } *daughters to* LAMPRISCUS.
CELANTA, }
Hostess.

ANTIC.
FROLIC.
FANTASTIC.
CLUNCH, *a smith.*
MADGE, *his wife.*

---

[1] There is no list of characters in the old edition. It was added by Dyce.

[2] "So Peele most probably chose to write this name: but the proper spelling is 'Sacripant' (as in Ariosto)."—*Dyce.*

THE OLD WIVES' TALE.

Enter ANTIC, FROLIC, *and* FANTASTIC.

Ant. How now, fellow Frolic![1] what, all amort?[2] doth this sadness become thy madness? What though we have lost our way in the woods? yet never hang the head as though thou hadst no hope to live till to-morrow; for Fantastic and I will warrant thy life to-night for twenty in the hundred.

Fro. Antic, and Fantastic, as I am frolic franion,[3] never in all my life was I so dead slain. What, to lose our way in the wood, without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable? *O cælum! O terra! O maria!* O Neptune!

Fan. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our young master to the fair lady, and she is the only saint that he hath sworn to serve?

Fro. What resteth, then, but we commit him to his wench, and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and

[1] Old ed. "Franticke."
[2] "All amort"—*alamort*, dejected.
[3] A gay, careless fellow.

sing out our ill fortune to the tune of "*O man in desperation*"?[1]

Ant. Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in the dark: but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb— 21

"Three[2] merry men, and three merry men,
And three mérry men be we:
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jack sleeps in the trée."

Fan. Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden[3] dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the chamberlain of the White Horse[4] had called me up to bed.

Fro. Either hath this trotting cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village, which should not be far off, for I perceive the glimmering of a glowworm, a candle, or a cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny!

Enter [CLUNCH] *a* Smith *with a lantern and candle.*

In the name of my own father, be thou ox or ass that appearest, tell us what thou art. 34

Clunch. What am I? why, I am Clunch the smith.

---

[1] A popular old tune. See Ebsworth's *Roxburghe Ballads*, iv. 365, 468.

[2] A famous old catch. See Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 216.

[3] "*I.e.* mad. Let us not fail to observe Fantastic's precious pun, 'a dog *in* the *wood*, or a wooden [*wood in*] dog.'"—*Dyce.*

[4] "Was doubtless well-known to our author: 'George was invited one night by certain of his friends to supper at the *White Horse in Friday Street*,' &c.: see among *Peele's Jests* the Jest '*How George helped his friend to a supper.*'"—*Dyce.*

What are you? what make you [1] in my territories at this time of the night?

Ant. What do we make, dost thou ask? why, we make faces for fear; such as if thy mortal eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seams of thy side slops,[2] smith.

Fro. And, in faith, sir, unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander, with a sorrowful heigh-ho, among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest. Good Vulcan, for Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend us as thou mayst; and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever.

Clunch. Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood: in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

All. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch!

Clunch. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so. [*Hear a dog bark.*[3]] Hark! this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language: come, take heed for stumbling on the threshold.—Open door, Madge; take in guests.

Enter [MADGE, *an*] Old Woman.

Madge. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all, that come with my good-man: for my good-man's sake, come

[1] "What make you," *i.e.* what is your business?
[2] Loose breeches. [3] So in old ed.; but qy. "Here a dog barks"?

on, sit down: here is a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my own making. 62

Ant. Thanks, gammer: a good example for the wives of our town.

Fro. Gammer, thou and thy good-man sit lovingly together; we come to chat, and not to eat.

Clunch. Well, masters, if you will eat nothing, take away. Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to roast for lamb's-wool.[1] What, shall we have a game at trump or ruff[2] to drive away the time? how say you? 71

Fan. This smith leads a life as merry as a king with Madge his wife. Sirrah Frolic, I am sure thou art not without some round or other: no doubt but Clunch can bear his part.

Fro. Else think you me ill brought up:[3] so set to it when you will. [*They sing.*

SONG.

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,

---

1 Ale mixed with the pulp of roasted crab-apples.

2 "'And to confounde all, to amende their badde games, having never a good carde in their handes, and leaving the ancient game of England (*Trumpe*), where every coate and sute are sorted in their degree, are running to *Ruffe*, where the greatest sorte of the sute carrieth away the game.'—*Martins Months Minde*, 1589: *Epistle to the Reader.*" —*Collier.*

3 Everybody, whether gentle or simple, was expected in Elizabethan times to be able to sing. See the copious notes on this subject collected by Mr. Chappell in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 98, &c.

Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And school-boys playing in the stream;
Then, O, then, O, then, O, my true-love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

Ant. This sport does well; but methinks, gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly: come, I am sure you are not without a score.

Fan. I'faith, gammer, a tale of an hour long were as good as an hour's sleep.

Fro. Look you, gammer, of the giant and the king's daughter, and I know not what: I have seen the day, when I was a little one, you might have drawn me a mile after you with such a discourse.

Madge. Well, since you be so importunate, my good-man shall fill the pot and get him to bed; they that ply their work must keep good hours: one of you go lie with him; he is a clean-skinned man I tell you, without either spavin or windgall: so I am content to drive away the time with an old wives' winter's tale.

Fan. No better hay in Devonshire; o' my word, gammer, I'll be one of your audience.

Fro. And I another, that's flat.

Ant. Then must I to bed with the good-man.—*Bona nox*, gammer.—God[1] night, Frolic.

Clunch. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take thy unnatural rest with me. [*Exeunt* ANTIC *and the* Smith.

[1] Perhaps a misprint for "good night;" or it may be an elliptical form of "God [give you] good night."

Fro. Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to be ready at the sight thereof extempore.

Madge. Now this bargain, my masters, must I make with you, that you will say hum and ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

Both. Content, gammer, that will we do.

Madge. Once upon a time, there was a king, or a lord, or a duke, that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was; as white as snow and as red as blood: and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away: and he sent all his men to seek out his daughter; and he sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his land.

Fro. Who drest his dinner, then?

Madge. Nay, either hear my tale, or kiss my tail.

Fan. Well said! on with your tale, gammer.

Madge. O Lord, I quite forgot! there was a conjurer, and this conjurer could do anything, and he turned himself into a great dragon, and carried the king's daughter away in his mouth to a castle that he made of stone; and there he kept her I know not how long, till at last all the king's men went out so long that her two brothers went to seek her. O, I forget! she (he, I would say), turned a proper[1] young man to a bear in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps[2] by a cross that parts three several ways; and he made his lady run mad,—Gods me bones, who comes here?

[1] Handsome.

[2] *I.e.* the "proper young man" keeps [dwells] by the cross.

Enter the Two Brothers.

Fro. Soft, gammer, here some come to tell your tale for you.

Fan. Let them alone; let us hear what they will say.

First Bro. Upon these chalky cliffs of Albion
We are arrivèd now with tedious toil;
And compassing the wide world round about,
To seek our sister, seek [1] fair Delia forth,
Yet cannot we so much as hear of her.

Second Bro. O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind!
Unkind in that we cannot find our sister,
Our sister, hapless in her cruel chance.—
Soft! who have we here?

Enter [ERESTUS] Senex *at the Cross, stooping to gather.*

First Bro. Now, father, God be your speed! what do you gather there?

Erest. Hips and haws, and sticks and straws, and things that I gather on the ground, my son.

First Bro. Hips and haws, and sticks and straws! why, is that all your food, father?

Erest. Yea, son.

Second Bro. Father, here is an alms-penny for me; and if I speed in that I go for, I will give thee as good a gown of grey as ever thou didst wear.

[1] Old ed. "to seek."

First Bro. And, father, here is another alms-penny for me; and if I speed in my journey, I will give thee a palmer's staff of ivory, and a scallop-shell[1] of beaten gold.

Erest. Was she fair?

Second Bro. Ay, the fairest for white, and the purest for red, as the blood of the deer, or the driven snow.

Erest. Then hark well, and mark well, my old spell:—

Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside at every danger;
Things that seem are not the same:
Blow a blast at every flame;
For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then come your wishes well about:
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood.

First Bro. Brother, heard you not what the old man said?

Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside for every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
[For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then come your wishes well about:]
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood.

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[1] "Scallop-shells . . . may fitly," says Fuller (in the *Holy War*), "for the workmanship thereof be called *artificium naturæ*. It seemeth Pilgrims carried them constantly with them, as Diogenes did his dish, to drink."

Second Bro. Well, if this do us any good,
Well fare the white bear of England's wood!
[*Exeunt the* Two Brothers.

Erest. Now sit thee here, and tell a heavy tale,
Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer:
Here sit thee now, and to thyself relate
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In Thessaly I lived in sweet content,
Until that fortune wrought my overthrow;
For there I wedded was unto a dame,
That lived in honour, virtue, love, and fame.
But Sacrapant, that cursèd sorcerer,
Being besotted with my beauteous love,
My dearest love, my true betrothèd wife,
Did seek the means to rid me of my life.
But worse than this, he with his 'chanting spells
Did turn me straight unto an ugly bear;
And when the sun doth settle in the west,
Then I begin to don my ugly hide:
And all the day I sit, as now you see,
And speak in riddles, all inspired with rage,
Seeming an old and miserable man,
And yet I am in April of my age.

Enter VENELIA *his lady mad; and goes in again.*

See where Venelia, my betrothèd love,
Runs madding, all enraged, about the woods
All by his cursèd and enchanting spells.—
But here comes Lampriscus, my discontented neighbour.

Enter LAMPRISCUS *with a pot of honey.*

How now, neighbour! you look toward the ground as well as I: you muse on something.

Lamp. Neighbour, on nothing but on the matter I so often moved to you: if you do anything for charity, help me; if for neighbourhood or brotherhood, help me: never was one so cumbered as is poor Lampriscus; and to begin, I pray receive this pot of honey, to mend your fare. 213

Erest. Thanks, neighbour, set it down; honey is always welcome to the bear. And now, neighbour, let me hear the cause of your coming.

Lamp. I am, as you know, neighbour, a man unmarried, and lived so unquietly with my two wives, that I keep every year holy the day wherein I buried them both: the first was on Saint Andrew's day, the other on Saint Luke's.[1] 221

Erest. And now, neighbour, you of this country say, your custom is out. But on with your tale, neighbour.

Lamp. By my first wife, whose tongue wearied me alive, and sounded in my ears like the clapper of a great bell, whose talk was a continual torment to all that dwelt by her or lived nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome daughter.

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[1] St. Luke's Day (18th October) was the day of Horn Fair; and St. Luke was jocularly regarded as the patron saint of cuckolds. St. Andrew was supposed to bring good luck to lovers, as we are told in the *Popish Kingdom*—"To Andrew all the lovers and the lusty wooers come," &c.—("And as St. Valentine's day is fortunate to choose Louers, *St. Lukes to choose Husbandes;* So shall this day," etc. Chapman, *Monsieur D'Olive*. p. 235, Pearson's reprint, iv. ii.—*P. A. Daniel.*)

Erest. True, neighbour.

Lamp. She it is that afflicts me with her continual clamours, and hangs on me like a bur: poor she is, and proud she is; as poor as a sheep new-shorn, and as proud of her hopes as a peacock of her tail well-grown.

Erest. Well said, Lampriscus! you speak it like an Englishman.

Lamp. As curst as a wasp, and as froward as a child new-taken from the mother's teat; she is to my age, as smoke to the eyes, or as vinegar to the teeth.

Erest. Holily praised, neighbour. As much for the next.

Lamp. By my other wife I had a daughter so hard-favoured, so foul, and ill-faced, that I think a grove full of golden trees, and the leaves of rubies and diamonds, would not be a dowry answerable to her deformity.

Erest. Well, neighbour, now you have spoke, hear me speak: send them to the well for the water of life; there shall they find their fortunes unlooked for. Neighbour, farewell.

Lamp. Farewell, and a thousand.[1] [*Exit* ERESTUS.] And now goeth poor Lampriscus to put in execution this excellent counsel. [*Exit.*

Fro. Why, this goes round without a fiddling-stick: but, do you hear, gammer, was this the man that was a bear in the night and a man in the day?

Madge. Ay, this is he! and this man that came to

---

[1] "Fairwell and a thousand"—a thousand times farewell. Cf. Shakespeare's "sweet and twenty." See Middleton, ii. 338.

him was a beggar, and dwelt upon a green. But soft! who come here? O, these are the harvest-men; ten to one they sing a song of mowing.

Enter the Harvest-men *a-singing, with this song double repeated.*

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me:
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

[*Exeunt*

Enter HUANEBANGO *with his two-hand sword, and* COREBUS[1] *the Clown.*

Fan. Gammer, what is he?

Madge. O, this is one that is going to the conjurer: let him alone, hear what he says.

Huan. Now, by Mars and Mercury, Jupiter and Janus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honour of my house, Polimackeroeplacidus, it is a wonder to see what this love will make silly fellows adventure, even in the wane of their wits and infancy of their discretion. Alas, my friend! what fortune calls thee forth to seek thy fortune among brazen gates, enchanted towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightning? Beauty, I tell thee, is

[1] Old ed. "Booby" (which is also the prefix to his speeches in this scene); but Corebus is the name in later scenes.

peerless, and she precious whom thou affectest. Do off these desires, good countryman: good friend, run away from thyself; and, so soon as thou canst, forget her, whom none must inherit but he that can monsters tame, labours achieve, riddles absolve, loose enchantments, murder magic, and kill conjuring,—and that is the great and mighty Huanebango. 282

Cor. Hark you, sir, hark you. First know I have here the flurting feather, and have given the parish the start for the long stock![1] now, sir, if it be no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and "riddle me, riddle me what's this?" I'll have the wench from the conjurer, if he were ten conjurers.

Huan. I have abandoned the court and honourable company, to do my devoir against this sore sorcerer and mighty magician: if this lady be so fair as she is said to be, she is mine, she is mine; *meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium grammaticorum.* 293

Cor. O falsum Latinum!
The fair maid is *minum,*
Cum apurtinantibus gibletis and all.

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[1] "*I.e.* sword, I believe. Corebus means, as it appears to me, that he has run away from the parish, and become a sort of knight-errant."—*Dyce.* Dr. Brinsley Nicholson understands the passage differently:—"He has started and they may catch him (if they can) and as a vagabond put him in the stocks." Neither explanation appears to be satisfactory. It seems to me that the clown is pluming himself on his finery. He points with pride to his feather; and he is equally proud of his fashionable "long stock" (*i.e.* the stocking fastened high above the knee). Cf. Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable,* ii. 2, "I was a reveller in a *long stock.*" The meaning of the passage is, as I take it, "I have been the first beau in the parish to adopt the long stocking of the town-gallants."

Huan. If she be mine, as I assure myself the heavens will do somewhat to reward my worthiness, she shall be allied to none of the meanest gods, but be invested in the most famous stock [1] of Huanebango,—Polimackeroe-placidus my grandfather, my father Pergopolineo, my mother Dionora de Sardinia, famously descended.

Cor. Do you hear, sir? had not you a cousin that was called Gusteceridis?

Huan. Indeed, I had a cousin that sometime followed the court infortunately, and his name Bustegusteceridis.

Cor. O lord, I know him well! he is the knight of the neat's-feet.

Huan. O, he loved no capon better! he hath oftentimes deceived his boy of his dinner; that was his fault, good Bustegusteceridis.

Cor. Come, shall we go along?

[*Enter* ERESTUS *at the Cross.*]

Soft! here is an old man at the cross: let us ask him the way thither.—Ho, you gaffer! I pray you tell where the wise man the conjurer dwells.

Huan. Where that earthly goddess keepeth her abode, the commander of my thoughts, and fair mistress of my heart.

Erest. Fair enough, and far enough from thy fingering, son.

[1] "Here Peele seems to have had an eye to the hard names in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus."—*Dyce.*

Huan. I will follow my fortune after mine own fancy, and do according to mine own discretion.

Erest. Yet give something to an old man before you go.

Huan. Father, methinks a piece of this cake might serve your turn.

Erest. Yea, son.

Huan. Huanebango giveth no cakes for alms: ask of them that give gifts for poor beggars.—Fair lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosom, I would buckler thee haratantara. [*Exit.* 331

Cor. Father, do you see this man? you little think he'll run a mile or two for such a cake, or pass for[1] a pudding. I tell you, father, he has kept such a begging of me for a piece of this cake! Whoo! he comes upon me with "a superfantial substance, and the foison of the earth," that I know not what he means. If he came to me thus, and said, "My friend Corebus,"[2] or so, why, I could spare him a piece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched me above other fellows with a cake, why, he makes me blind and deaf at once. Yet, father, here is a piece of cake for you, as hard as the world goes.[3] [*Gives cake.*] 343

Erest. Thanks, son, but list to me;
He shall be deaf when thou shalt not see.

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[1] "Pass for"—care for.

[2] Old ed. "Booby."

[3] "As hard as the world goes"—*i.e.* though the times are hard. Dyce quotes from the *Return from Pernassus*, i. 2—"I'll moist thy temples with a cup of claret, *as hard as the world goes.*"

Farewell, my son: things may so hit,
Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit.

Cor. Farewell, father, farewell; for I must make haste after my two-hand sword that is gone before.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SACRAPANT *in his study.*

Sac. The day is clear, the welkin bright and grey,
The lark is merry and records[1] her notes;
Each thing rejoiceth underneath the sky,
But only I, whom heaven hath in hate,
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant.
In Thessaly was I born and brought up;
My mother Meroe hight, a famous witch,
And by her cunning I of her did learn
To change and alter shapes of mortal men.
There did I turn myself into a dragon,
And stole away the daughter to the king,
Fair Delia, the mistress of my heart;
And brought her hither to revive the man,
That seemeth young and pleasant to behold,
And yet is agèd, crookèd, weak, and numb.
Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive
Those that behold and look upon my face;
But well may I bid youthful years adieu.
See where she comes from whence my sorrows grow!

[1] Sings.

Enter DELIA *with a pot in her hand.*

How now, fair Delia! where have you been?

Del. At the foot of the rock for running water, and gathering roots for your dinner, sir.

Sac. Ah, Delia,
Fairer art thou than the running water,
Yet harder far than steel or adamant!

Del. Will it please you to sit down, sir?

Sac. Ay, Delia, sit and ask me what thou wilt,
Thou shalt have it brought into thy lap.

Del. Then, I pray you, sir, let me have the best meat from the King of England's table, and the best wine in all France, brought in by the veriest knave in all Spain.

Sac. Delia, I am glad to see you so pleasant:
Well, sit thee down.—
Spread,[1] table, spread,
Meat, drink, and bread,
Ever may I have
What I ever crave,
When I am spread,
Meat[2] for my black cock,
And meat for my red.

Enter a Friar *with a chine of beef and a pot of wine.*

Here, Delia, will ye fall to?

Del. Is this the best meat in England?

---

[1] "Spread . . . bread," "Ever . . . crave," "When . . . cock"—printed as single lines in old ed.

[2] So Mitford.—Old ed. "for meate for."

Sac. Yea.

Del. What is it?

Sac. A chine of English beef, meat for a king and a king's followers.

Del. Is this the best wine in France?

Sac. Yea.

Del. What wine is it?

Sac. A cup of neat wine of Orleans, that never came near the brewers in England.

Del. Is this the veriest knave in all Spain?

Sac. Yea.

Del. What, is he a friar?

Sac. Yea, a friar indefinite, and a knave infinite.

Del. Then, I pray ye, Sir Friar, tell me before you go, which is the most greediest Englishman?

Fri. The miserable and most covetous usurer.

Sac. Hold thee there, friar. [*Exit* Friar.] But, soft! Who have we here? Delia, away, be gone!

Enter the Two Brothers.

Delia, away! for beset are we.—
But heaven [n]or hell shall rescue her from[1] me.

[*Exeunt* DELIA *and* SACRAPANT.

First Bro. Brother, was not that Delia did appear,
Or was it but her shadow that was here?

Second Bro. Sister, where art thou? Delia, come again!
He calls, that of thy absence doth complain.—

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[1] Old ed. "for."

Call out, Calypha, that she may hear,
And cry aloud, for Delia is near.

Echo. Near.

First Bro. Near! O, where? hast thou any tidings?

Echo. Tidings.

Second Bro. Which way is Delia, then? or that, or this?

Echo. This.

First Bro. And may we safely come where Delia is?

Echo. Yes.

Second Bro. Brother, remember you the white bear of England's wood?

"Start not aside for every danger,
Be not afeard of every stranger;
Things that seem are not the same."

First Bro. Brother,
Why do we not, then, courageously enter?

Second Bro. Then, brother, draw thy sword and follow me.

Enter [SACRAPANT] *the* Conjurer: *it lightens and thunders; the* Second Brother *falls down.*

First Bro. What, brother, dost thou fall?

Sac. Ay, and thou too, Calypha. [*Fall* First Brother.
Adeste, dæmones!

Enter Two Furies.

Away with them:
Go carry them straight to Sacrapanto's cell,

There in despair and torture for to dwell.
[*Exeunt* Furies *with the* Two Brothers.
These are Thenores' sons of Thessaly,
That come to seek Delia their sister forth:
But, with a potion I to her have given,
My arts have made her to forget herself.
[*Removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass.*
See here the thing which doth prolong my life,
With this enchantment I do anything;
And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,
And never none shall break this little glass,
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maid:
Then cheer thyself; this is thy destiny,
Never to die but by a dead man's hand. [*Exit.*

Enter EUMENIDES, *the* Wandering Knight, *and* [ERESTUS] *the* Old Man *at the Cross.*

Eum. Tell me, Time,
Tell[1] me, just Time, when shall I Delia see?
When shall I see the loadstar of my life?
When shall my wandering course end with her sight,
Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight!—
Father, God speed! if you tell fortunes, I pray, good father, tell me mine.
Erest. Son, I do see in thy face
Thy blessèd fortune work apace:
I do perceive that thou hast wit;

[1] In old ed. the first four words of this line are printed as part of the preceding line.

Beg of thy fate to govern it,
For wisdom govern'd by advice,
Makes many fortunate and wise.
Bestow thy alms, give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at thy call.
Farewell, my son: dream of no rest,
Till thou repent that thou didst best. [*Exit* Old Man.

Eum. This man hath left me in a labyrinth:
He biddeth me give more than all,
"Till dead men's bones come at thy call;"
He biddeth me dream of no rest,
Till I repent that I do best. [*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter WIGGEN, COREBUS,[1] Churchwarden, *and* Sexton.

Wig. You may be ashamed, you whoreson scald[2] Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shameless faces of yours, to let a poor man lie so long above ground unburied. A rot on you all, that have no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone!

Church.[3] What, would you have us to bury him, and to answer it ourselves to the parish?

Sex. Parish me no parishes; pay me my fees, and let the rest run on in the quarter's accounts, and put it down for one of your good deeds, o' God's name! for I am not one that curiously stands upon merits.

[1] Old ed. "Corobus."
[2] Scabby.
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Simon." (The churchwarden's name was "Steeven." Probably the prefix in the MS. was "S.")

Cor. You whoreson, sodden-headed sheep's face, shall a good fellow do less service and more honesty to the parish, and will you not, when he is dead, let him have Christmas burial?

Wig. Peace, Corebus! as sure as Jack was Jack, the frolic'st franion [1] amongst you, and I, Wiggen, his sweet sworn brother, Jack shall have his funerals,[2] or some of them shall lie on God's dear earth for it, that's once.[3]

Church. Wiggen, I hope thou wilt do no more than thou darest answer.

Wig. Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less, answer or not answer, do this, or have this.

Sex. Help, help, help!

[WIGGEN *sets upon the parish with a pike-staff*:[4]
EUMENIDES *awakes and comes to them.*

Eum. Hold thy hands, good fellow.

Cor. Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jack's part against this shake-rotten parish that will not bury Jack?

Eum. Why, what was that Jack?

Cor. Who, Jack, sir? who, our Jack, sir? as good a fellow as ever trod upon neat's-leather.

Wig. Look you, sir; he gave fourscore and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish, when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him: was not this good dealing?

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[1] Gay fellow.
[2] Funeral rites.
[3] "That's once"—that's settled once for all.
[4] "Wiggen . . . pike-staff" is printed in old ed. as part of the sexton's speech.

Church. O Lord, sir, how he lies! he was not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny; and now his fellows, his drunken companions, would have us to bury him at the charge of the parish. And we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel: he shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard about the churchyard, for Steeven Loach.

Wig. Sic argumentaris, Domine Loach, — "And we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel":—in good time, sir, and hang yourself in the bell-ropes, when you have done. *Domine opponens, præpono tibi hanc quæstionem*, whether will you have the ground broken or your pates broken first? for one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine,[1] I'll seal it upon your coxcomb.

Eum. Hold thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow; be not too hasty.

Cor. You capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your arse; then you are in worse taking than Jack.

Eum. Faith, and he is bad enough. This fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend: how much will bury him?

Wig. Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sex. Ay, even thereabouts, sir.

---

[1] "Begin mine"—open the argument from my side (with the aid of the pike-staff).

Eum. Here, hold it, then:—[*aside*] and I have left me but one poor three half-pence: now do I remember the words the old man spake at the cross, "Bestow all thou hast," and this is all, "till dead men's bones come at thy call:"—here, hold it [*gives money*]; and so farewell.

Wig. God, and all good, be with you, sir! [*Exit* EUMENDIES.] Nay, you cormorants, I'll bestow one peal of Jack at mine own proper costs and charges.

Cor. You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo-blade crossed not your coxcomb[s].—Well, we'll to the church-stile[1] and have a pot, and so trill-lill.

[*Exit with* WIGGEN.]

Church. } Come, let's go. [*Exeunt.*
Sex. }

Fan. But, hark you, gammer, methinks this Jack bore a great sway in the parish.

Madge. O, this Jack was a marvellous fellow! he was but a poor man, but very well beloved: you shall see anon what this Jack will come to.

Enter the Harvest-men *singing,*[2] *with women in their hands.*

Fro. Soft! who have we here? our amorous harvesters.[3]

Fan. Ay, ay, let us sit still, and let them alone.

---

[1] "Qy. 'church-ale'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[2] Warton (*Milton's Minor Poems*) suggests, somewhat unnecessarily, that Shakespeare had this scene in his mind when he introduced the "sun-burn'd sicklemen" into *The Tempest*, iv. 1.

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "haruest starres."

Here they begin to sing, the song doubled.

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit!
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

[*Exeunt the* Harvest-men.

Enter HUANEBANGO.[1]

Fro. Soft! who have we here?

Madge. O, this is a choleric gentleman! All you that love your lives, keep out of the smell of his two-hand sword: now goes he to the conjurer.

Fan. Methinks the conjurer should put the fool into a juggling-box.

Huan. Fee,[2] fa, fum,
Here is the Englishman,—
Conquer him that can,—
Come[3] for his lady bright,
To prove himself a knight,
And win her love in fight.

[*Enter* COREBUS *the Clown.*]

Cor. Who-haw, Master Bango, are you here? hear you, you had best sit down here, and beg an alms with me.

---

[1] Old ed. adds "and Corebus the clown;" but Corebus enters later.

[2] "Fee, fa, . . . Englishman," "Conquer . . . fight"—printed as single lines in old ed.

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Came."

Huan. Hence, base cullion! here is he that commandeth ingress and egress with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary, whosoever saith no.

[*A voice and flame of fire; and* HUANEBANGO *falls down.*

Voice. No.

Madge. So with that they kissed, and spoiled the edge of as good a two-hand sword as ever God put life in. Now goes Corebus in, spite of the conjurer.

Enter SACRAPANT *the Conjurer and* Two Furies.[1]

Sac. Away with him into the open fields,
To be a ravening prey to crows and kites:
[HUAN. *is carried out by the* Two Furies.]
And for this villain, let him wander up and down,
In naught but darkness and eternal night.
[*Strikes* COREBUS *blind.*]

Cor. Here hast thou slain Huan, a slashing knight,
And robbèd poor Corebus of his sight.

Sac. Hence, villain, hence! [*Exit* COREBUS.
Now[2] I have unto Delia
Given a potion of forgetfulness,
That, when she comes, she shall not know her brothers.
Lo, where they labour, like to country-slaves,
With spade and mattock, on this enchanted ground!
Now will I call her by another name;
For never shall she know herself again,

[1] Old ed. "*Enter the* Conjurer *and strike* COREBUS *blind.*"
[2] "Now . . . Delia"—printed as part of the next line in old ed.

Until that Sacrapant hath breath'd his last.
See where she comes.

Enter DELIA.

Come hither, Delia, take this goad; here[1] hard
At hand two slaves do work and dig for gold:
Gore them with this, and thou shalt have enough.
[*He gives her a goad.*

Del. Good sir, I know not what you mean.

Sac. [*aside*]. She hath forgotten to be Delia,
But not forgot the same[2] she should forget;
But I will change her name.—
Fair Berecynthia, so this country calls you,
Go ply these strangers, wench; they dig for gold.
[*Exit* SACRAPANT.

Del. O heavens, how
Am I beholding to this fair young man!
But I must ply these strangers to their work:
See where they come.

Enter the Two Brothers *in their shirts, with spades, digging.*

First Bro. O brother, see where Delia is!

Second Bro. O Delia,
Happy are we to see thee here!

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[1] The words "here hard" are printed at the beginning of the next line in old ed.

[2] Even if we read "name" (as Dr. Nicholson proposes), the text is far from intelligible.

Del. What tell you me of Delia, prating swains?
I know no Delia, nor know I what you mean.
Ply you your work, or else you're like to smart.
First Bro. Why, Delia, know'st thou not thy brothers here?
We come from Thessaly to seek thee forth;
And thou deceiv'st thyself, for thou art Delia.
Del. Yet more of Delia? then take this, and smart:
[*Pricks them with the goad.*
What, feign you shifts for to defer your labour?
Work, villains, work; it is for gold you dig.
Second Bro. Peace, brother, peace: this vild enchanter
Hath ravish'd Delia of her senses clean,
And she forgets that she is Delia.
First Bro. Leave, cruel thou, to hurt the miserable.—
Dig, brother, dig, for she is hard as steel.

Here they dig, and descry a light [*in a glass*] *under a little hill.*

Second Bro. Stay, brother; what hast thou descried?
Del. Away, and touch it not; 'tis[1] something that
My lord hath hidden there. [*She covers it again.*

Re-enter SACRAPANT.

Sac. Well said![2] thou plyest these pioners[3] well.—
Go get you in, you labouring slaves.
[*Exeunt the* Two Brothers.

---

[1] Old ed. (where this speech is printed as prose) "it is."

[2] "Equivalent to—*Well done!*—in which sense, as I was the first to observe, the words are frequently used by our early writers."—*Dyce.*

[3] Old form of *pioneers.*

Come, Berecynthia, let us in likewise,
And hear the nightingale record her notes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ZANTIPPA, *the curst* Daughter, *to the well, with a pot in her hand.*

Zan. Now for a husband, house, and home: God send a good one or none, I pray God! My father hath sent me to the well for the water of life, and tells me, if I give fair words, I shall have a husband. But here comes Celanta my sweet sister: I'll stand by and hear what she says. [*Retires.*

Enter [CELANTA,] *the foul* Wench, *to the well for water, with a pot in her hand.*

Cel. My father hath sent me to the well for water, and he tells me, if I speak fair, I shall have a husband, and none of the worst. Well, though I am black, I am sure all the world will not forsake me; and, as the old proverb is, though I am black I am not the divel.

Zan. [*coming forward*]. Marry-gup with a murren, I know wherefore thou speakest that: but go thy ways home as wise as thou camest, or I'll set thee home with a wanion.[1]

Here she strikes her pitcher against her sister's, and breaks them both, and goes her way.

Cel. I think this be the curstest quean in the world: you see what she is, a little fair, but as proud as the

[1] "With a wanion"—with a plague.

devil, and the veriest vixen that lives upon God's earth. Well, I'll let her alone, and go home, and get another pitcher, and, for all this, get me to the well for water.

[*Exit.*

Enter Two Furies *out of the* Conjurer's *cell, and lays* HUANEBANGO *by the Well of Life. Enter* ZANTIPPA *with a pitcher to the well.*

Zan. Once again for a husband; and, in faith, Celanta, I have got the start of you; belike husbands grow by the well-side. Now my father says I must rule my tongue: why, alas, what am I, then? a woman without a tongue is as a soldier without his weapon: but I'll have my water, and be gone.

Here she offers to dip her pitcher in, and a Head *speaks in the well.*

Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Stroke me smooth, and comb my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.[1]

[1] Dyce quotes in full a long article on cockle bread from Thoms' *Anecdotes and Traditions;* but the following extract will be enough for the present purpose:—"Young wenches [Aubrey *loquitur*] have a wanton sport which they call moulding of Cockle-bread, viz. they get upon a table-board, and then gather up their knees and their coates with their hands as high as they can, and then they wabble to and fro, as if they were kneading of dowgh, and say these words, viz.

My dame is sick and gonne to bed,
And I'le go mould my Cockle-bread.

I did imagine nothing to have been in this but meer wantonnesse of

Zan. What is this?

"Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread"?

"Cockell" callest thou it, boy? faith, I'll give you cockell-bread.

She breaks her pitcher upon the[1] Head: *then it thunders and lightens; and* HUANEBANGO *rises up:* HUANEBANGO *is deaf and cannot hear.*

Huan. Philida, phileridos, pamphilida, florida, flortos: Dub dub-a-dub, bounce, quoth the guns, with a sulphurous huff-snuff:

---

youth. But I find in Burchardus, in his 'Methodus Confitendi,' printed at Colon, 1549 (he lived before the Conquest), one of the Articles (on the vii. Commandment) of interrogating a young woman is, 'If she did ever 'subigere panem clunibus,' and then bake it, and give it to one she loved to eate, 'ut in majorem modum exardesceret amor.' So here I find it to be a relique of naturall magick—an unlawful philtrum."

[1] Old ed. "his."

[2] "So Stanyhurst in *The First Foure Books of Virgils Æneis, with other Poeticall deuises thereto annexed*, 1583—

'Lowd *dub a dub* tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna.'
The Description of Liparen, p. 91.

'Thee whil'st in the skie seat great *bouncing* rumbelo thundring Rattleth,' &c.
Æneid iv. p. 66.

'Linckt was in wedlock a loftye Thrasonical *huf snuffe.*'
Of a cracking Cutter, p. 95."—*Dyce.*

Nashe, in the preface to Greene's *Arcadia*, selects the same passages of Stanyhurst for ridicule.

Waked with a wench, pretty peat, pretty love, and my
sweet pretty pigsnie,[1]
Just by thy side shall sit surnamed great Huanebango:
Safe in my arms will I keep thee, threat Mars, or thunder
Olympus.

Zan. [*aside*]. Foh, what greasy groom have we here? He looks as though he crept out of the backside of the well, and speaks like a drum perished at the west end.

Huan. O, that I might,—but I may not, woe to my destiny therefore![2]
Kiss that I clasp! but I cannot: tell me, my destiny, wherefore?

Zan. [*aside*]. Whoop! now I have my dream. Did you never hear so great a wonder as this, three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle, bladder, rattle?

Huan. [*aside*]. I'll now set my countenance, and to her in prose; it may be, this rim-ram-ruff[3] is too rude an encounter.—Let me, fair lady, if you be at leisure,

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[1] Little pig. A pet-name.

[2] This hexameter (as Dyce has not failed to notice) is from Gabriel Harvey's *Encomium Lauri*. From the fact that ridicule is here cast upon Gabriel Harvey's hexameters, Dr. Nicholson infers that Greene (Harvey's antagonist) had a hand in the *Old Wives' Tale*. But the Harveys and their hexameters were a laughing-stock to the world. In the Induction to the *Malcontent* two hexameters by Gabriel's younger brother John are derisively quoted.

[3] "So the copy of the 4to in the British Museum (King's Library, Pamphlets); while my copy reads '*this* rude *ram ruffe*',—the passage having been corrected before the whole of the impression was struck off. Compare Stanyhurst—

'Of *ruffe* raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agrysing.'
The Description of Liparen, p. 91."—*Dyce.*

revel with your sweetness, and rail upon that cowardly conjurer, that hath cast me, or congealed me rather, into an unkind sleep, and polluted my carcass.

Zan. [*aside*]. Laugh, laugh, Zantippa; thou hast thy fortune, a fool and a husband under one.

Huan. Truly, sweet-heart, as I seem, about some twenty years, the very April of mine age.

Zan. [*aside*]. Why, what a prating ass is this? 690

Huan. Her coral lips, her crimson chin,
Her silver teeth so white within,
Her golden locks, her rolling eye,
Her pretty parts, let them go by,
Heigh-ho, have wounded me,
That I must die this day to see!

Zan. By Gogs-bones, thou art a flouting knave: "her coral lips, her crimson chin!" ka, wilshaw! 698

Huan. True, my own, and my own because mine, and mine because mine, ha, ha! above a thousand pounds in possibility, and things fitting thy desire in possession.

Zan. [*aside*]. The sot thinks I ask of his lands. Lob[1] be your comfort, and cuckold be your destiny!—Hear you, sir; and if you will have us, you had best say so betime.

Huan. True, sweet-heart, and will royalize thy progeny with my pedigree.[2] [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *I.e.* may you be brought into "Lob's Pound," the thraldom of the hen-pecked married man. Dekker, discoursing in *The Bachelor's Banquet* on the woes of married men, winds up each chapter with a reference to "Lob's Pound." ("He is up to the ears in Lob's Pound," "Thus is he plunged into Lob's Pound," &c.)

[2] This looks like a slap at Gabriel Harvey, the rope-maker's son.

Enter EUMENIDES, *the* Wandering Knight.

Eum. Wretched Eumenides, still unfortunate,
Envied by fortune and forlorn by fate,
Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides,
Die in the spring, the April of thy[1] age!
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast done!
I would to God that it were ne'er begun!

Enter the [GHOST OF] JACK.

G. of Jack. You are well overtaken, sir.

Eum. Who's that?

G. of Jack. You are heartily well met, sir.

Eum. Forbear, I say: who is that which pincheth me?

G. of Jack. Trusting in God, good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as all your friends were at the making hereof,—God give you good morrow, sir! Lack you not a neat, handsome, and cleanly young lad, about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run by your horse, and, for a need, make your mastership's shoes as black as ink? how say you, sir?

Eum. Alas, pretty lad, I know not how to keep myself, and much less a servant, my pretty boy; my state is so bad.

G. of Jack. Content yourself, you shall not be so ill a master but I'll be as bad a servant. Tut, sir, I know you, though you know not me: are not you the man,

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "my."

sir, deny it if you can, sir, that came from a strange place in the land of Catita, where Jack-an-apes flies with his tail in his mouth, to seek out a lady as white as snow and as red as blood? ha, ha! have I touched you now?

Eum. [*aside*]. I think this boy be a spirit.—How knowest thou all this?

G. of Jack. Tut, are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that gave all the money you had to the burying of a poor man, and but one three half-pence left in your purse? Content you, sir, I'll serve you, that is flat.

Eum. Well, my lad, since thou art so impor[tu]nate, I am content to entertain thee, not as a servant, but a copartner in my journey. But whither shall we go? for I have not any money more than one bare three half-pence.

G. of Jack. Well, master, content yourself, for if my divination be not out, that shall be spent at the next inn or alehouse we come to; for, master, I know you are passing hungry: therefore I'll go before and provide dinner until that you come; no doubt but you'll come fair and softly after.

Eum. Ay, go before; I'll follow thee.

G. of Jack. But do you hear, master? do you know my name?

Eum. No, I promise thee, not yet.

G. of Jack. Why, I am Jack. [*Exit.*

Eum. Jack! why, be it so, then.

Enter the Hostess *and* JACK, *setting meat on the table; and* Fiddlers *come*[1] *to play.* EUMENIDES *walks up and down, and will eat no meat.*

Host. How say you, sir? do you please to sit down?

Eum. Hostess, I thank you, I have no great stomach.

Host. Pray, sir, what is the reason your master is so strange? doth not this meat please him?

G. of Jack. Yes, hostess, but it is my master's fashion to pay before he eats; therefore, a reckoning, good hostess.

Host. Marry, shall you, sir, presently. [*Exit.*

Eum. Why, Jack, what dost thou mean? thou knowest I have not any money; therefore, sweet Jack, tell me what shall I do?

G. of Jack. Well, master, look in your purse.

Eum. Why, faith, it is a folly, for I have no money.

G. of Jack. Why, look you, master; do so much for me.

Eum. [*looking into his purse*]. Alas, Jack, my purse is full of money!

Jack. "Alas," master! does that word belong to this accident? why, methinks I should have seen you cast away your cloak, and in a bravado dance[2] a galliard round about the chamber: why, master, your man can teach you more wit than this.

[1] Old ed. "came."
[2] Old ed. "daunced."

[*Re-enter* Hostess.]

Come, hostess, cheer up my master.

Host. You are heartily welcome; and if it please you to eat of a fat capon, a fairer bird, a finer bird, a sweeter bird, a crisper bird, a neater bird, your worship never eat of.

Eum. Thanks, my fine, eloquent hostess.

G. of Jack. But hear you, master, one word by the way: are you content I shall be halves in all you get in your journey?

Eum. I am, Jack; here is my hand.

G. of Jack. Enough, master, I ask no more.

Eum. Come, hostess, receive your money; and I thank you for my good entertainment. [*Gives money.*

Host. You are heartily welcome, sir.

Eum. Come, Jack, whither go we now?

G. of Jack. Marry, master, to the conjurer's presently.

Eum. Content, Jack.—Hostess, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter COREBUS, *and* CELANTA,[1] *the foul* Wench, *to the well for water.*

Cor. Come, my duck, come: I have now got a wife: thou art fair, art thou not?[2]

Cel. My Corebus, the fairest alive; make no doubt of that.

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[1] Throughout this scene in old ed. the name is "Zelanto."

[2] Corebus, it will be remembered, had been struck blind by the enchanter.

Cor. Come, wench, are we almost at the well?

Cel. Ay, Corebus, we are almost at the well now. I'll go fetch some water: sit down while I dip my pitcher in.

A Head *comes up with ears of corn, and she combs them in her lap.*

Voice. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.

A Second Head *comes up full of gold, which she combs into her lap.*

Sec. Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maid, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And every hair a sheaf shall be,
And every sheaf a golden tree.

Cel. O, see, Corebus, I have combed a great deal of gold into my lap, and a great deal of corn!

Cor. Well said, wench! now we shall have just[1] enough: God send us coiners to coin our gold. But come, shall we go home, sweet-heart?

Cel. Nay, come, Corebus, I will lead you.

Cor. So, Corebus, things have well hit;
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit. [*Exeunt.*

[1] "So the Museum copy of the 4to; while my copy has 'tost.'"—*Dyce.* Neither reading is intelligible. Quy. "grist"? (Quy. "toast"? —*P. A. Daniel.*)

Enter the [GHOST OF] JACK *and* EUMENIDES, *the* Wandering Knight.

G. of Jack. Come away, master, come.

Eum. Go along, Jack, I'll follow thee. Jack, they say it is good to go cross-legged, and say prayers[1] backward; how sayest thou?

G. of Jack. Tut, never fear, master; let me alone. Here sit you still; speak not a word; and because you shall not be enticed with his enchanting speeches, with this same wool I'll stop your ears [*puts*[2] *wool into the ears of* EUMENIDES]: and so, master, sit still, for I must to the conjurer. [*Exit.* 834

Enter [SACRAPANT] *the* Conjurer *to the* Wandering Knight.

Sac. How now! what man art thou, that sits so sad?
Why dost thou gaze upon these stately trees
Without the leave and will of Sacrapant?
What, not a word but mum?[3] Then, Sacrapant,
Thou art betray'd.

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[1] Old ed. "his prayers."

[2] There is no stage-direction in old eds.

[3] "What, not a word but mum?" *i.e.* What, quite silent? Cf. a song in Morley's *First Book of Airs*, 1600—

> "Oh shake thy head, but *not a word but mum:*
> The heart once dead, the tongue is stroken dumb."

Enter the [GHOST OF] JACK *invisible, and take* SACRAPANT'S *wreath from his head, and his sword out of his hand.*

What hand invades the head of Sacrapant? 840
What hateful[1] Fury doth envy my happy state?
Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest days.
Alas, my veins are numb'd, my sinews shrink,
My blood is pierced,[2] my breath fleeting away,
And now my timeless date is come to end!
He in whose life his acts[3] hath been so foul,
Now in his death to hell descends his soul. [*He dieth.*

G. of Jack. O, sir, are you gone? now I hope we shall have some other coil.—Now, master, how like you this? the conjurer he is dead, and vows never to trouble us more: now get you to your fair lady, and see what you can do with her.—Alas, he heareth me not all this while! but I will help that. 853

[*Pulls the wool out of his ears.*

Eum. How now, Jack! what news?

G. of Jack. Here, master, take this sword, and dig with it at the foot of this hill. [*Gives sword.*]

He digs, and spies a light.

Eum. How now, Jack! what is this?

G. of Jack. Master, without this the conjurer could do nothing; and so long as this light lasts, so long doth

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[1] As the metre of this play is regular, either "hateful" or "happy" should be expunged.

[2] So old ed.—But I suspect that Mr. P. A. Daniel's emendation "iced" should be accepted. [3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "actions."

his art endure, and this being out, then doth his art decay.

Eum. Why, then, Jack, I will soon put out this light.

G. of Jack. Ay, master, how?

Eum. Why, with a stone I'll break the glass, and then blow it out.

G. of Jack. No, master, you may as soon break the smith's anvil as this little vial: nor the biggest blast that ever Boreas blew cannot blow out this little light; but she that is neither maid, wife, nor widow. Master, wind this horn, and see what will happen. [*Gives horn.*]

He winds the horn. Here enters VENELIA, *and breaks the glass, and blows out the light, and goeth in again.*

So, master, how like you this? this is she that ran madding in the woods, his betrothed love that keeps the cross; and now, this light being out, all are restored to their former liberty: and now, master, to the lady that you have so long looked for.

He draweth a curtain, and there DELIA *sitteth asleep.*

Eum. God speed, fair maid, sitting alone,[1]—there is once; God speed, fair maid,—there is twice; God speed, fair maid,—that is thrice.

Del. Not so, good sir, for you are by.

G. of Jack. Enough, master, she hath spoke; now I will leave her with you. [*Exit.*]

[1] "Perhaps *sitting alone* should follow the third *God speed.*"—*P. A. Daniel.*

Eum. Thou fairest flower of these western parts,
Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight
As doth a crystal mirror in the sun;
For thy sweet sake I have cross'd the frozen Rhine;[1]
Leaving fair Po, I sail'd up Danuby,
As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russians:
These have I cross'd for thee, fair Delia:
Then grant me that which I have sued for long.
Del. Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good
To find me out and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand I give to thee.
Eum. Thanks, gentle madam: but here comes Jack; thank him, for he is the best friend that we have.

Enter [*the* GHOST OF] JACK, *with a head in his hand.*

How now, Jack! what hast thou there?
G. of Jack. Marry, master, the head of the conjurer.
Eum. Why, Jack, that is impossible; he was a young man.
G. of Jack. Ah, master, so he deceived them that beheld him! but he was a miserable, old, and crooked man, though to each man's eye he seemed young and fresh; for, master, this[2] conjurer took the shape of the old man that kept the cross, and that old man was in the likeness of the conjurer. But now, master, wind your horn.

[1] "This and the next three lines are found, with slight variations, in Greene's *Orlando Furioso* [i. 1]."—*Dyce.*

[2] "Qy. 'this old conjurer took the shape of the man . . . and that man was in the likeness of the old conjurer'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

He winds his horn. Enter VENELIA, *the* Two Brothers, *and he that was at the Cross.*

Eum. Welcome, Erestus! welcome, fair Venelia!
Welcome, Thelea and Calypha[1] both!
Now have I her that I so long have sought;
So saith fair Delia, if we have your consent.

First Bro. Valiant Eumenides, thou well deservest
To have our favours; so let us rejoice
That by thy means we are at liberty:
Here may we joy each in other's sight,
And this fair lady have her wandering knight.

G. of Jack. So, master, now ye think you have done; but I must have a saying[2] to you: you know you and I were partners, I to have half in all you got.

Eum. Why, so thou shalt, Jack.

G. of Jack. Why, then, master, draw your sword, part your lady, let me have half of her presently.

Eum. Why, I hope, Jack, thou dost but jest: I promised thee half I got, but not half my lady.

G. of Jack. But what else, master? have you not gotten her? therefore divide her straight, for I will have half; there is no remedy.

Eum. Well, ere I will falsify my word unto my friend, take her all: here, Jack, I'll give her thee.

G. of Jack. Nay, neither more nor less, master, but even just half.

[1] Old ed. "Kalepha."

[2] Cf. *Jew of Malta*, ii. 3—
"I'll *have a saying to* that nunnery."

Eum. Before I will falsify my faith unto my friend, I will divide her: Jack, thou shalt have half.

First Bro. Be not so cruel unto our sister, gentle knight.

Second Bro. O, spare fair Delia! she deserves no death.

Eum. Content yourselves; my word is passed to him. —Therefore prepare thyself, Delia, for thou must die.

Del. Then farewell, world! adieu, Eumenides!

[*He offers to strike, and* [*the* GHOST OF] JACK *stays him.*

G. of Jack. Stay, master; it is sufficient I have tried your constancy. Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poor fellow?

Eum. Ay, very well, Jack.

G. of Jack. Then, master, thank that good deed for this good turn: and so God be with you all!

[*Leaps down in the ground.*

Eum. Jack, what, art thou gone? then farewell, Jack!—

Come, brothers, and my beauteous Delia,
Erestus, and thy dear Venelia,
We will to Thessaly with joyful hearts.

All. Agreed: we follow thee and Delia.

[*Exeunt*[1] *all but* FROLIC, FANTASTIC, *and* MADGE.

Fan. What, gammer, asleep?

Madge. By the mass, son, 'tis almost day; and my windows shut at the cock's-crow.

[1] Old ed. "*Exeunt omnes.*"

Fro. Do you hear, gammer? methinks this Jack bore a great sway amongst them.

Madge. O, man, this was the ghost of the poor man that they kept such a coil to bury; and that makes him to help the wandering knight so much. But come, let us in: we will have a cup of ale and a toast this morning, and so depart.[1]

Fan. Then you have made an end of your tale, gammer? 961

Madge. Yes, faith: when this was done, I took a piece of bread and cheese, and came my way; and so shall you have, too, before you go, to your breakfast.

[*Exeunt.*

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[1] Part.

DEVICE OF THE PAGEANT

BORNE BEFORE

WOLSTAN DIXIE.

The Device of the Pageant borne before Woolstone Dixi, Lord Maior of the Citie of London. An. 1585. *October* 29. *Imprinted at London by Edward Allde.* 1585. 4*to.*

Farmer's copy of this pageant is preserved in the Bodleian Library. On the fly-leaf he has written,—"This is probably the only copy remaining. It was given up to me as a favour at Mr. West's Auction for

£	s.	d.
0	8	0.

I have seen a fine Wooden Print of Sir Wolston at Christ's Hospital. See Stow by Strype."

Sir Wolston was twice married, but died without issue in January 1594. He left the bulk of his property to charitable uses. He was a liberal benefactor to Christ's Hospital; founded the grammar-school of Market Bosworth in Leicestershire; and assisted in building Peterhouse College, Cambridge. See Overall's *Remembrancia.*

THE DEVICE OF THE PAGEANT, ETC.

A Speech spoken by him that rid on a luzern[1] *before the Pageant, apparelled like a Moor.*

FROM where the Sun doth settle in his wain,
And yokes his horses to his fiery cart,
And in his way gives life to Ceres' corn,
Even from the parching zone, behold, I come,
A stranger, strangely mounted, as you see,
Seated upon a lusty luzern's back;
And offer to your honour, good my lord,
This emblem thus in show significant.
Lo, lovely London, rich and fortunate,
Famed through the world for peace and happiness,
Is here advanced, and set in highest seat,
Beautified throughly as her state requires!
First, over her a princely trophy stands,

[1] Lynx,—a creature often introduced into pageants. In Middleton's *Triumphs of Love and Antiquity*, the "Triumphant chariot of Love" was "drawn with two *luzerns*."

Of beaten gold, a rich and royal arms,
Whereto this London ever more bequeaths
Service of honour and of loyalty.
Her props are well-advisèd magistrates,
That carefully attend her person still.
The honest franklin and the husbandman
Lays down his sacks of corn at London's feet,
And brings such presents as the country yields.
The pleasaunt Thames, a sweet and dainty nymph,
For London's good conveys, with gentle stream
And safe and easy passage, what she can,
And keeps her leaping fishes in her lap.
The soldier and the sailor, frankly both,
For London's aid, are all in readiness,
To venture and to fight by land and sea.
And this thrice-reverend honourable dame,
Science, the sap of every commonwealth,
Surnamed mechanical or liberal,
Is vow'd to honour London with her skill.
And London, by these friends so happy made,
First thanks her God, the author of her peace,
And next with humble gesture, as becomes,
In meek and lowly manner doth she yield
Herself, her wealth, with heart and willingness,
Unto the person of her gracious queen,
Elizabeth, renownèd through the world,
Stall'd and anointed by the highest power,
The God of kings, that with his holy hand
Hath long defended her and her Engländ.
This now remains, right honourable lord,

That carefully you do attend and keep
This lovely lady, rich and beautiful,
The jewel wherewithal your sovereign queen
Hath put your honour lovingly in trust,
That you may add to London's dignity,
And London's dignity may add to yours,
That worthily you may be counted one
Among the number of a many more
Careful lieutenants, careful magistrates,
For London's welfare and her worthiness.

DIXI.

Spoken by the Children in the Pageant, viz.

LONDON.

New Troy I hight, whom Lud my lord surnamed,
London the glory of the western side;
Throughout the world is lovely London famed,
So far as any sea comes in with tide:
Whose peace and calm, under her royal queen,
Hath long been such as like was never seen.
Then let me live to carol of her name,
That she may ever live and never die,
Her sacred shrine set in the House of Fame,
Consecrate to eternal memory:
My peerless mistress, sovereign of my peace,
Long may she joy with honour's great increase.

MAGNANIMITY.

The country and the Thames afford their aid,
  And careful magistrates their care attend;
All English hearts are glad and well apaid,[1]
  In readiness their London to defend.
Defend them, Lord, and these fair nymphs likewise,
That ever they may do this sacrifice.

LOYALTY.

The greatest treasure that a prince can have
  Doth lovely London offer to her queen,
  Such loyalty as like was never seen,
And such as any English heart can crave.

THE COUNTRY.

For London's aid the country gives supply
  Of needful things, and store of every grain.
London, give thanks to Him that sits on high
  (Had never town less cause for to complain).
And love and serve the sovereign of thy peace,
Under whose reign thou hast this rich increase.

THE THAMES.

With silver glide my pleasant streams do run,
  Where leaping fishes play betwixt the shores:
This gracious good hath God and Kind[2] begun

[1] Satisfied. [2] Nature.

For London's use with help of sails and oars.
London, rejoice, and give thy God the praise
For her whose highness lengths thy happy days.

THE SOLDIER.

Armour of safe defence the soldier hath:
So lovely London carefully attends
To keep her sacred sovereign from scath,
That all this English land so well defends;
And so far London bids her soldiers go,
As well may serve to shield this land from woe.

THE SAILOR.

The sailor that in cold and quaking tide
The wrathful storms of winter's rage doth bide,
With streamers stretch'd prepares his merry bark,
For country's wealth to set his men a-wark;
That queen and country easily may see
The seaman serves his prince in his degree.

SCIENCE.

For London's safety and her happiness
The soldier and the sailor may you see
All well prepared, and put in readiness
To do such service as may fitting be;
And Art with them do[th] join, and they with me.
London, then, joy, and let all ages know
What duty to thy sovereign thou dost owe.

THE FIRST NYMPH.

Thus with the morning sun and evening star
These holy lights shall burn, the cheerful flame
With sweetest odour shall perfume as far
As India stands, in honour of her name,
Whose trophy we adore with sacred rites,
With sweetest incense, and with endless lights.

THE SECOND NYMPH.

So long as sun doth lend the world his light,
Or any grass doth grow upon the ground,
With holy flame our torches shall burn bright,
And Fame shall bruit with golden trumpet's sound
The honour of her sacred regiment,[1]
That claims this honourable monument.

THE THIRD NYMPH.

Our holy lights shall burn continually,
To signify our duties to her state,
Whose excellent and princely majesty
Approves[2] itself to be most fortunate.

THE FOURTH NYMPH.

Virtue shall witness of her worthiness,
And Fame shall register her princely deeds;

[1] Rule. [2] Proves.

The world shall still pray for her happiness,
From whom our peace and quietness proceeds.

Verses written under the Arms of England.

Gallia victa dedit flores, invicta leones
Anglia, jus belli in flore, leone suum ;
O sic, O semper ferat Anglia læta triumphos,
Inclyta Gallorum flore, leone suo.

DONE BY GEORGE PEELE, MASTER OF ARTS IN OXFORD.

DESCENSUS ASTRÆÆ.

Descensus Astræa. The Device of a Pageant, borne before M. William Web, Lord Maior of the Citie of London on the day he took his oath, beeing the 29. of October. 1591. *Wherevnto is annexed a Speech delivered by one, clad like a Sea Nymph; who presented a Pinesse on the water, brauely rigd and mand, to the Lord Maior, at the time he tooke Barge to go to Westminster. Done by G. Peele Maister of Arts in Oxford. Printed for William Wright.* 4to.

Sir William Web, son of John Web (or Webbe), of Reading, died in 1599. His sister Lucy, by her second marriage with William Laud, clothier of Reading, was the mother of Archbishop Laud. His wife Bennet was the daughter of Sir Christopher Draper, Lord Mayor, 1566; her sister Anne married Sir Wolstan Dixie, Lord Mayor, 1585.

A copy of this pageant is in the library of the Corporation of the City of London. It formerly belonged to James Bindley, who has remarked on the fly-leaf that it is "as far as is known at present unique."

[DESCENSUS ASTRÆÆ.]

The PRESENTER'S *Speech.*

SEE, lovely lords, and you, my lord, behold
How Time hath turn'd his restless wheel about,
And made the silver moon and heaven's bright eye
Gallop the zodiac, and end the year,
Whose revolution now begets anew
The days that have created and confirm'd
A worthy governor, for London's good,
To underbear, under his sovereign's sway,
Unpartial Justice' beam, and weaved a Web[1]
For your content, and her command in all,
You citizens of this metropolis,
Whose honour and whose oath to gratulate,
Lordings, behold what emblem I present.
  Astræa, daughter of th'[2] immortal Jove,
Great Jove, defender of this ancient town,
Descended of the Trojan Brutus' line,
Offspring of that[3] courageous conquering king,

[1] Lord Mayor Web.
[2] Old ed. "the."
[3] So old ed. Dyce reads "*a* courageous," and remarks that "*a*" is not in the 4to. (Either Dyce was not acquainted with the original; or the Guildhall copy is not unique.)

Whose pure renown hath pierced the world's large ears,
In golden scrolls rolling about the heavens;
Celestial sacred Nymph, that tends her flock
With watchful eyes, and keeps this fount in peace,
Guarded with Graces, and with gracious trains,
Virtues divine, and gifts incomparable,
Nor lets blind superstitious Ignorance
Corrupt so pure a spring: O happy times,
That do beget such calm and quiet days,
Where sheep and shepherd breathe in such content!
Honour attends her throne; in her bright eyes
Sits Majesty; Virtue and Steadfastness
Possess her heart; sweet Mercy sways her sword;
Her Champion, arm'd with resolution,
Sits at her feet to châstise malcontents
That threat her honour's wrack; and Time and Kind[1]
Produce[2] her years to make them numberless;
While Fortune for her service and her sake
With golden hands doth strengthen and enrich
The Web that they for fair Astræa weave.
Long may she live, long may she govern us,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars,
Our fair Astræa, our Pandora fair,
Our fair Eliza, o[u]r Zabeta fair;
Sweet Cynthia's darling, beauteous Cypria's[3] peer;
As dear to England and true English hearts
As Pompey to the citizens of Rome;

[1] Nature. [2] Draw out.
[3] Quy. "Cypris' peer"?

As merciful as Cæsar in his might;
As mighty as the Macedonian king,
Or Trojan Hector, terror to the Greeks.
Goddess, live long, whose honours we advance,
Strengthen thy neighbours', propagate thine own:
Guide well thy helm, lay thine anointed hand
To build the temple of triumphant Truth,
That while thy subjects draw their peace from thee,
Thy friends with aid of arms may succour'd be.

ASTRÆA, *with her sheephook, on the top of the Pageant.*

Feed on, my flock, among the gladsome green,
Where heavenly nectar flows above the banks;
Such pastures are not common to be seen:
Pay to immortal Jove immortal thanks,
For what is good fro[1] heaven's high throne doth fall;
And heaven's great architect be praised for all.

SUPERSTITION. *A friar, sitting by the fountain.*

Stir, priest, and with thy beads poison this spring;
I tell thee all is baneful that I bring.

IGNORANCE, *a priest.*

It is in vain: her eye keeps me in awe,
Whose heart is purely fixèd on the law,
The holy law; and bootless we contend,
While this chaste nymph this fountain doth defend.

[1] From.

EUPHROSYNE.

Whilom, when Saturn's golden reign did cease,
And iron age had kindled cruel wars,
Envy in wrath perturbing common peace,
Engendering canker'd hate and bloody jars;
Lo, then Olympus' king, the thundering Jove,
Raught[1] hence this gracious nymph Astræa fair:
Now once again he sends her from above,
Descended through the sweet transparent air;
And here she sits in beauty fresh and sheen,
Shadowing the person of a peerless queen.

AGLAIA.

A peerless queen, a royal princely dame,
Enroll'd in register of eternal fame.

THALIA.

The Graces throw[2] their balm about her sacred head,
Whose government her realm's true happiness hath bred

CHARITY.

That happiness continue in her land,
Great Israel's God, spring of all heavenly peace,
And let thine angels in her rescue stand:
With her life's wane done[3] England's joys decrease:

[1] Snatched. [2] Old ed. "through."
[3] Doen, do.

O, let her princely days never have fine,[1]
Whose virtues are immortal and divine!

HOPE.

Such virtues as her throne do beautify,
And make her honours mount and scale the sky.

FAITH.

Where hope of her eternal bliss doth rest,
Conceivèd in her sweet and sacred breast.

HONOUR.

With radiant beams, reflecting on the earth,
Even from the snowy brows of Albion,
Beyond the utmost verge of Christendom,
As bright as is the burning lamp of heaven,
Shineth my mistress' honour, in whose fame
The heathen carols sing, and all admire,
From icy Tanais to the sevenfold Nile,
Her glory, that commands this western isle.

CHAMPION.

In whose defence my colours I advance,
And girt me with my sword, and shake my lance:
These British lions, rampant in this field,
That never learn'd in battle's rage to yield,
Breathe terror to the proud aspiring foe,

[1] End.

Ranging the world, commanding where they go;
Therefore in vain this misproud malcontent
Threatens her state, whose harms the heavens prevent
Sit safe, sweet nymph, among thy harmless sheep:
Thy sacred person angels have in keep.

FIRST MALCONTENT.

What meaneth this? I strive, and cannot strike;
She is preserved by miracle belike:
If so, then wherefore threaten we in vain
That queen whose cause the gracious heavens maintain?

SECOND MALCONTENT.

No marvel, then, although we faint and quail,
For mighty is the truth and will prevail.

In the hinder part of the Pageant did sit a child, representing Nature, holding in her hand a distaff, and spinning a web, which passed through the hand of Fortune, and was wheeled up by Time, who spake as followeth.

TIME.

Thus while my wheel with ever-turning gyres,
At heaven's high hest, serves earthly men's desires,
I wind the Web that Kind so well begins,
While Fortune doth enrich what Nature spins.

A Speech on the water, delivered in the morning, at my Lord Mayor's going to Westminster.

List, gentle lords, and, bubbling stream, be still,
And, whistling winds, your angry murmur cease;
Let Thetis' nymph unfold the goddess' hest.
Behold, embark'd thus bravely as you see,
Laden with treasure and with precious ore,
From where in Tellus' veins the parching sun
Doth gold and glittering minerals[1] create,
Are come these strangers lovingly inflamed,
To gratulate to you, my lovely lord,
This gladsome day wherein your honours spring:
And by the bar that thwarts this silver stream,
Even to the beauteous verge of Troy-novant,
That decks this Thamesis on either side,
Thus far these friends have pierced, and all by me
Salute your honour and your company,
Thrice-worthy pretor of this ancient town.
The mortar of these walls, temper'd in peace,
Yet holds the building sure, as are the sprigs
Woven from the spreading root in knotty box.
Labour, fair lord, as other mayors of yore,
To beautify this city with deserts.
So with[2] these friendly strangers, man by man,
Pass with advisement to receive thy oath;
Keep it inviolate for thy sovereign's hope,

[1] Old ed. "munerals." [2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "wish."

Virtue's p · mirror, London's great mistress;
Unsheath t sword committed to thy sway,
With merciful regard of every cause.
So go in peace, happy by sea and land,
Guided by grace and heaven's immortal hand.

END OF VOL. I.

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